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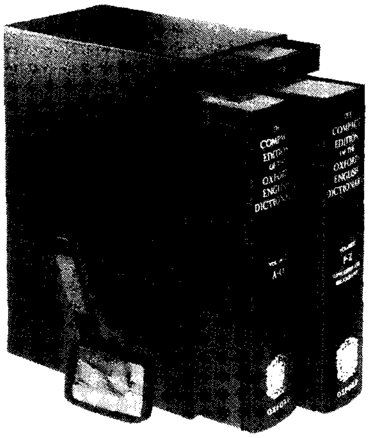

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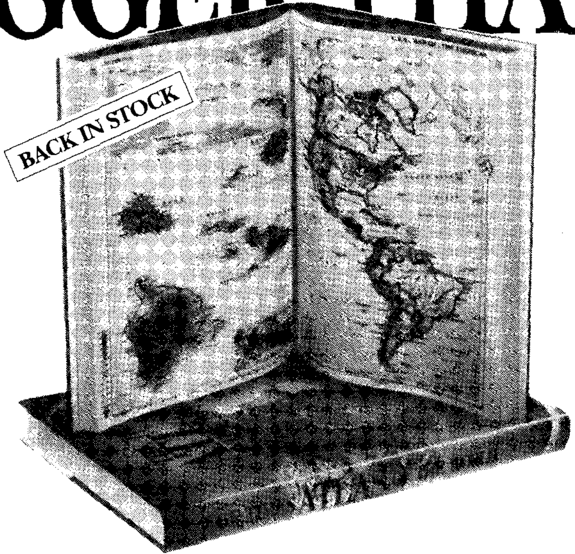

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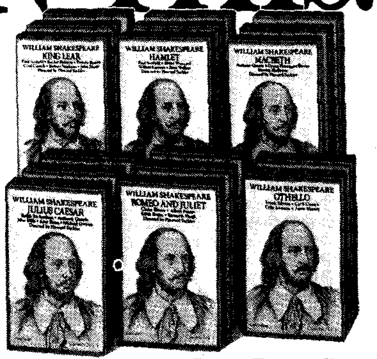

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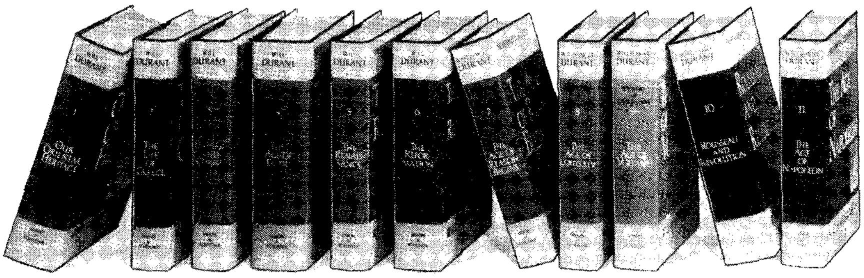

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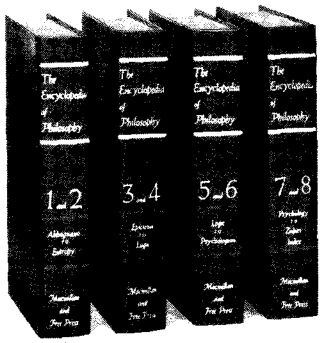

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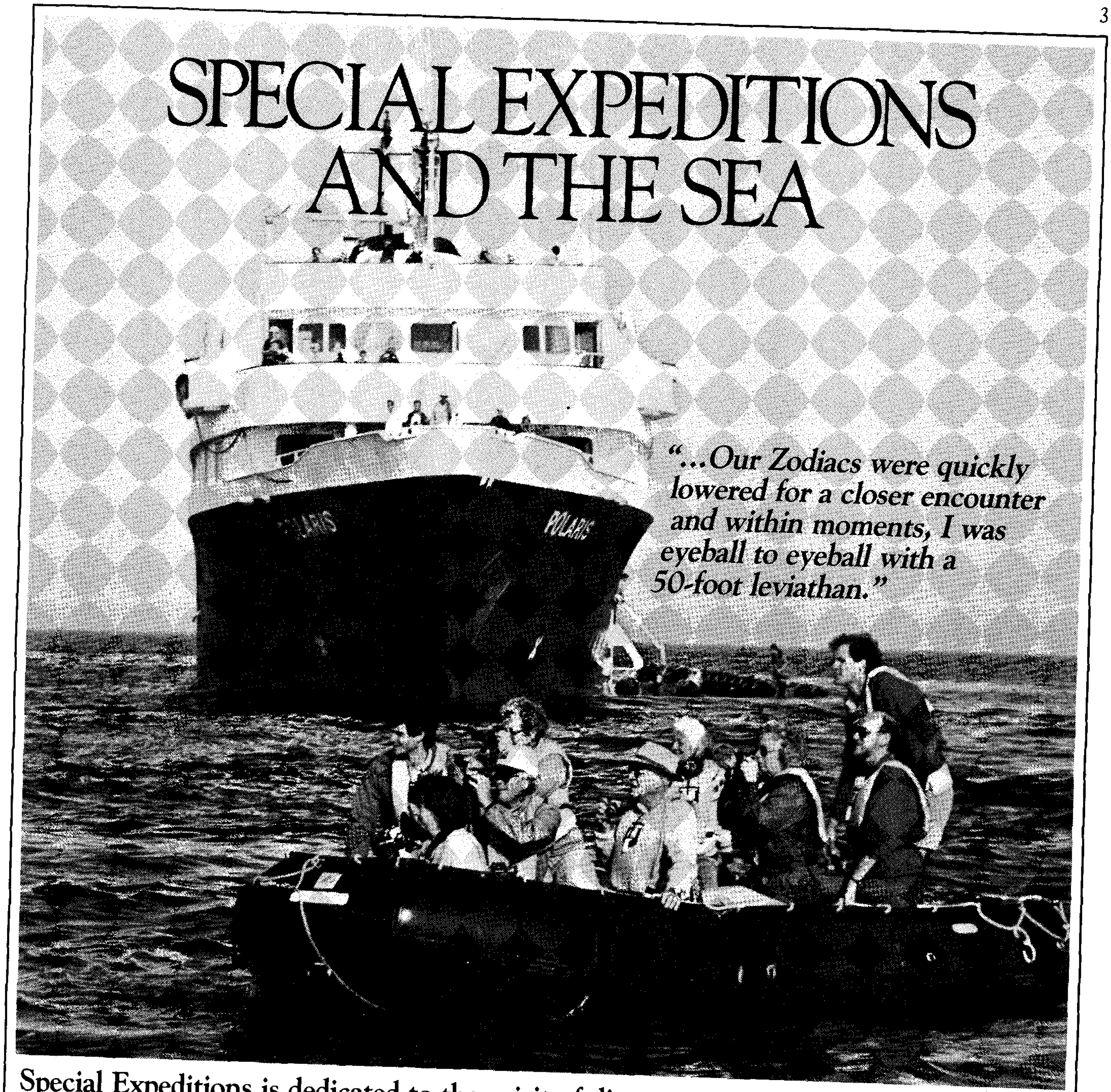
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. Linda Hart will fill in for Miss LuPone during the week starting Tuesday, June 28. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Burn This—A play by Lanford Wilson, with Eric Roberts as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. With Lisa Emery, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Chess—This noisy rock musical is a British import about an international chess match between a bad-tempered American and a more equable Russian, who falls in love with the American's beautiful second. There is a lot of plot, but beyond the hyperactivity and the electronic blare there is also life on the stage. Judy Kuhn, David Carroll, and Philip Casnoff give splendid performances in the leading roles. Trevor Nunn directed the American company. (5/9/88) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dandy Dick—An unforgivable production—muddled and campy—of a farce that might well have been funny in 1888, when Sir Arthur Wing Pinero wrote it. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

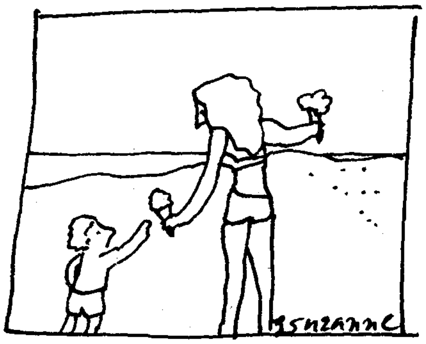
First Class—A play by Candido Tirado. Performances in English Wednesday through Friday at 8, and in Spanish Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 and 8. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Carol Kane and Bruce Weitz in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Directed by Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Godspell—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

In Perpetuity Throughout the Universe—A comedy by Eric Overmyer. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The cast, which includes Phylicia Rashād, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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26	27	28	29			

Joe Turner's Come and Gone—August Wilson's stirring play is set in a Pittsburgh boarding house in 1911. Its principal story is of a man who was captured and enslaved by the white plantation owner Joe Turner and who has been searching for his lost wife ever since he was set free. Delroy Lindo gives a strong performance in the role, sharing the honors with Ed Hall, who, as a benign healer, is the presiding spirit of the show. With Mel Winkler and L. Scott Caldwell, among other good actors. Lloyd Richards was the excellent director. (4/11/88) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

Macbeth—The much-talked-about vehicle for Christopher Plummer and Glenda Jackson is not, as one might have been led to expect from the adverse publicity, giggle-makingly bad, merely uniformly and numbingly boring. No one (least of all Shakespeare) is well served by the production, which received "original direction" from Kenneth Frankel, "additional direction" from Zoe Caldwell, and uncredited direction from Robin Phillips. (5/9/88) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case: in 1964, a French diplomat took as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they were both charged with being spies—discovered that "she" was a he. John Lithgow, in the leading role, gives an exceptional performance, and so does B. D. Wong as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn, George N. Martin, and Rose Gregorio give them sound support. (4/4/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. The performance on Monday, June 20, will have two sign-language interpreters.)

Negro Ensemble Company—west memphis mojo, a production of the audacious Crossroads Theatre of New Brunswick, is set in a barbershop in West Memphis, Arkansas, in 1955 and tells of the attempt of a pair of blues songwriters and a guitarist to make it in rock and roll, which is beginning to take off. Martin Jones wrote the strong, witty script, and Rick Khan directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson) everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performance of Michael Crawford in the title role. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Right Behind the Flag—A play by Kevin Heelan. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, June 21-22. Opens officially on Thursday, June 23. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Road to Mecca—An absorbing, if somewhat elusive, play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard, about an aging woman sculptor who is mystical and independent, and who resists the attempts of a local minister to persuade her to go into an old-people's home. The performances, by Yvonne Bryceland, Mr. Fugard himself, and Amy Irving, as a young disciple of the sculptor, are impeccable. Mr. Fugard directed. (4/25/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals that have travelled successfully from Off to Broadway. Scott Bakula and Alison Fraser are as romantic as required in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sarafina!—This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing, and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. Under the direction of Gregory Mosher, Joe Mantegna and Ron Silver give stunning performances as a pair of sleazy producers, and Madonna does well, too, as a wide-eyed secretary. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Spoils of War—Michael Weller's new play, about the efforts of a prep-school boy to reunite his divorced parents, is tedious, but the production, directed by Austin Pendleton, is as lively as possible under the circumstances. Kate Nelligan is marvellous as the boy's mother. (6/6/88) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Monday through

Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 239-2590. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 5 and 9; and Sundays at 7. The matinée schedule varies; please call ahead.)

Three Ways Home—S. Epatha Merkerson is a welfare mother; Malcolm-Jamal Warner is her unmanageable sixteen-year-old son; and Mary McDonnell is a volunteer social worker assigned to her case. All of them are splendid. The play, by Casey Kurtti, much of it in monologues, is comic and sad and never dull. (6/6/88) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays, except June 21, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special benefit performance Tuesday, June 21, at 7; for information about tickets, call 239-0058.)

Urban Blight—A revue, with sketches by, among others, Wendy Wasserstein and David Mamet and songs by David Shire, Richard Maltby, Jr., and Edward Kleban. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

A Walk in the Woods—Lee Blessing's absorbing play is set near Geneva and consists entirely of the conversations, over a year or so, of an American and a Soviet diplomat who have gone there to negotiate an arms treaty. No agreement is reached, but a friendship grows and deepens. Under the direction of Des McAnuff, Sam Waterston and Robert Prosky give distinguished performances. (3/14/88) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. Joan Rivers plays Eugene Jerome's mother. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest long run recently turned twenty-eight. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** Billy Dee Williams has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

MISCELLANY

Le Cirque du Soleil—A circus from Montreal, in its first appearance here. (Battery Park City. Tuesday through Thursday, June 21-23, at 8; Friday, June 24, at 5:30 and 9; Saturday, June 25, at 4:30 and 8; and Sunday, June 26, at 1 and 4:30. For information about tickets, call 344-5910.)

Without You I'm Nothing—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—A return engagement of the comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays, except June 21, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

THE FESTIVAL

(The First New York International Festival of the Arts, now in its third week, continues its presentation of plays, music, dance, and combinations thereof. For recorded information about performances, call 587-1111, or, outside New York, 1-800 782-4396; for reservations, call the individual box offices.)

THEATRE

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Jim Leonard, **V & V ONLY,** directed by Marshall W. Mason. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Death of García Lorca—José Antonio Riál's play about the last three days in the life of the Spanish writer. Directed by Carlos Giménez and translated, from the Spanish, by Julio Marzán. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 10.)

Gate Theatre Dublin—Presenting two plays. **I'LL GO ON:** Three Beckett novels—"Molloy," "Malone Dies," and "The Unnameable"—adapted by Gerry Dukes and Barry McGovern. Mr. McGovern is the only performer; Colm O Briain directed. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, June 22, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Special performance Wednesday, June 22, at 6:30.) . . . **JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK:** Donal McCann is the drunken, outrageous Paycock in Sean O'Casey's 1924 play. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except June 21, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Special performance Tuesday, June 21, at 6:30. Closes Saturday, July 2.)

DANGER
SLIPPERY
ROAD AHEAD
S.

Green Card—A new play written and directed by JoAnne Akalaitis, presented by the Mark Taper Forum of Los Angeles. (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Monday and Tuesday, June 20-21, and Thursday, June 23, at 8; Wednesday, June 22, at 7; and Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, at 5 and 9. Closes Saturday, June 25.)

Miracolo d'Amore—A theatre piece for fifteen dancers and singers, conceived and directed by Martha Clarke, with music by Richard Peaslee. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Night of the Iguana—A revival of Tennessee Williams' 1961 play, directed by Theodore Mann. With Jane Alexander, Pamela Payton-Wright, Nicolas Surovy, and Maria Tucci. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance Sunday, June 26, at 6:30.)

O'Neill Centennial Celebration—Two plays in repertory. **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT:** Colleen Dewhurst and Jason Robards in O'Neill's autobiographical tragedy. Directed by José Quintero. (Monday and Tuesday, June 20-21, and Friday, June 24, at 8; and Saturday, June 25, and Wednesday, June 29, at 2 and 8.) . . . **AH, WILDERNESS!:** Miss Dewhurst and Mr. Robards in what the playwright called the story of "a boyhood I never had." Arvin Brown directed. (Wednesday, June 22, at 2 and 8; Thursday, June 23, at 6; and Monday and Tuesday, June 27-28, at 8.) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Stars of the Morning Sky—Leningrad's Maly Dramatic Theatre in a play about four prostitutes from Moscow who have been detained in a barracks nearby because the Olympics are coming to town. Directed by Lev Dodin; in Russian, with simultaneous translation. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 2.)

Also Playing—**CRICOT 2:** An avant-garde theatre group from Poland, presenting "I Shall Never Return," in Polish. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.) . . . **ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATRE:** A one-act-play marathon, the first cycle of which runs through Monday, June 20. The second cycle, beginning Wednesday, June 22, is as follows: "Juliet," by Romulus Linney; "Door to Cuba," by James Ryan; "Human Gravity," by Stuart Spencer; and "Mango Tea," by Paul Weitz. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GARDZIENICE THEATRE ASSOCIATION:** Another avant-garde troupe from Poland, in "Avvakum" and "Gathering." Both works are in Polish. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Tuesday through Saturday at 9. Closes Saturday, June 25.) . . . **HAWORTH SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL:** Presenting the London Stage Company's production of Jean Genet's 1949 play "Deathwatch," which has been integrated with "'Adame Miroir," a ballet for which Genet wrote the scenario. With three dancers from the Dance Theatre of Harlem. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Tuesday, June 28.) . . . **INTAR:** A pair of one-act musicals (both with a score by Fernando Rivas) set in New York—one in the thirties, the other in 1999. (420 W. 42nd St. 465-1761. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 10.) . . . **MABOU MINES:** In "Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said," a work taken from a science-fiction novel by Philip K. Dick. (Tisch School of the Arts Theatre, New York University, 721 Broadway. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For information about tickets, call 869-3530. Closes Sunday, July 10.) . . . **PAN ASIAN REPERTORY THEATRE:** Momoko Iko's "Boutique Living & Disposable Icons." (Perry

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THE FESTIVAL–Cont'd

Street Theatre, 31 Perry Street. 245-2660. Tuesdays, except June 21, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performance Tuesday, June 21, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 10.) . . . **STAGES THEATRE:** Three plays (one in Spanish) by the Argentine playwright-actor-psychiatrist Eduardo Pavlovsky. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Monday, June 27.) . . . **TENKEI GEKIJO:** A Japanese company in "Water Station," Shogo Ohta's work without words for twenty actors and a water faucet. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 832-1155. Monday through Wednesday, June 20-22, at 8.) . . . **THEATRE FOR THE NEW CITY:** Bob Morris's play "A Circle," about two American artists hiding from New York in a small town in Italy. (155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Mondays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **UBU REPERTORY THEATRE:** "You Have Come Back," a play by Fatima Gallaire-Bourega about women and Islam. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, July 2.) . . . **VUSISIZWE PLAYERS:** A South African ensemble in "You Strike the Woman, You Strike the Rock." (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 242-4204. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, June 25.)

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLROOM THEATRE—In "Hernando's Hideaway" (première), "Two Hearts in ¾ Time," and "Presley Pieces." (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Wednesday through Saturday, June 22-25, at 8.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—"Billy the Kid" (company première), "John Henry" (première), and "Serenade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, June 28, at 7:30, and Wednesday, June 29, at 2 and 7:30. Through Sunday, July 3.)

DANIEL LARRIEU AND ASTRAKAN—In "Waterproof," a dance piece performed in and around a swimming pool. (Dodge Fitness Center, Columbia University, Broadway at 117th St. Wednesday through Friday, June 22-24, at 9:30. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

KAZUO OHNO—The eighty-one-year-old Butoh dancer in "Suiren." (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Tuesday through Thursday, June 28-30, at 8.)

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Saturday, June 25, at 8: An all-Balanchine program, "Apollo," "Orpheus," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 7: An all-Robbins program, "In G Major," "Opus 19/ The Dreamer," and "Glass Pieces." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

PINA BAUSCH TANZTHEATER WUPPERTAL—Two programs of contemporary dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Monday, June 27, at 7, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 28-29, at 8. Through Sunday, July 10.)

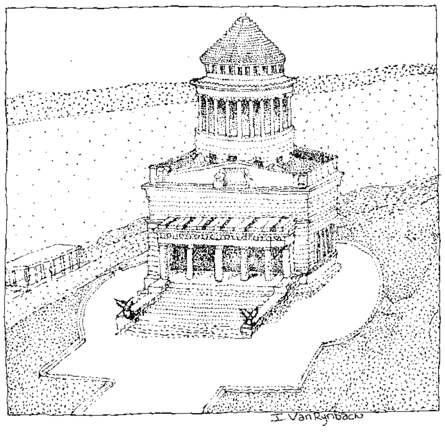
MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS, A CHORUS, AND AN OPERA—**NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY:** John Daly Goodwin directing the North American première of "Misa por la Paz y la Justicia," by the Argentine composer Ariel Ramírez, with Mr. Ramírez on harpsichord; and "Missa Luba," an African folk mass by Guido Haazen. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Tuesday, June 21, at 8.) . . . **"PUNCH AND JUDY":** A concert version of Harrison Birtwistle's opera. Rhonda Kess conducts members of the Brooklyn Philharmonic and guest soloists. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, June 22, at 8.) . . . ***CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA:*** Leonard Bernstein conducting Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, June 24, at 8.) . . . **NEW STOCKHOLM CHAMBER ORCHESTRA:** Gilbert Levine conducting the orchestra's New York début, with Elisabeth Söderström, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, June 26, at 5.) . . . **ORCHESTRE SYMPHONIQUE DE MONTRÉAL:** Charles Dutoit conducts a Lutoslawski-Debussy-Prokofiev program. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, June 27, at 8.)

RECITALS—**CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER:** A program of works by Rorem, Wuorinen, and Schuller. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Tuesday, June 21, at 8.) . . . **ORFORD STRING QUARTET:** Playing the première of William Schuman's "Quartet," and works by Prokofiev and Murray Schafer. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, June 21, at 8.) . . . **NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY:** Andrzej Panufnik conducting a program of his own works. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, June 23, at 8.) . . . **ELECTRIC PHOENIX:** An English vocal quartet that makes use of its voices both unaltered and altered electronically, in a program that includes the world première of John Cage's "Songs for Voice—93-96." (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, June 29, at 8.)

POP—**RYUICHI SAKAMOTO:** The film-score composer ("The Last Emperor") performing his own works, with his ultra-high-tech company of musicians. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Friday, June 24, at 8.) . . . **WASHINGTON SQUARES:** Providing folk music nearly seventy blocks north of their eponymous park. (Central Park Band Shell, mid-Park at 72nd St. Saturday, June 25, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL—Friday, June 24, at 5: Hilton Ruiz, solo piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 24, at 8: "For the Love of Louis," with Whoopi Goldberg (m.c.), and Dick Hyman, Lionel Hampton, Dizzy Gillespie, Wynton Marsalis, Clark Terry, and others paying tribute to Louis Armstrong. A benefit performance. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 5:30: Billy Taylor, solo piano. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 7 and 11: Miles Davis and Gerald Albright. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8: Ella Fitzgerald. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8: Gerry Mulligan and his quartet. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.) . . . ¶ *Saturday, June 25, at 8:* A battle of the big bands, with Toshiko Akiyoshi's New York Jazz Orchestra and the Mel Lewis Big Band competing. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 5:30: Makoto Ozone, solo piano. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 8: The American Composers Orchestra, conducted by Maurice Peress, with Roland Hanna, piano, performing symphonic works by Duke Ellington. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 8: "A Glorious Evening of Tap," with Bunny Briggs, Steve Condos, Arthur Duncan, Gregory Hines, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 8: Jim Cullum's Jazz Band presenting a transcription of "Porgy and Bess." (92nd Street Y.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 27, at 5: Jay McShann, solo piano. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 27, at 8: The Ahmad Jamal trio, the Michel Petrucciani trio, and the Michel Camilo trio. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 27, at 8: The Charles Mingus All-Star Big Band and Geri Allen. (92nd Street Y.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 5: Duke Jordan, solo piano. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 7 and 11: B. B. King and his Orchestra, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, Bonnie Raitt, and Dr. John. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 8: The Dizzy Gillespie Big Band and Carmen McRae. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 5: Dave McKenna, solo piano. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 8: Mel Tormé, Group 5, and Montgomery, Plant & Stritch. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 8: Lionel Hampton and his Orchestra and the Wynton Marsalis quintet. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 8: Daniel Humair, Michel Portal, Martial Solal, and others in a salute to jazz in France. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 8: The Gil Evans Orchestra, conducted by Miles Evans; and Courtney Pine. (92nd Street Y.)



PERFORMANCE ART

CONTRABAND—A dance-theatre company from San Francisco, presenting "Oracle." (Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage, Cadman Plaza and Front St., Brooklyn. Wednesday through Saturday, June 22-25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 619-1955.)

EVEN ORCHESTRA—A group of four performance artists from Australia whose instruments include film and sound effects. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday through Saturday, June 22-25, at 8.)

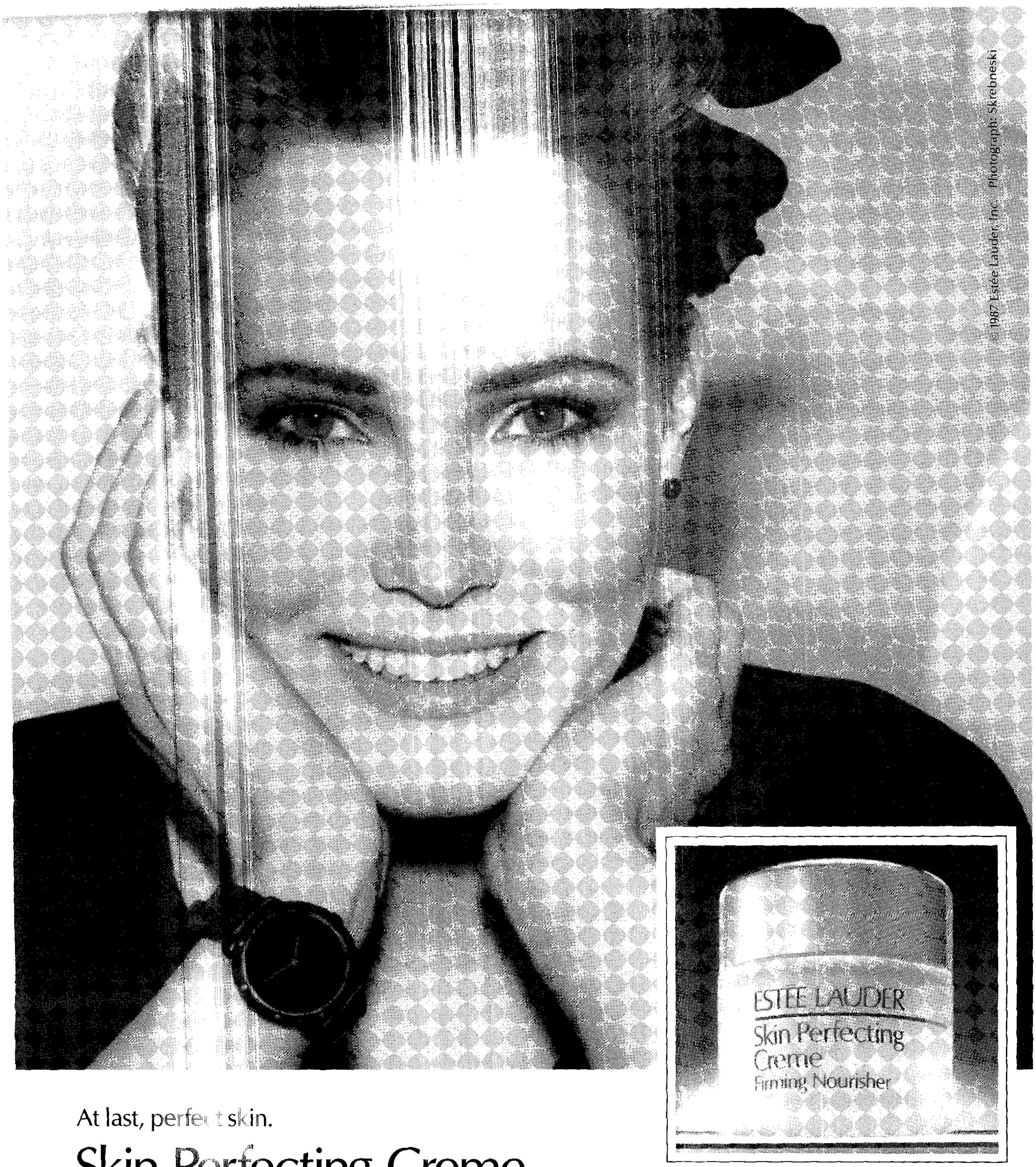
LAIBACH—A politically oriented Yugoslav rock band. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, at 9.)

P.S. 122—**IAN SMITH AND ROGER ELY:** Two comic performers from England. (Wednesday and Thursday, June 22-23, at 9.) . . . **LIN HIXSON:** Heading her dance group Goat Island in "Soldier Child, Tortured Man," a politically minded work about El Salvador. (Thursday through Sunday, June 23-26, at 8.) . . . **LEONARD PITT:** A mime artist, in "Spleenix." (Thursday through Sunday, June 23-26, at 10.) . . . **JOHN FLECK:** In "I Got the He-Be-She-Be's," in which the male and female halves of a character try to fall in love with each other. (Thursday through Sunday, June 23-26, at 11:30.) . . . **GERALD BROWN:** A storyteller, in a version of "John Henry." (Friday through Sunday, June 24-26, at 9.) . . . **ANDRZEJ GRABOWSKI:** A Polish actor in "Audience 5," a performance in the form of a tongue-in-cheek lecture on contemporary music. (Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, at 9.) (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

FILM AND VIDEO

"GREAT MASTERS OF THE PERFORMING ARTS"—The Museum of Broadcasting celebrates personalities of music and theatre with television shows from its archives. **MUSIC** (June 21-25): Benny Goodman programs, Tuesday, June 21, at 12:05, 1:45, 3:45, 5, and 6:15. . . . ¶ Arturo Toscanini programs, Wednesday, June 22, at 12:05, 1:15, 2:30, and 3:45. . . . ¶ Igor Stravinsky programs, Thursday, June 23, at 12:05, 1:15, and 3:15. . . . ¶ Pablo Casals programs, Friday, June 24, at 12:15, 1:45, and 4. . . . ¶ Duke Ellington programs, Saturday, June 25, at 12:15, 1:45, and 3:15. . . . **THEATRE** (June 28-July 2): Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne programs, Tuesday, June 28, at 12:15, 2:15, 4:30, and 6. . . . ¶ An Orson Welles program, Wednesday, June 29, at 12:15 and 2:45. (1 E. 53rd St. For detailed program and ticket information, call 752-7684.)

"INTERNATIONAL TREASURES OF FILM"—The Museum of Modern Art hosts a series of films, from the teens to the eighties, in which one or another of the performing arts has prominence. Thursday, June 23, at 2:30 and 6: "West Side Story" (1961; directed by Robert Wise and Jerome Robbins), with Natalie Wood, Richard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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE FESTIVAL—Cont'd

Beymer, and Rita Moreno. . . . ¶ Friday, June 24, at 2:30 and 6: "Fantasia" (1940), the *Walt Disney film*. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 2:30 and 6: "The Red Shoes" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Marius Goring, Anton Walbrook, and Moira Shearer. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 2:30 and 6: "Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969; Jean Renoir; *in French, with English subtitles*), with Jeanne Moreau, Jean Carmet, and Françoise Arnoul. . . . ¶ Monday, June 27, at 2:30 and 6: "Dead End" (1937; William Wyler), with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 2:30 and 6: "Great Actresses of the Past"—A handful of short excerpts from silent films, featuring Gabrielle Réjane, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Sarah Bernhardt, and Eleonora Duse, and "Queen Elizabeth," with Sarah Bernhardt, in its entirety. (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatre 1, 11 W. 53rd St. 708-9490.)

"Film as Vision: American Avant-Garde Cinema"—A survey of radical films made between 1939 and 1977. Friday, June 24, at 7: Stan Brakhage will introduce his "Dog Star Man." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 4:30: "Guns of the Trees," by Jonas Mekas, who will be present. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 9:30: Yvonne Rainer will attend a showing of her "Lives of Performers." Other programs will be given Friday, June 24, at 9:30; Saturday, June 25, at 7; and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 28-29, at 7 and 9:30. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. For detailed program and ticket information, call 598-7171.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Final performances of the season—Tuesday, June 21, at 8: "Glass Pieces," "Orpheus," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 22, at 8: "Behind the China Dogs," "La Sonnambula," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 23, at 8: "The Bounding Line," "The Cage," "Allegro Brillante," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Friday, June 24, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 2: "Space," "Raymonda Variations," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 1: "The Bounding Line," "Rhapsody in Blue," "Orpheus" (with guest artist Rudolf Nureyev), and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ The evening performances on Saturday and Sunday, June 25-26, are listed above, under "The Festival." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Paris Opéra Ballet—Tuesday, June 21, at 7:30; Wednesday, June 22, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, June 23-24, at 8; and Saturday, June 25, at 2 and 8: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Monday, June 27, at 7: A benefit honoring Rudolf Nureyev. "Études," "In the Middle, Somewhat Elevated" (American première), and "Song of the Wayfarer" (with guest artists Jessye Norman, soprano, and James Levine, conductor) will be performed. Mikhail Baryshnikov, Dame Margot Fonteyn, Paul Taylor, and a host of others will participate in "Le Grand Défilé," a procession of dance-world luminaries. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, June 28-29, at 8: "Études," "Leçons de Ténèbres" (American première), and "In the Middle, Somewhat Elevated." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through Saturday, July 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Marching and Chowder Club, which used to meet here, and of Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My Fair Lady" here, and of **LILIANE MONTEVECCHI,** the former Folies-Bergère star, who is singing in the solemn, woody nook known as the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **LARRY ADLER,** self-proclaimed champ of the mouth organ ("all-around" category; the blues and jazz titles he concedes to Sonny Terry and Toots Thielemans, respectively), teams up with tap dancer–singer **HAROLD NICHOLAS** and his show-stopping feet at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays. Singer-comedienne **CLAIBORNE CARY** performs at eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

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Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. **HORACE SILVER,** one of the leaders of the back-to-earth hard-bop movement of the fifties and a pianist with his own forthright, punchy, on-the-beat style, directs a quintet Tuesday through Sunday, June 21-26; they'll be spelled by a group led by **BEN SIDRAN,** a singer and pianist whose music comes in shades of hip white. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On the east side of the building, behind a dusty display window, there's a New York *Post* review of a Santana concert that took place here circa 1978; curatorial neglect seems to have made it a permanent exhibit. Inside, on Wednesday, June 22, it's the soul-singing team of **LINDA WOMACK** (the daughter of Sam Cooke) and **CECIL WOMACK** (the brother of Bobby and son of the Virginia gospel singer Friendly Womack, Sr.). **KATE & ANNA MC GARRIGLE,** the very charming Montreal folksisters, perform Thursday through Saturday, June 23-25. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **JOHN HICKS,** a pianist who once served as Betty Carter's accompanist and whose improvisations sometimes become extravagant, Tyner-like washes of sound, works with **WALTER BOOKER** through Saturday, June 25; **HANK JONES,** whose piano playing is a model of delicate swing, comes in with **RAY DRUMMOND** on Monday, June 27. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. **CARRIE SMITH,** who has a deep, down-in-the-valley voice, sings from her repertoire of blues, gospel, and pop Tuesday through Sunday, June 21-26; trumpeter and singer-mumbler **CLARK TERRY** joins her Thursday and Friday, June 23-24. Mondays belong to baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT** and his big band. Music from nine-thirty. **BROOKS KERR,** the Ellington authority and ardent student of jazz before bebop, plays twilight piano (from five to eight-thirty) Mondays through Fridays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the wall of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the personage on the piano bench is **BOBBY SHORT.** Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** flank him. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** will be at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesday through Saturday, June 21-25.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or head-room in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make you forget all about it. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** co-pilot a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, June 21-26; Azymuth, an easy-listening Brazilian pop-jazz trio, moves in on Tuesday, June 28. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its nightly tour of romantic Manhattan. **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a young, wispy-looking California pianist who keeps her spike heels tapping while playing in the old Harlem stride style, works with **MICHAEL HASHIM** (alto and soprano saxophones) and **CHRIS FLORY** (guitar) Tuesday through Thursday, June 21-23; **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** one of the wonders of bop piano, will be here Friday through Sunday, June 24-26, and for the week beginning Tuesday, June 28. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and from six on Sundays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side spa, one flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. The lineup: Monday, June 20, pianist **DICK HYMAN;** Tuesdays, June 21 and 28, singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT;** Wednesday, June 22, guitarist **MARTY GROSZ'S** trio; Thursday, June 23, the **JOHN PIZZARELLI** trio; Friday, June 24, clarinettist **KEN PEPLOWSKI'S** group; and Saturday, June 25, the Judy Barnett band. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. **JUNIOR MANCE,** a onetime Dizzy Gillespie sideman, works with bassist **MARTY RIVERA** Tuesday through Saturday, June 21-25; **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** who worked with Charlie Parker in the early fifties, comes in with bassist **PAUL BROWN** on Tuesday, June 28. Pianist **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** the latest good news from New Orleans, flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, medicinal teas, medicinal beer, and space to think your thoughts in. What the JVC Jazz Festival rarely touches this club readily embraces, and for the next couple of weeks it is mounting a counter-festival—seventeen nights of double bills starring the obscure, the dissonant, the rowdy, and the profound. The first week's performers include saxophonist **JOHN ZORN,** with his Jang Mi Hee quartet, on Tuesday, June 21; trumpeter **BILL DIXON** and his quartet on Wednesday, June 22; **PHALANX,** a quartet made up of **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER, GEORGE ADAMS, SIRONE,** and **RASHIED ALI,** on Thursday, June 23; multi-instrumentalist **ANTHONY BRAXTON** on Friday, June 24; and tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** and two mates on Saturday and Sunday, June 25-26. Shows at eight and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of

Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is obscured by a cowboy or a structural element). The lineup: Tuesday, June 21, **ROBERT GORDON;** Thursday, June 23, Long Island bluesman **LITTLE BUSTER** and John Turi's Bopping the Blues; Saturday, June 25, the Tailgaters; and Sunday, June 26, **PAULA LOCKHEART.** Music after nine. Hot vittles.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. **JOE WILLIAMS,** the former Basie-band singer, is spending part of his summer vacation here. (He lives in Las Vegas.) Mr. Williams is gaining on seventy, but his big voice remains flexible, and he moves from a ballad to a blues as easily as a man crossing the street; he just waits for the light to change and goes. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. **STUFF II,** a new version of the R. & B. band that was a fixture here in the mid-seventies and that featured several top New York session men (Eric Gale, Cornell Dupree, and **GORDON EDWARDS,** the leader and only holdover), performs Friday and Saturday, June 24-25. Music from about ten until two.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes engage in a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. A bunch of reggae people, including **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS** and champion bragger **YELLOWMAN,** perform Thursday and Friday, June 23-24. **LYLE LOVETT,** a young country singer from outside Houston whose tales about strong men and cardboard women contain varying amounts of moonshine and mean spirits, will be here on Tuesday, June 28. Lovett comes disguised as a non-country person (he features a mod flyaway hairdo), and so does **K.D. LANG** (she wears her hair short), who is appearing opposite him with her band, the **RECLINES.** Lang, who grew up in western Canada, sings all kinds of country music (rockabilly, Patsy Cline torch songs, jokey racing polkas) with authority and charm. Soul Asylum, a Minneapolis band whose fast and furious stuff has been described (half accurately) as "deafening music you can care about," performs on Wednesday, June 29, along with **LIVING COLOUR,** a New York hard-rock band. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. Tuesday, June 21, the **LIJADU SISTERS,** a Nigerian pop-singing duo; Wednesday, June 22, Urban Blight, a local ska-rock band; Thursday, June 23, Djet-X; Friday, June 24, Brazilian Energy; and Saturday, June 25, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—A central Village lounge for folkies and others who practice low-decibel (but not necessarily low-voltage) music. **DAVID MASSENGILL,** a folksinger from Bristol, Tennessee, whose songs include a kidding one ("Wake Up") addressed to a sleeping babe and a Woody Guthrie-style ballad about the eighteen Mexicans who suffocated in a boxcar last summer while being smuggled into this country, will be here Friday and Saturday, June 24-25; **JOHN GORKA** opens for him on Friday. Shows nightly from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A three-star hard-bop trio—pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS**—performs in this Village temple of jazz (pressed-tin ceiling, grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating) Tuesdays through Sundays. Pianist Peter Moffitt leads a band on Monday, June 27. Shows from ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the boys and girls in the back room mainly do. **PAPA JOHN CREACH,** the ancient electric fiddler who played with Jefferson Airplane and its successor groups, will be here Wednesday and Thursday, June 22-23. Shows after (sometimes long after) nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room, Latin-jazz bands play for their excitable fans on Mondays after nine-thirty. Baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT** and his big band perform at eleven on Thursday, June 23, along with nouveau-jazz guitarist **JEAN-PAUL BOURELLY.** The **LOUNGE LIZARDS,** the decade-old fractured-jazz act, do nine-thirty and eleven-thirty shows on Friday and Saturday, June 24-25. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, pianist **HERMAN FOSTER** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** are on duty from ten Tuesdays through Sundays. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS,** a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** plays the harp. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **BENNY GOLSON,** the hard-bop tenor saxophonist and composer ("Along Came Betty," "I Remember Clifford") who runs the Jazztet with Art Farmer, is here with a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, June 21-26; **CHARLIE ROUSE,** a tenor saxophonist best known for his work in the sixties with Thelonious Monk and in the eighties with the Monk-inspired quartet Sphere, leads his own foursome starting Tuesday, June 28. Mondays are prime time for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music from ten.

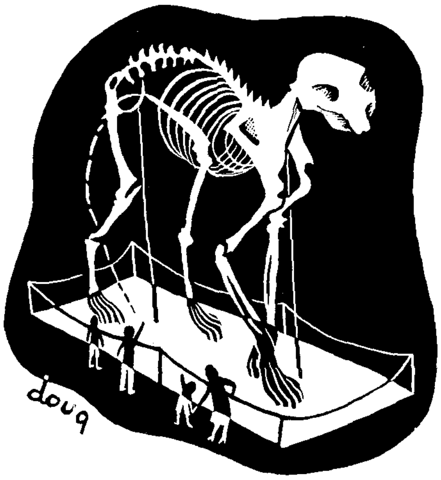
West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Pianist Roy Meriwether's trio is on hand Wednesday through Sunday, June 22-26; clarinettist **KEN PEPLOWSKI** leads a band on Tuesday, June 28. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Guitarist **JOE BECK** works with pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** Mondays through Saturdays, and with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** on Sunday, June 26. Music from eight weeknights and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

George Winston—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday and Thursday, June 22-23, at 8.

World Saxophone Quartet—Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 23, at 8.



The Pogues—Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. Thursday, June 23, at 9. For tickets, call 757-3100.

String Trio of New York—With Diedre Murray and Fred Hopkins. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Friday, June 24, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Duke's Airs, Mercer Ellington, and Carol Kagy—"A Drum Is a Woman," by Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn, narrated by Mercer Ellington; and other Ellington numbers. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, June 24, at 8.)

Herbie Mann and Jasil Brazz—Jazzport, 210 Front St. 608-7889. Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, at 8 and 10.

The Group—With the Solomonic Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, June 25, at 9:30.)

Herbie Hancock and the Headhunters and the Chick Corea Elektric Band—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Sunday, June 26, at 7 and 11.

Benefit Concert—With Daryl Hall, John Oates, and guest appearances by Cyndi Lauper and Billy Joel. (Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday, June 29, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 944-5700.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

George Ault (1891-1948)—Works on paper. Through July 29. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jacobo Borges—New paintings in which explosive color is controlled by a shadowy figure. Through June 30. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

John Constable (1776-1837)—More than a hundred paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, June 25. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Sylvia Guirey—Five abstract paintings based on Fragonard's "La Bascule." Through July 22. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Edward Hopper (1882-1967)—Fifteen etchings, linocuts, and drypoints, all of which were printed by the artist. Through June 30. (Sheehan, 52 E. 76th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Show—John Bernard Myers is remembered in a selection of paintings and sculptures by artists he represented, including Carl Andre, Mimi Gross, and Elaine de Kooning. Through July 1. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Julio González (1876-1942)—Paintings and drawings. Through Aug. 19. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

O. Louis Guglielmi (1906-56)—Colorful geometric abstractions of fragmented objects and vistas. Through June 30. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

David Hockney—A number of gallery shows are being held to coincide with his retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum. Drawings at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 29. . . . ¶ Prints at Drake, 50 W. 57th St. Through July 23. . . . ¶ Early graphics at Ingber, 415 West Broadway. Through July 30. . . . ¶ Photographs at Kasmin, 580 Broadway. Through July 16.

Oliver Johnson—New paintings and drawings. Through Aug. 26. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Justen Ladda—An installation linking art and commerce, by an artist whose assemblages of toasters, hair curlers, and golf clubs recall such well-known sculptures as Brancusi's "Kiss" and Giacometti's "Pointing Man," and whose paintings make use of fake fur and plaid fabrics. Through July 15. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Claude and François-Xavier Lalanne—Sculptures by this husband and wife, many inspired by the animal kingdom—a hippopotamus that is also a bathtub, for instance, and a croc-

ART—Cont'd

odile that is also a chair. Through June 30. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kim MacConnel / Robert Barry—New paintings. / Monochromatic paintings. Through July 1. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Thomas Newbolt—Large-scale paintings of crowds and catastrophes. Through June 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Isamu Noguchi—New bronzes. Through Saturday, June 25. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Andrew Parker—Recent gouaches prompted by the artist's trip through the Himalayas. Through Friday, June 24. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Paintings, sculptures, and prints from 1950 to 1973. Through July 29. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Milton Resnick—Densely painted abstractions done in the late fifties. Through July 29. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dan Rizzie—New paintings and collages. Through Saturday, June 25. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA,** 41 E. 57th St.: Landscapes by Sylvia Mangold, Jane Freilicher, and Michael Zwack, among others. Through July 8. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **Blum Helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Michael Young, Jack Barth, and Joan Nelson. Through July 30. . . . **Borgenicht,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The annual invitational consists of paintings by Donald Powley, Ruth Leonard, and others, and a construction by Danita Geltner. Through June 30. . . . **Frumkin-Adams,** 50 W. 57th St.: Large-scale paintings by Philip Wofford, Joan Brown, and James Gingerich, among others. Through July 1. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **Jacobson,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works that create an illusion of depth, including a painting by Gregory Amenoff, a drawing by Wayne Thiebaud, a construction by Joseph Cornell, and sculptures by David Kezur. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **Tilton,** 24 W. 57th St.: Small-scale paintings by Joe Andoe, photographs and paintings by John Robertshaw, and a sound-oriented installation by Alvin Lucier. Through June 30. . . . **Zabriskie,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works by the Nouveaux Réalistes, including Yves Klein, Niki de Saint-Phalle, and Gérard Deschamps. Through July 8. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—Pieces by Richard Artschwager, Richard Deacon, Luciano Fabro, Claes Oldenburg, Giuseppe Penone, and Richard Serra. Through July 1. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Herb Aach (1923-85)—Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, June 25. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Peter Ambrose—Sculptures in various mediums by an artist who reduces hearts, torsos, and feet to blocklike forms. Through Saturday, June 25. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Eric Bainbridge—Sculptures in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, June 25. (Ala, in a new location at 560 Broadway.)

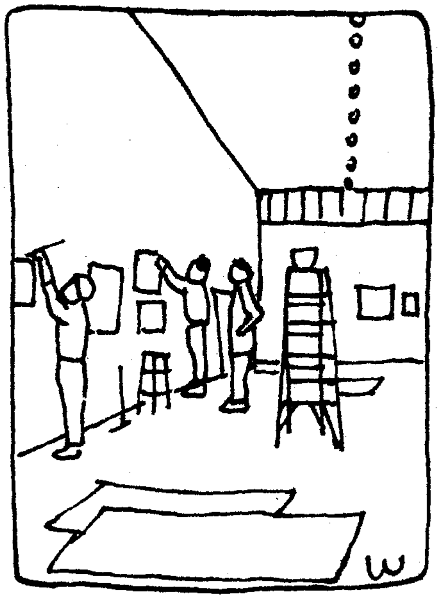
Terry Lee Dill—Sculptures. Through Saturday, June 25. (Ligouri, 93 Grand St.)

Eric Fischl—New paintings. Through Saturday, June 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Antonio Frasconi—A hundred politically inspired woodcuts by this Uruguayan-born graphic artist. Through June 30. (Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, 584 Broadway. Open Sundays; open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Carol Galligan—Painted torn-paper sculptures. Through Saturday, June 25. (Allen, 560 Broadway.)

Stephanie Brody Lederman—Paintings. Through July 15. (Katzen Brown, 475 Broome St. Open Sundays.)



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Al Loving / James Little—Paintings by an artist who uses scrub brushes and brooms in lieu of a paintbrush. / Paintings. Through July 1. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Patricia Nix—Painted constructions in mixed mediums. Through July 14. (Nerlino-McGear, 96 Greene St.)

Edward Ruscha / Frank Gehry—Works on paper. / New furniture designs in corrugated cardboard. Through July 1. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Peter Solow / David Horsely—Drawings. / Paintings. Through June 30. (Gallery Moos, 133 Greene St.)

Sally Vagliano / Frederick Nichols—New pastels. / Landscapes. Through July 1. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **Audiello,** 142 Greene St.: Paintings, including works by Claudia Hart, Josef Ramaseder, and Pat Steir. Through Saturday, June 25. . . . **The Drawing Center,** 35 Wooster St.: A selection of sixty-nine drawings that the curator has categorized as art that copies art. Michelangelo, Dürer, Watteau, Cézanne, and Picasso are among the copiers. Through July 23. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **Exit Art,** 578 Broadway: An exhibition of works in mixed mediums centered on the monetary debts of the United States and the Third World; artists Christy Rupp, Betty Beaumont, Edgar Heap of Birds, and Richard Armijo are included. Through June 30. . . . **Gorney,** 100 Greene St.: Installations by Barbara Bloom and Joel Otterson, and a painting by Justen Ladda. Through July 30. . . . **Gruenebaum,** 415 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by James Kelly, Gloria Kisch, and Wade Miller, among others. Through Saturday, June 25. . . . **Hanson,** 415 West Broadway: Works in various mediums by Carroll Dunham, Michael Hurson, Deborah Kass, Jeffrey Wasserman, and four other artists. Through Tuesday, June 28. . . . **Hoffman,** 429 West Broadway: Paintings by Elizabeth Magill, Shahnaz Said, Yuko Shiraishi, and Suzanne Treister. Through July 29. . . . **Koury Wingate,** 578 Broadway: Dike Blair, General Idea, and Cary Smith are a few of the painters and sculptors in this exhibit of new works. Through July 22. . . . **Littlejohn-Smith,** 133 Greene St.: Paintings, constructions, sculptures, and photographs in a show highlighting the influence of billboard art. Some of the artists are James Rosenquist, Walker Evans, and Julie Heffernan. Through July 23. . . . **Lorence-Monk,** 568 Broadway: Paintings, drawings, photographs, and sculptures by artists who have taken a close-up look at the human figure. Diane Arbus, Eric Fischl, George Segal, and Willem de Kooning are among them. Through Saturday, June 25. . . . **Marcus,** 578 Broadway: Sculptures, drawings, photographs, and installations by Hannah Collins, Nan Goldin, Gloria Friedmann, Pepe Espaliú, and Tim Hawkinson. Through Saturday, June 25. . . . **Metro Pictures,** 150 Greene St.: Two works each by Peter Halley, Jennifer Bolande, and others. Through Saturday, June 25. . . . **Pearl,** 420 West Broadway: Geometric works from the fifties and sixties by Burgoyne Diller, Frank Stella, Charmion von Wiegand, and others. Through July 1. . . . **Protetch,** 560 Broadway: Paintings by Arakawa, Alfred Jensen, and Sol LeWitt, who also has a sculpture on view. Through July 15. . . . **Toll,** 146 Greene St.: Paintings by Louise Fishman, Joan Mitchell, and David Reed. Through July 28. . . . **Weber,** 142 Greene St.: Photographs by Thomas Joshua Cooper, a conceptual installation by Franz Erhard Walther, and a series of more than two hundred works in plaster by Allan McCollum. Through July 23.

OTHER GALLERIES

Bill Barrette—Constructions centered on daguerreotypes of women. Through Sunday, June 26. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 155 Avenue B, at 10th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays and Sundays.)

Laura Foreman / Bonnie Lucas—Assemblages. / Paintings on paper and assemblages. Through July 23. (Yi, 249 Centre St.)

Peter Grass—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, June 25. (Braathen, 33 Bleecker St., at Lafayette St.)

Elaine Reichek—An installation that incorporates no fewer than two hundred coconuts. Through Saturday, June 25. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

Richard Rezac—Abstract sculptures in cast iron, cast bronze, and wood. Through July 3. (Loughelton, 19 Second Ave., at 1st St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—Silk screens the artist made from F.B.I. Most Wanted posters. Through June 30. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.) . . . ¶ Early works in various mediums. Through July 30. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **Bromm,** 90 West Broadway: Sculptures by Julian Opie, Rosemarie Castoro, and Jody Pinto, among others. Through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **Cugliani,** 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.: Two small paintings each by Moira Dryer, *Joe Andoe, Michele Zalopany, and others.* Through June 30. . . . **Good,** 39 Great Jones St.: Works in various mediums by Donald Judd, Nancy Haynes, and Carole Seborovski. Through July 8. . . . **Gracie Mansion,** 167 Avenue A, at 10th St.: Sue Coe, Peter Saul, Gary Panter, and others in a show of paintings dedicated to the darker, more subversive side of Pop Art. Through July 1. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **Klein,** 611 Broadway: Works in various mediums by Pat Steir, Matt Mullican, and Alan Charlton. Through July 2. . . . **Postmasters,** 66 Avenue A, near 4th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jan Frank, David Diao, and Silvia Kolbowski, among others. Through July 17. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **301 Gallery,** 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A: Works in mixed mediums by David Cabrera, Larry Johnson, Liz Larner, and Charles Ray. Through July 9. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Gwen Akin and Allan Ludwig—Photographs by two collaborators who specialize in macabre subjects; for example, freshly killed partridges and skeletons with two heads. Through July 2. (Cadot, 470 Broome St.)

Josef Koudelka—Photographs, including prints of European Gypsies and country people and of the 1968 Prague uprising. Through July 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Neil Maurer / Lois Conner—Photographs of white objects in a white room. / The artist's platinum prints of Chinese landscapes were the source of these eighteen photogravures printed by Thomas Platt Palmer. Through June 30. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Mark Morrisroe—Black-and-white photographs hand-colored with dyes. Through June 30. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Olivia Parker—Contact prints of still-lifes. Through June 30. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Hiroshi Sugimoto—Photographs, including a series on American movie theatres. Through June 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Garry Winogrand (1928-84)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a retrospective of his work; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **Gladstone**, 99 Greene St.: Portraiture by Robert Mapplethorpe, Richard Prince, Thomas Ruff, and Jeff Wall. Through July 29. . . . **Laurence Miller**, 138 Spring St.: Elvis Presley, Teddy Roosevelt, and Daniel Boone are among the subjects of a show that reconsiders American history and myths; the artists—many of whom incorporate photographs into their work—include Jim Goldberg, Judith Ross, and William Eggleston. Through June 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The earliest work in the David Hockney retrospective is a self-portrait done when the artist was seventeen. Mr. Hockney has also recorded the Acoustiguide tape for the show, on which he explains his ideas and techniques. Through Aug. 14. Complementary exhibits are at André Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.; Douglas Drake, 50 W. 57th St.; Paul Kasmin, 580 Broadway; and Ingber, 415 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Ninety paintings and drawings by Paul Klee, gifts to the museum from Heinz Berggruen. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of work by Garry Winogrand, a photographer who sought out crowds and documented them, snapshot style, on city streets and at press conferences, peace rallies, zoos, and rodeos. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of works by Georges Braque. . . . ¶ A loan show of sixty modern paintings from the National Gallery in Prague, consisting entirely of works that are in America for the first time. The artists include Cézanne, Chagall, Klimt, Gauguin, and Matisse, and their Czech counterparts. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Paintings and drawings from the past twelve years by Elizabeth Murray. Through Sunday, June 26. . . . ¶ Drawings by the contemporary artists George Condo, Mike Kelley, Ellen Phelan, and Janis Provisor. Through July 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show documenting the work of Gordon Matta-Clark (1943-78), who used abandoned buildings as sculptural material—cutting out arcs, circles, etc., and displaying leftover fragments in galleries. Through July 11. . . . ¶ A drawing and a sculpture each by forty contemporary Israeli artists, including Pinchas Cohen-Gan, Teresa Gejer, and Osvaldo Romberg. Through Monday, June 27. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A hundred and fifty pre-Columbian artifacts from the permanent collection. Through Aug. 15. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show on the contemporary partnership between artists and architects, focussing on the artists' contributions. There are, for instance, stone seats by Scott Burton that are like those he made for the Equitable Center, and objects in glass by three artists who worked on the redesigned Rainbow Room. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Arts and Crafts Movement in America (1875-1920) is represented in a display of about two hundred objects, including stained glass, silver, books, furniture, jewelry, and textiles. Through Sunday, June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Paintings and drawings Henry Clay Frick collected as a young connoisseur in the early eighteen-eighties have been brought from his Pittsburgh residence, Clayton, and hung alongside some of the Old Masters he acquired later. In the former group are works by Jean-Charles Cazin, Pascal Dagnan-Bouveret, and William M. Harnett. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

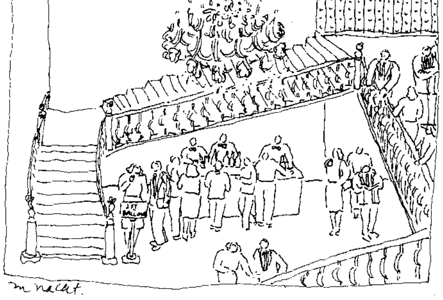
Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of Stuart Klipper's photographs of deserts in Israel. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A comprehensive exhibit of the work of Beatrix Potter (1866-1943) which includes watercolors of her familiar subjects (Peter Rabbit, Jemima Puddle-Duck) and her not so familiar subjects—insects, plants, and fossils. Through Aug. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Uffizi Gallery, in Florence, repository of nearly thirteen hundred artists' self-portraits, has sent a selection of thirty—by Andrea del Sarto, Annibale Carracci, Walter Crane, and others—in an exchange show with the National Academy, which sent a selection of its thirteen hundred self-portraits to Florence this spring. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show of works by the Swiss sculptor Markus Raetz. Through July 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The sweet pleasures of childhood reading are revived in an exhibit on children's literature. About two hundred items, ranging from first editions to memorabilia, are included: the two Hoods, Robin and Little Red, are here in drawings by Howard Pyle and by Jean-François Millet; Babar is seen in a 1931 first edition; and Winnie-the-Pooh and friends are evoked in five stuffed animals that were A. A. Milne's inspiration. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Berg Collection of English and American Literature is celebrating its jubilee with a show of a hundred and fifty of its prize manuscripts and books, among them a first edition of Poe's "Tamerlane and Other Poems," the notebooks of Eliot and Auden, one of Virginia Woolf's diaries, and the typescript of Robert Lowell's "The Drive from West Street to Danbury." (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)



SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Monday and Tuesday, June 20-21, at 7:35, and Wednesday, June 22, at 1:35. . . . **Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Thursday through Saturday, June 23-25, at 7:30, and Sunday, June 26, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Detroit, Monday through Wednesday, June 27-29, at 7:30.

Racing—At **Belmont**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Aug. 1. . . . **Monmouth Park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. . . . **Atlantic City Race Course**, McKee City, N.J.: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:15.

MUSIC

Golden Fleece Ltd.—Presenting three short operas: "Wakas and Haiku of Grandma Kimi," by Carman Moore; "The Ugly Duckling," by Jon Deak; and "Virgil's Dream," by Michael Colgrass. With a chamber ensemble conducted by Thomas Barthel. (Sanford Meisner Theatre, Eleventh Ave. near 22nd St. Thursday and Friday, June 23-24, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, June 25-26, at 3:30 and 8. For information about tickets, call 691-6105.)

Bel Canto Opera—Victoria Bond conducting Francesco Cavalli's "La Calisto," with a chamber orchestra. The second of two performances; directed by Elly Stone. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Sunday, June 26, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Bach Aria Group—Presenting a concerto, several arias, and a staged production of "The Contest between Phoebus and Pan," directed by Janet Bookspan and Moni Yakim. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Monday, June 27, at 8.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **Much Ado About Nothing**, with Blythe Danner, Kevin Kline, Jerry Stiller, Phoebe Cates, and others, will start on Friday, June 24, and run through Sunday, July 24. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**Central Park's Great Lawn**: Tuesday, June 21, at 7 (rain date, June 23), "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Kathleen Battle, Dawn Kotoski, Luciano Pavarotti, Paolo Coni, and Giuseppe Taddei; conducted by Marcello Panni. . . . **Snug Harbor**, Staten Island: Wednesday, June 22, at 8 (rain date, June 23), "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Judith Haddon, Giorgio Lamberti, Harry Dworchak, and others; Julius Rudel. . . . **Prospect Park**, Brooklyn: Friday, June 24, at 8 (rain date, June 26), "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Hei-Kyung Hong, Dawn Kotoski, Vinson Cole, Paolo Coni, and Giuseppe Taddei; Marcello Panni. . . . **Central Park's Great Lawn**: Monday, June 27, at 8 (rain date, June 30), "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Yoko Watanabe, Giorgio Lamberti, Harry Dworchak, and others; Julius Rudel. . . . **Flushing Meadow Park**, Queens: Wednesday, June 29, at 8 (rain date, June 30), "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Hei-Kyung Hong, Dawn Kotoski, Vinson Cole, Paolo Coni, and Giuseppe Taddei; Marcello Panni.

Music Festival on the Pier—The opening concert in the Miller beer people's summer series: Jethro Tull, with Fairport Friends. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Monday, June 27, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, every day but Monday, from 10 until 4.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through June 23: (Separate admissions) "Mix-Up" (1986; directed by Françoise Romand) and "Call Me Madame" (1987; Françoise Romand); "Les Rendez-vous d'Anna" (1978; Chantal Akerman; in French), with Aurore Clément, Léa Massari, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Helmut Griem; and "The Killers" (1946 †).
From June 24: See listings under "The Festival," on page 8.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Red Heat" (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.
Theatre 2: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 3: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 21: "Poltergeist III" (Gary Sherman), with Heather O'Rourke, Tom Skerritt, Nancy Allen, and Zelda Rubinstein.
From June 22: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (Robert Zemeckis), with Bob Hoskins and Christopher Lloyd.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Big Business" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
"Bull Durham" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Willow" (†).
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "The Presidio" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Great Outdoors" (Howard Deutch), with Dan Aykroyd and John Candy.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through June 23: "Beethoven's Nephew" (Paul Morrissey).
From June 24: To be announced.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Big" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through June 23: "The Moderns" (†).
From June 24: To be announced.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: Through June 23: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase. From June 24: To be announced.

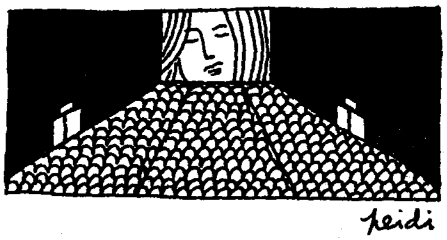
D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 23: "Poltergeist III" (Gary Sherman), with Heather O'Rourke, Tom Skerritt, Nancy Allen, and Zelda Rubinstein.
From June 24: "Da" (Matt Clark), with Barnard Hughes, Martin Sheen, and William Hickey.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Red Heat" (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.
Theatre 2: Through June 21: "Red Heat." From June 22: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (Robert Zemeckis), with Bob Hoskins and Christopher Lloyd.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "A World Apart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Big Business" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "Moonstruck" (†). From June 29: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Great Outdoors" (Howard Deutch), with Dan Aykroyd and John Candy.



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26	27	28	29			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 14.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Bull Durham" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Presidio" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Willow" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Presidio" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: "Red Heat" (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Big" (†).
Theatre 2: "Big Business" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Rights and Reactions: Lesbian and Gay Rights on Trial" (1987; directed by Phil Zwickler and Jane Lippman) and "Oscar Wilde: Spendthrift of Genius" (1986; Sean O'Mordha), both documentaries. From June 29: "Beirut: The Last Home Movie" (1987; Jennifer Fox), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tampopo" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Hairspray" (†).
Theatre 2: "Big Business" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Decline of Western Civilization Part II: The Metal Years" (Penelope Spheeris).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Big" (†).
Theatre 2: "White Mischief" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Moderns" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†).
Theatre 3: "Candy Mountain" (†).
Theatre 4: "Stormy Monday" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Great Outdoors" (Howard Deutch), with Dan Aykroyd and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Big" (†).
Theatre 3: "Bull Durham" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Willow" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 21: "Powaqqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).
From June 22: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (Robert Zemeckis), with Bob Hoskins and Christopher Lloyd.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"White Mischief" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"My Life as a Dog" (1987; Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through June 23: "Da" (Matt Clark), with Barnard Hughes, Martin Sheen, and William Hickey.
From June 24: "A Handful of Dust" (Charles Sturridge), with James Wilby.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 23: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†).
From June 24: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Willow" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Commissar" (1967; Alexander Askoldov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Taxing Woman" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Babette's Feast" (Gabriel Axel; in Danish and French), with Stéphane Audran.
Theatre 2: "Wings of Desire" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Great Outdoors" (Howard Deutch), with Dan Aykroyd and John Candy.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Big" (†).
Theatre 2: "Big Business" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Poltergeist III" (Gary Sherman), with Heather O'Rourke, Tom Skerritt, Nancy Allen, and Zelda Rubinstein.
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Bull Durham" (†).
Theatre 4: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 5: "Red Heat" (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.
Theatre 6: "The Presidio" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through June 23: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†). From June 24: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 23: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†). From June 24: To be announced.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (316-6660)
Through June 21: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).
From June 22: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (Robert Zemeckis), with Bob Hoskins and Christopher Lloyd.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 23: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase. From June 24: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 23: "Beetlejuice" (†). From June 24: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Bull Durham" (†).

Theatre 2: "Red Heat" (directed by Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.
Theatre 3: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 4: "Rambo III."
Theatre 5: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).
Theatre 6: "The Decline of Western Civilization Part II: The Metal Years" (Penelope Spheeris).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Big Business" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Presidio" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Presidio" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 28: "The Presidio" (†). From June 29: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through June 28: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
From June 29: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Great Outdoors" (Howard Deutch), with Dan Aykroyd and John Candy.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: "Big" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Poltergeist III" (Gary Sherman), with Heather O'Rourke, Tom Skerritt, Nancy Allen, and Zelda Rubinstein.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
June 20: "Anything Goes" (1956; directed by Robert Lewis), with Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor, Jeanmaire, and Mitzi Gaynor; and "Going My Way" (1944; Leo McCarey), with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald.
June 21-22: "Detective Story" (1951; William Wyler), with Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, and William Bendix; and "The Desperate Hours" (1955; William Wyler), with Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March, Martha Scott, Arthur Kennedy, and Dewey Martin.
June 23-25: "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.
June 26-27: "Monkey Business" (1931; Norman McLeod) and "Animal Crackers" (1930; Victor Heerman), both with the Marx Brothers.
June 28-29: "No Way to Treat a Lady" (1968; Jack Smight), with Rod Steiger, Lee Remick, and George Segal; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 21: "Hi, Mom!" (1970; Brian De Palma), with Robert De Niro; "Greetings" (1968; Brian De Palma), with Robert De Niro; and "The Wedding Party" (1963; Brian De Palma).
June 22-23: "Patti Rocks" (1988; David Burton Morris), with Chris Mulkey, Karen Landry, and John Jenkins; and "The Decline of the American Empire" (1986; Denys Arcand; in French).
June 24-25: "Hope and Glory" (1987; John Boorman), with Sebastian Rice Edwards; and "The Emerald Forest" (†).
June 26: "Dark Eyes" (1987; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Marthe Keller, Elena Sofonova, and Silvana Mangano; and "Gabriela" (1984; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.
June 27-28: "The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne" (1987; Jack Clayton), with Maggie Smith and Bob Hoskins; and "Orphans" (1987; Alan J. Pakula), with Albert Finney, Matthew Modine, and Kevin Anderson.
From June 29: "Throne of Blood" (1957) and "Sanjuro" (1963), both directed by Akira Kurosawa, in Japanese, with Toshiro Mifune.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 20: "The Phantom of the Opera" (1925; Rupert Julian; a silent film), with Lon Chaney; and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1923; Wallace Worsley; a silent film), with Lon Chaney.
June 21: "Floating Weeds" (1959; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); "Fires on the Plain" (1959; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese), with Eiji Funakoshi; and "Gate of Hell" (1954; Teinosuke Kinugasa; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo.
June 22: "La Ronde" (1950; Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon, and Jean-Louis Barrault; and "Forbidden Games" (1952; René Clément; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.
June 23: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.
From June 24: "Wedding in Galilee" (1987; Michel Khleifi; in Arabic and Hebrew).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
June 20: "Ace in the Hole" ("The Big Carnival;" 1951; Billy Wilder), with Kirk Douglas and Jan Sterling; and "Five Star Final" (1931; Mervyn LeRoy), with Edward G. Robinson.
June 21: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "The Nutty Professor" (1963; Jerry Lewis), with Lewis.
June 22: "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" (1947; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney and Rex Harrison; and "Heaven Can Wait" (1943; Ernst Lubitsch), with Gene Tierney and Don Ameche.
June 23: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker, and Paul Stewart; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.
June 24-25: "The Crimson Kimono" (1959; Samuel Fuller), with Victoria Shaw, Glenn Corbett, and James Shigeta; "Underworld, U.S.A." (1961; Samuel Fuller), with Cliff Robertson; and "The Steel Helmet" (1950; Samuel Fuller), with Gene Evans.
June 26: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
June 27: "Daisy Kenyon" (1947; Otto Preminger), with Joan Crawford, Dana Andrews, and Henry Fonda; and "Fallen Angel" (†).
June 28: "Donovan's Brain" (1954; Felix Feist), with Lew Ayres, Gene Evans, and Nancy Davis; and "The Brain That Couldn't Die" (1963; Joseph Green), with Virginia Keith and Jason Evers.
June 29: "The Razor's Edge" (1946 †); "Tobacco Road" (†); and "Sundown" (1941; Henry Hathaway), with Gene Tierney and Bruce Cabot.

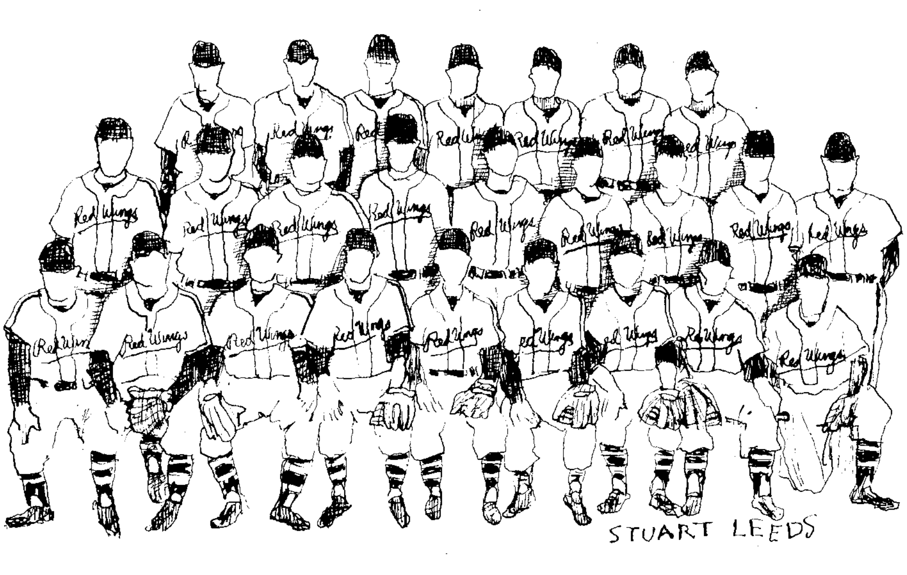
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 20: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.
June 21: "A Royal Scandal" (1945; Otto Preminger), with Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, and Anne Baxter; and "Tarnished Lady" (1931; George Cukor), with Tallulah Bankhead and Clive Brook.
June 22: "Les Misérables" (1935; Richard Boleslavsky), with Charles Laughton and Fredric March; and "The Prisoner of Shark Island" (1936; John Ford), with Warner Baxter and Gloria Stuart.
June 23: "This Gun for Hire" (1942; Frank Tuttle), with Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd, and Laird Cregar; and "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler), with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd.
June 24-25: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939; Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope; and "The Old Dark House" (1932; James Whale), with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart.
June 26: "Red Desert" (1964; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.
June 27: "The Gold of Naples" (1957; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and De Sica; and "Paisan" (1946; Roberto Rossellini; in English, French, Italian, and German), a six-episode film.
June 28: "Bombshell" (1933; Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan; and "Red Dust" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor.
June 29: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: See listings under "The Festival," on page 6.

Theatre 2: June 20 at 3: "Blackmail" (1929; directed by Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Anny Ondra, Sara Allgood, and Cyril Ritchard. . . . ¶ June 20 at 6:30: "Ganga Bruta" (1933; Humberto Mauro; in Portuguese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 21 at 3: "La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc" (1928; Carl Theodor Dreyer; a silent film, with Danish intertitles). . . . ¶ June 21 at 6:30: "Thin Ice" (1928; Jens Uwe Krafft; a silent film, with English intertitles). . . . ¶ June 23 at 3: "Hurrah for Freedom" (1946; in Korean, with English subtitles; the last reel is missing) and three short films. . . . ¶ June 23 at 6:30: "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925; Ernst Lubitsch; a silent film), with Ronald Colman, May



McAvoy, and Bert Lytell. . . . ¶ June 24 at 3: "Humoresque" (1920; Frank Borzage; a silent film), with Alma Rubens and Vera Gordon. . . . ¶ June 24 at 6:30: "Hurrah for Freedom" and three short films. . . . ¶ June 25 at 2:30: "Ganga Bruta." . . . ¶ June 25 at 5:30: "Blackmail." . . . ¶ June 26 at 2:30: "Thin Ice." . . . ¶ June 26 at 5:30: "Lady Windermere's Fan." . . . ¶ June 27 at 3: "The Four Devils" (1920; Wilhelm Anders Sandberg; a silent film, with Spanish intertitles); and Mexican newsreels, 1936 and 1942, with Spanish narration. . . . ¶ June 27 at 6:30: "La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc." . . . ¶ June 28 at 3: "Mysterien eines Frisiersalons" (1922; Bertolt Brecht, Erich Engel, and Karl Valentine; a silent film, with German intertitles) and "Vida en Sombras" (1947; Lorenzo Llobet Gracia; in Spanish, with French subtitles). . . . ¶ June 28 at 6:30: "Humoresque."

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—June 20 at 8: "The Decameron" (1970; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 21 at 8: "The Black Cat" (1934; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. . . . ¶ June 22 at 8: "The End" (1953; Chris Maclaine), "Murder Psalm" (1981; Stan Brakhage), "Red Nightmare" (1957), and an episode of "The Manhattan Love Suicides" (1985; Richard Kern). . . . ¶ June 23 at 8: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 24 at 8: A program of films by Penelope Buitenhuis, who will be present. . . . ¶ June 25 at 8: A program by the performance group Gargoyle Mechanique. . . . ¶ June 26 at 8: "Heaven & Earth Magic" (Harry Smith), "New Moon" (1986; Donna Cameron), "Rose Hobart" (1936; Joseph Cornell), and "Trade Tattoo" (1937; Len Lye).

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—June 22 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Trois Valses" (1938; Ludwig Berger; in French, with English subtitles), with Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay, and France Elys. . . . ¶ June 23 at 6: "Yvette Chauviré, pour l'Exemple" (1988; Dominique Delouche). . . . ¶ June 29 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "États d'Âme" (1986; Jacques Fansten; in French, with English subtitles), with Robin Renucci, Jean-Pierre Bacri, and François Cluzet.

Murder, Mystery and Mayhem—A series of films set in New York City during the thirties, forties, and fifties. June 26 at 2: "Manhattan Melodrama" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with William Powell, Clark Gable, and Myrna Loy. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. 873-3400.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Au Revoir les Enfants (Goodbye, Children)—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Festival.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend (1949)—It's hard to believe that Preston Sturges wrote, produced, and directed this botched parody Western. A hot-tempered barroom singer (Betty Grable) takes a shot at her rival for the affections of a cardsharp (Cesar Romero) and accidentally hits a judge (Porter Hall) in the rear end. She escapes from prison and goes to Snake City, where she pretends to be a schoolteacher. Everything is mistimed and so appears to be broadly overplayed. The film was such a disaster that Sturges was finished in Hollywood. Among the performers struggling desperately to be funny are Rudy Vallée, Olga San Juan, Sterling Holloway, Hugh Herbert, and Margaret Hamilton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 29.)

Beetlejuice—With Alec Baldwin, Geena Davis, and Michael Keaton; directed by Tim Burton. (4/18/88) (Olympia; through June 23.)

Big—With Tom Hanks, directed by Penny Marshall. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gotham Cinema, 86th Street East Twin, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Embassy 72nd St., and National Twin.)

Big Business—With Bette Midler and Lily Tomlin, directed by Jim Abrahams. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Waverly, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

Bull Durham—With Kevin Costner, Susan Sarandon, and Tim Robbins; directed by Ron Shelton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Loews New York Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Candy Mountain—Rudy Wurlitzer wrote the screenplay of this low-budget road movie and directed it in collaboration with Robert Frank. It's the story of a dim, unsuccessful young New York musician (Kevin J. O'Connor) who makes a deal with a rock star (David Johansen) and a couple of guys in business suits to track down a brilliant guitar-maker named Elmore Silk (Harris Yulin); the idea, of course, is to acquire his guitars, commodities that have become rare and fantastically valuable since Silk's disappearance from the scene years ago. On his journey through upstate New York and eastern Canada, the eager punk loses a couple of cars, spends all his money, gets arrested, trades observations on the romance of the road and the meaning of life with an assortment of oddballs, losers, freaks, and geezers, and eventually finds the great man holed up in a town in Nova Scotia, where the whole eventful quest turns out to be—surprise—sort of meaningless. This may sound dreary—particularly if you remember the stoned existentialism of Wurlitzer's previous contribution to the genre, "Two-Lane Blacktop" (1971), which was directed by Monte Hellman—and it's certainly thin, but the movie has a surprisingly genial spirit. Frank, a great photographer ("The Americans") who has also made several 16-mm. films, knows how to shoot the cramped bungalows, the unvacuumed cars, the gas stations, and the country-and-Western dives of his seedy roadside landscape so that we don't feel oppressed by the bleakness of it all. Working with the cinematographer Pio Corradi, he keeps startling us, offhandedly, with the beauty of thrown-together places and lives. The lively cast also includes Roberts Blossom and an eclectic bunch of musicians: Tom Waits, Leon Redbone, Dr. John, and Rita MacNeil. Only Laurie Metcalf (overacting) and Bulle Ogier (struggling with her English) seem out of place.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

The Emerald Forest (1985)—John Boorman sets his story in Brazil, where the seven-year-old son of an American engineer (played by Powers Boothe) is abducted by an Amazon-rain-forest tribe. For ten years, the father searches for the boy in whatever time he can take off from his job of building a giant dam. When, at last, he locates his seventeen-year-old son (played by the director's son, Charley Boorman), he realizes that the boy's consciousness surpasses his own and that the boy's life is superior to anything civilization has to offer. And soon the father realizes that the dam is destroying the boy's tribe. The film touches on all sorts of major themes, but it's a puerile movie. With Rui Polonah, Meg Foster, Dira Paes, and Eduardo Conde. (Cinema Village; June 24-25.)

Fallen Angel (1945)—There was a brief period when Otto Preminger made well-paced, engaging melodramas, and this is one of them. Dana Andrews arrives in a small California town with a dollar to his name, gets an itch for a money-loving waitress (Linda Darnell), and marries the local rich girl (Alice Faye) to get the dough to win the waitress. But his sordid plan misfires: the waitress is murdered, and he becomes the prime suspect. Andrews is saturnine and convincing, and the good cast includes Charles Bickford, Bruce Cabot, John Carradine, Anne Revere, and Percy Kilbride. (Thalia SoHo; June 27.)

Hairspray—The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with a pop dadaist musical comedy, set in Baltimore in 1962. Waters loves narrative, and he has half a dozen plots crisscrossing each other. In the middle are the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake); they wear matching mother-and-daughter outfits. Tracy, who's the newest teen-age dancer on "The Corny Collins Show," discovers that black kids aren't allowed to take part and she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. Meanwhile, Divine watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to Divine's acting which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. When Divine's Edna Turnblad is onscreen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W. C. Fields in drag. With Ruth Brown, Debbie Harry, Sonny Bono, Jerry Stiller, Shawn Thompson, Ric Ocasek, Pia Zadora, Jo Ann Havrilla, and Waters himself as a sicko psychiatrist. (3/7/88) (Waverly.)

The Killers (1946)—Ernest Hemingway's short story about the man who doesn't try to escape his killers is acted out tensely and accurately, and, for once, the gangster-thriller material added to it is not just padding but is shrewdly conceived (by Anthony Veiller and the uncredited John Huston) to show why the man didn't care enough about life to run away. Under the expert direction of Robert Siodmak, Burt Lancaster gives his first screen performance (and is startlingly effective), and Siodmak also does wonders with Ava Gardner. (Public Theatre; through June 23.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (57th St. Playhouse.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A daring, funny, and far-out thriller about political extremists. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. This picture may be the most sophisticated political satire ever made in Hollywood. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, and James Gregory. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema 3, and Metro Cinema; through June 23.)

The Milagro Beanfield War—The story is about a conflict over water rights in New Mexico between the struggling Hispanic community and a bunch of powerful developers who are buying up the surrounding land. Robert Redford's film of John Nichols' novel treats the material as an occasion for Capra-like populist comedy, and the feel-good, triumph-of-the-little-guy stuff overwhelms the jokes—the same thing often happened to Capra, who knew how to direct comedy, so it's not a surprise that it also happens to Redford, who doesn't. But he's assembled a lively, talented cast here, and their little bits of business keep the movie watchable. John Heard, Rubén Blades, Julie Carmen, James Gammon, Daniel Stern, and M. Emmet Walsh all seem to be having a good time, and Redford's direction is best when it simply relaxes and lets their vitality carry the movie. Also with Chick Vennera, Sonia Braga, Richard Bradford, Carlos Riquelme, and Christopher Walken. Adapted by Nichols and David Ward.—T.R. (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through June 23.)

The Moderns—The big subject of Alan Rudolph's new movie, a comic reverie on Americans in Paris in the twenties, may have got the better of him: the tough-guy romanticism is ridiculous, the jokes are self-conscious and mostly dumb, and Rudolph's eccentric vision seems not so much audacious as merely adolescent. The few sequences that show the director at his best are ones without dialogue: a boxing match between the down-and-out artist-hero (Keith Carradine) and a rich, evil art collector (John Lone), and a lovely montage in which Carradine forges a Cézanne, a Modigliani, and a Matisse. Despite these moments, and despite Carradine's finely shaded performance, the movie feels phony. With Linda Fiorentino, badly miscast as an elegant siren desired by both Carradine and Lone, and Geraldine Chaplin, Geneviève Bujold, Wallace Shawn, and Kevin J. O'Connor, as a callow, aphorizing Hemingway. Script by Rudolph and Jon Bradshaw.—T.R. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Plaza; through June 23.)

Moonstruck—With Cher, Nicolas Cage, and Olympia Dukakis; directed by Norman Jewison. (1/25/88) (Gemini; through June 28.)

The Presidio—This loud, lame thriller is set in San Francisco, in and around the Presidio Army base. An M.P. is killed when she stumbles onto a break-in at the Officers' Club, and the murder investigation turns into a clash of wills between a rigid Lieutenant Colonel (Sean Connery) and an impetuous young homicide cop (Mark Harmon). As if that weren't drama enough—Harmon, we learn, was once an M.P. under Connery's command (they hated each other), and in the course of the movie he falls in love with the Lieutenant Colonel's wild and adorable daughter (Meg Ryan). The screenwriter, Larry Ferguson, and the director, Peter Hyams, obviously think that it's been far too long since we've seen cars bouncing through the streets of San Francisco at high speeds; or a testy relationship between a by-the-book old-timer and a hotheaded younger man resolving itself in grudging admiration; or shootouts in which the bad guys fire endless rounds and miss while the heroes' bullets are finding their marks with Zen-like accuracy. They're wrong. Also with Jack Warden and Mark

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF–Cont'd

Blum.—T.R. (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, U. A. East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

The Razor's Edge (1946)—Tyrone Power plays the Somerset Maugham hero who journeys all the way to India and figures that he has hit upon a mystical bonanza when he hears a bewhiskered yogi murmur, "There is in every one of us a spark of the infinite goodness." Nobody in the film seems to be very agile mentally, from the Chicago débutante (beautiful Gene Tierney) whom the hero leaves behind to the girl he almost marries—poor, sad Sophie (Anne Baxter). There are quantities of Chicago mansions and country clubs, French bistros and Indian lamaseries, and thousands of extras to keep the sets from looking bare. The performers move about in a vague, somnambulistic manner befitting a literary masterpiece. With Herbert Marshall and Clifton Webb. Edmund Goulding directed. (Thalia SoHo; June 29.)

Stormy Monday—This first feature by the British director Mike Figgis is the sort of thriller that's usually called "stylish"—perhaps because it doesn't have much substance. Roger Deakins' cinematography is heavy on *noir*-ish atmosphere—rain-slick streets, neon signs, gloomy bars—and Figgis, who also wrote the screenplay, has given the characters a familiar aura of low expectations and weary integrity. He isn't a bad director, but the movie doesn't have a potent enough sense of *danger:* the hero and heroine (Sean Bean and Melanie Griffith) seem too young to have developed the properly resigned, don't-give-a-damn attitude, the self-destructive edge that really makes us fear for *noir* protagonists; and the villain (Tommy Lee Jones), though ruthless and mean, lacks the obsessive quality that would convince us that he'd track his enemies for the rest of their lives, for the sheer fun of exacting his revenge. Sting, of all people, gives the liveliest performance (as a harried night-club owner).—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Tampopo (1986)—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

A Taxing Woman—The third film written and directed by Juzo Itami is his first dull one. It's a comedy about tax evasion, pitting a dishonest and very clever businessman (Tsutomu Yamazaki) against the awesome forces of Japan's national tax office, whose relentless spirit is most purely incarnated in a tiny, dogged female inspector named Mrs. Itakura (Nobuko Miyamoto). This sounds like fun, but, despite some clever notions and a handful of inventive scenes, the movie feels tentative, not fully worked out; it's as if Itami got bogged down in research and forgot about the jokes. For whatever reason, "A Taxing Woman" is much more conventional than the director's previous films, "The Funeral" and "Tampopo" (see above). In Japanese.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Tobacco Road (1941)—Erskine Caldwell's novel turned into a folksy comic strip. The director, John Ford, and the scenarist, Nunnally Johnson, were up against censorship problems; still, that doesn't account for the broad pointlessness of the rustic humor or the glossy studio lighting of the poor whites cavorting in front of their Georgia shacks. The whole thing seems deranged. Charley Grapewin plays Jeeter Lester as a familiar cornliquored old scamp. With Gene Tierney, Marjorie Rambeau, Elizabeth Patterson, William Tracy, Dana Andrews, and Ward Bond. (Thalia SoHo; June 29.)

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The Unbearable Lightness of Being—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. (2/8/88) (68th St. Playhouse, and Bleecker St. Cinema. . . . ¶ Columbia Cinema; through June 21.)

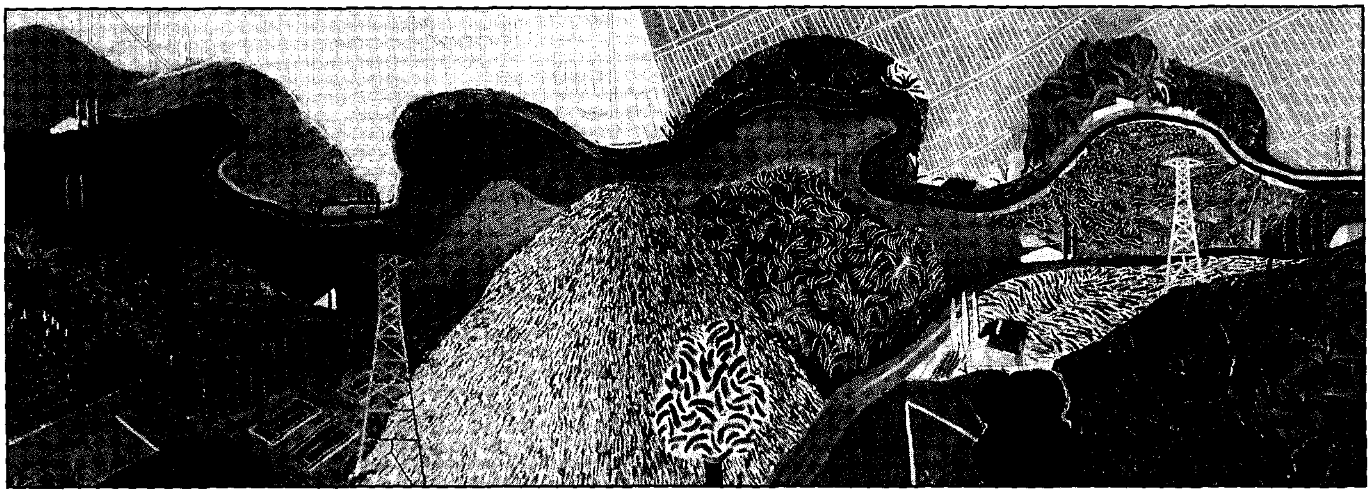
White Mischief—At first, Michael Radford's film about upper-class English settlers in Kenya in the nineteen-forties seems bracingly sardonic: there isn't a hint of the sneaky romanticism and nostalgia for Empire that colonial dramas so frequently succumb to. As one aristocratic viper after another is introduced, and each member of the large and familiar cast (Greta Scacchi, Charles Dance, Joss Ackland, Sarah Miles, John Hurt, Trevor Howard, Geraldine Chaplin) makes his distinctively peculiar entrance, the movie promises to be wicked fun. Amazingly, though, as the action gets nastier the picture gets duller. The screenplay, by Radford and Jonathan Gems, is based on the real-life murder of Josslyn Hay, Earl of Errol (Dance), a colonial Casanova who conducted a flagrant affair with young Lady Diana Broughton (Scacchi), to which their jaded social set reacted with a mixture of amusement and jealousy. As the movie concentrates more and more on the unsavory triangle of Errol, Diana, and her creepy middle-aged husband (Ackland), we begin to get the uneasy feeling that the director has lost track of his own intentions. For all the melodramatic complications, the characters remain static, as if they'd been frozen in place after their initial scenes.—T.R. (Art Greenwich Twin, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Willow—The evil sorceress Queen Bavmorda (Jean Marsh) is killing all the newborn babies in the Daikini domain, because of a prophecy that an infant born with a special mark will bring about her downfall. Placed on a raft of rushes, the savior baby girl drifts downriver into the land of a peaceful, elflike people, the Nelwyns. A young Nelwyn farmer, Willow (Warwick Davis), tries to protect her, and eventually, with the help of an outlaw Daikini swordsman (Val Kilmer) and a rebel Daikini (Gavan O'Herlihy), Willow storms the evil queen's black castle. This tale involves trolls, vicious black boars, nine-inch-tall men called Brownies, platinum-wigged Tinker Bells, a two-headed dragon, and some four hundred special-effects shots. Before it's over, you feel as if you'd fallen into a pile of mixed metaphors. Produced by George Lucas, who also wrote the story, the movie seems to be one stale idea after another. The director, Ron Howard, shows his gentle talent only in his handling of the three-foot-four-inch Willow, whose sweet-faced humility could make parts of the movie appealing to kids. With Billy Barty—triumphant as usual—as the High Aldwin of the Nelwyns. (5/30/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Guild, and Loews Paramount.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child," stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Cinema Studio.)

A World Apart—Set in 1963, it's about a thirteen-year-old girl (Jodhi May) who lives a well-ordered, ruling-class life in a fine home in suburban Johannesburg until her father (Jeroen Krabbé), who's a Communist, flees the country in the middle of the night to escape arrest, and her mother (Barbara Hershey), the editor of a small anti-apartheid newspaper, is "detained" for ninety days, and then another ninety days. Based on a semi-autobiographical script by Shawn Slovo, the daughter of the journalist Ruth First and Joe Slovo, the leader of the banned South African Communist Party, the movie deals with the girl's feeling confused and resentful because her parents have never explained anything to her—they've treated her like a baby. Forced to grow up, she perceives the ugliness of apartheid, and wants to join in the fight against it, yet that fight is also her competitor. In prison or out, her mother is not all there for her. When the girl needs her mom, she bashes her head against a principled person. The theme of the movie is the conflict between fighting injustice and what we owe to our families—or, more poignantly, a young girl's pain at the loss of her mother and father, though she knows the reason for it. Shot in Zimbabwe, this remarkable first feature directed by the noted cinematographer Chris Menges (pronounced men-ghees) has a visual snap to it. It's luminous yet very informal. And though, toward the end, it falls into chanting slogans, it has a radiant intelligence. The cast includes Linda Mvusi, who shared the best-actress award at Cannes with May and Hershey, and Tim Roth, Yvonne Bryceland, Albee Lesotho, David Suchet, and Nadine Chalmers. (6/13/88) (Cinema I.)

Run away with David Hockney.



MULHOLLAND DRIVE: THE ROAD TO THE STUDIO, 1980. © David Hockney, 1980. Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

Down Mulholland Drive and out onto Pear Blossom Highway, across the Brooklyn Bridge, and under the water in his pool. It's an incredible journey and to celebrate the artist leading the way, AT&T is sponsoring DAVID HOCKNEY: A Retrospective. 150 paintings, 60 drawings, 30 photographs, several suites of prints and illustrated books, as well as examples of Hockney's collaborative work in stage design go on exhibition June 18 at The Metropolitan Museum of Art. In October, the show travels to the Tate Gallery in London. We at AT&T share David Hockney's point of view: that standing still is not an option. When a unique vision expands our horizons—whether the medium is science and technology or oil and canvas—AT&T is there to make the connection.

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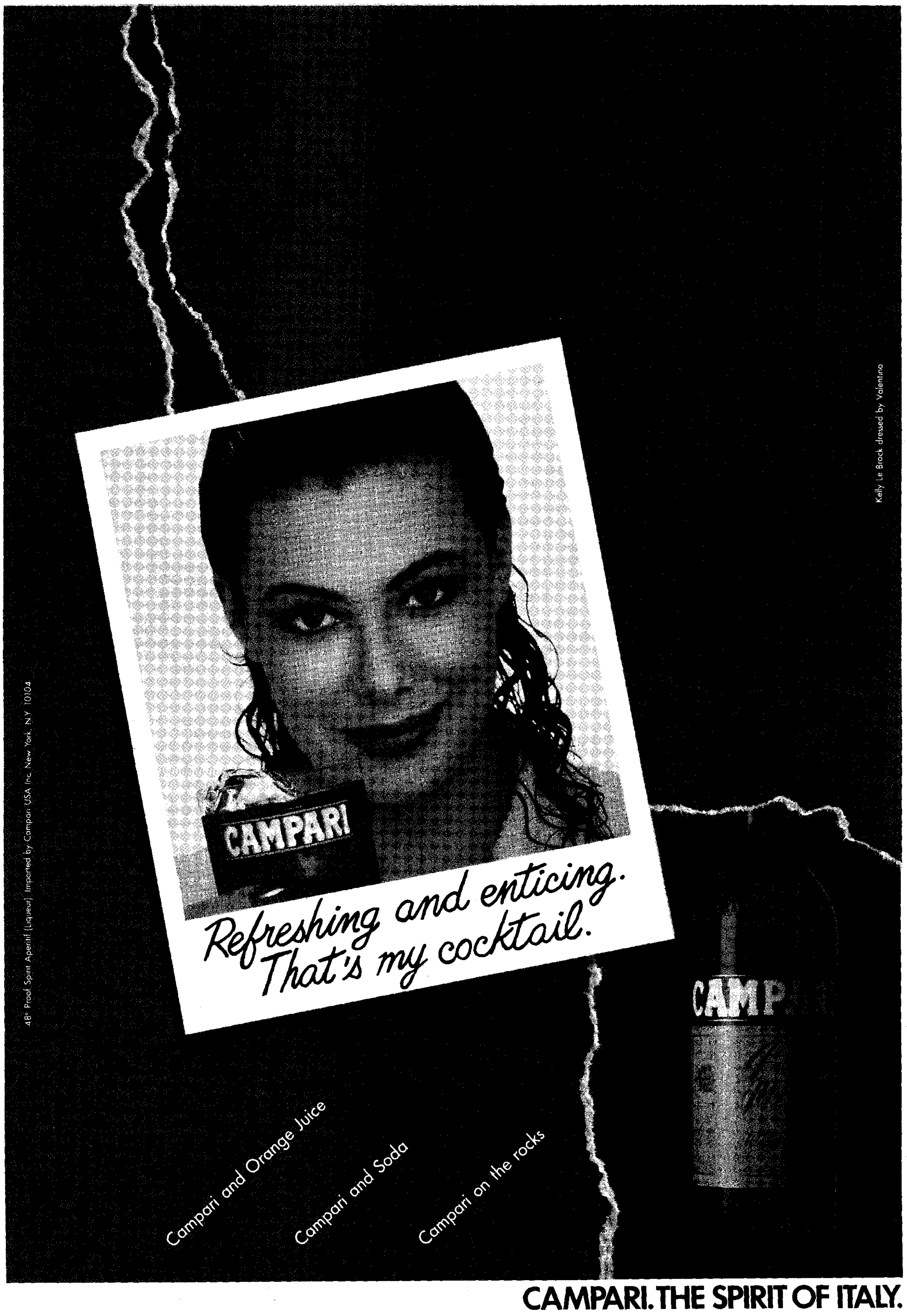
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON May 27th, after years of negotiations between New York State and the Long Island Lighting Company, during which state and local authorities argued that a realistic evacuation plan for a nuclear power plant on Long Island was manifestly unattainable, an oral "agreement in principle" was reached to shut down Lilco's Shoreham plant, in Suffolk County. Nevertheless, ten days later, in the face of outraged protests from local and state agencies, Lilco and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission refused to postpone a previously scheduled emergency drill at the plant—a drill that involved more than four thousand Lilco employees and a hundred or so federal officials, and cost about two million dollars. Explaining the decision to go ahead with the drill, Lilco said that such an exercise is required every two years, as part of the process of obtaining a license from the N.R.C. (Lilco's last drill was in 1986), and that, while the company had made an oral agreement "in principle" with the state, it had not made one "in fact;" the details of the agreement had yet to be worked out on paper, and, though negotiations would go on even during the test, it was still possible that the plan to shut the plant down might fall through. (On June 15th, Lilco finally put in writing an agreement to abandon the plant, but indicated that while waiting for the agreement to be approved by various state agencies it would continue to press for an operating license.)

The drill, which followed a script written by FEMA, the Federal Emergency Management Agency, consisted of a series of simulated malfunctions. (As it happened, before the test got under way FEMA itself had joined the chorus asking that it be postponed, if not cancelled.) Plant employees and the media were informed that the exercise would run from Tuesday, June 7th, through Thursday, June 9th—the exact timing and nature of the malfunctions were not revealed in advance—and at around nine o'clock on Tuesday morning we called Lilco to see whether the accident had started.

"At 4:29 A.M., there was a leak in the primary containment structure, and the problem escalated when a fire broke out in a nearby building, damaging the electrical supply to the safety system," Ray Golden, a Lilco spokesperson, said. "On top of that, a pipe carrying cooling water to the core of the reactor broke, and, on top of *that*, an emergency diesel generator blew and we lost all our electric power. Next, what will happen is we'll lose the emergency core-cooling system, and radioactive material will spill out over a ten-mile radius. We're going to have to prove that we can evacuate the area, decontaminate it, and monitor both the evacuees and the area."

"How would people be evacuated?" we asked.

"There are eighty-nine emergency sirens, similar to noontime fire whistles except that they are louder and sound longer—for three to five minutes—and they'll go off in an hour or so. Everyone in the area has already been told that there will be this test. If it were a real emergency, people would turn on their radios to a local station. Literature has been sent to every household in the area with information about what station to turn to and with a map of evacuation roads. Lilco people will serve as traffic marshals."

We asked where the residents would be evacuated to and how they would get there.

"We suggest that those who have their own vehicles should use them. For those who don't, there will be a fleet of six hundred school buses, which will make prearranged stops. There will be three reception facilities—one in Rosland, one in Bellmore, and one in Hicksville. They can accommodate thirty per cent of the evacuees, which is the N.R.C./FEMA requirement. There will be ambulances deployed to the infirm. And schoolchildren, if it were a slowly evolving event, would be sent home, as in a snow emergency. If the risk were more immediate, they would be taken to either the Nassau Community College or the Nassau Coliseum, in Uniondale."

"What about the remaining seventy per cent of the evacuees?" we asked.

"We're assuming they would go to friends' or relatives' homes, outside the given radius, where, I guess, they would wait until the emergency ceased. The idea is to get people out of the area." Mr. Golden paused, and then went on, "You have to put the risk in perspective. Could we have a fast-breaking accident at a boiling-water reactor—that's what Shoreham is, as distinguished from a Chernobyl type—which wouldn't allow time for people to leave their homes and places of business once they were warned? I think the likelihood is remote. We have just not had that type of catastrophe—radioactive debris contaminating a wide area—with this particular technology. Armageddon *hasn't* happened. I'm not saying that it couldn't, but, in the best-case accident, after the contamination was monitored people could return to their houses within a day or two."

We asked what might happen in less fortunate circumstances.

"Well, realistically, it might be months, or years, depending on what type of accident it was. Since our scenario isn't completed yet for this test, we don't know yet how bad this accident is. I'm sure, however, that Lilco will react responsibly."

Mr. Golden paused again, and we asked if he could tell us why Lilco had insisted on proceeding with the drill.

"Everyone should be aware that up until 1984, by which time the plant had cost three billion eight hundred million dollars, Suffolk County and New York State were *for* this plant," he said. "Since then, we've spent a billion four hundred million dollars trying to get a license to run it, after twenty years of preparation. We don't want to give up."

On Friday morning, seventy-two hours later, we called Mr. Golden back. The drill had been completed, he told us, at five o'clock the previous afternoon.

"How did it go?" we asked.

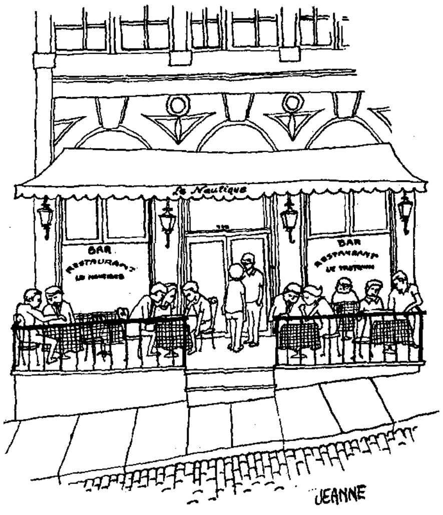
"Personally, I think we did a real good job," he said. "Of course, we have to wait until our grade from FEMA comes in, but we've been told informally that we did well. The Local Emergency Response Organization—which was made up only of Lilco and federal people, unfortunately, since the local agencies, including the police force and the Red Cross, refused to participate—took data in the ten-mile radius, and, happily, they decided that people could return. Of course, no one had actually *left*, but we had a radiation biologist here, and he assured us that, according to the scenario, the radioactive contamination was even less than at Three Mile Island."

We asked how the simulated evacuation had been conducted.

"It was decided that we had to evacuate only a five-mile radius, and that made the drill even easier," Mr. Golden said. "Lilco employees playing the part of evacuees drove to the reception centers, as planned, in their cars. When they got there, certain cars were deemed to have been contaminated—that had been decided beforehand, too, but the important thing is that the drivers themselves didn't know. And we lucked out with the weather. The worst conditions you can have are high wind and rain, which disperse radioactive debris and wash it down to earth, but it was calm and sunny. Our field workers ascertained that, according to the scenario, someone downwind of the plant would have received only from thirty to sixty millirems of extra radiation over the course of a year following this accident, which is the equivalent of two or three chest X-rays. To be on the safe side, we decided to bury some foodstuffs—tomatoes that had been out on a farm stand, for instance—but that was just being careful."

"Did any problems come up during the exercise?" we asked.

"Well, as you may know, after we spoke on Tuesday, fifty-seven of the eighty-nine warning sirens didn't go off. So, unfortunately, not everyone in the ten-mile radius *knew* there was an accident going on. When the episode began, early Tuesday morning, we were in the lower category of alarms, called 'an unusual event,' and it wasn't until ten or eleven o'clock that we had progressed through the next two stages—'alert' and 'site-area emergency'—to 'general emergency,' at which point the sirens should have all sounded." Mr. Golden paused. "But it's not as if the sirens were intended to tell people to jump into their cars and evacuate. They're to tell people to *turn on their radios*. It's important to realize that having the sirens sound on the day of the exercise wasn't in the prescribed scenario. It was just an extra thing we put in. We had tested the sirens a week ago, and they were all working fine, and we tested them again, actually, this morning, and eighty-six of the eighty-nine sirens worked properly. So it was extremely unlikely that they wouldn't work then, although they didn't, and we're looking into why that equipment failed. But that's all really moot, because the *sirens* weren't being tested. *We* were being tested. At a later date, if we have a test that includes the sirens, and they don't go off, why, then we'll get a failing grade."



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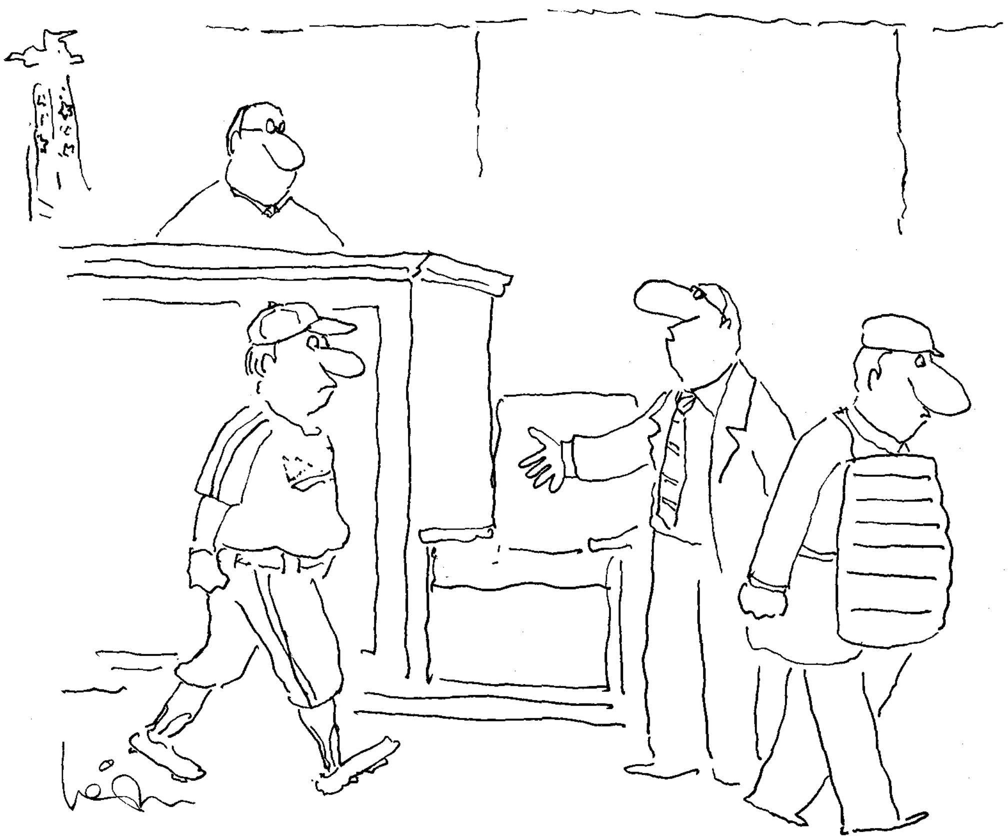
Pops

WE recently acquired two albums devoted to Louis Armstrong's popular vocal hits. The title of both albums is "What a Wonderful World," but on listening to the title tracks we discovered that they were different versions of the song. One version is a 1968 recording, whose current commercial success in the United States stems from its inclusion in the soundtrack of the film "Good Morning, Vietnam." The other version was recorded two years later—in 1970, just before Armstrong's seventieth birthday (and only a year before his death)—with different personnel, a more gospel-like arrangement, and an informal spoken introduction by Armstrong that serves as a bridge to the melody: "Some of you young folks been sayin' to me, 'Eh, Pops, what do you mean, what a wonderful world? How 'bout all them wars all over the place? You call them wonderful? And how 'bout hunger and pollution? That ain't so wonderful, either.' But how 'bout listenin' to old Pops for a minute? Seems to me it ain't the world that's so bad but what we're doing to it. And all I'm saying is see what a wonderful world it would be if only we'd give it a chance. Love, baby, love—that's the secret. Yeeeaaahhh. If lots more of us loved each other, we'd solve lots more problems. And then this world would be a *gasser*."

Like his trumpet playing, the sentiment expressed by "old Pops" is clear, direct, and heartfelt, and is shaped by the sound of his inimitable mellow growl; and, with his words in mind, we ventured out the other evening to 107th Street in Corona, Queens, at the invitation of Gail Hightower, professor of music at Queens College, to visit the house Armstrong lived in for the last three decades of his life. The house turned out to be a simple three-story frame structure with a large back yard, on a quiet side street of single-family houses; a plaque near the front door identifies Louis Armstrong House as an official landmark. In the living room we found Professor Hightower, who is also the director of Louis Armstrong House, and she told us that when Armstrong's widow, Lucille, died, in 1983, the house became the property of the city. In the house was an archive of Armstrong memorabilia, including scrapbooks, photographs, autobiographical writings, hundreds of hours of homemade tape recordings, and even a small case containing Armstrong's lip balm, and the city turned the archive over to Queens College. Professor Hightower explained that it remains under lock and key, to be viewed by appointment only, until it can be moved to the Benjamin Rosenthal Library, at the college, and that the house is maintained very much the way it always has been, by Bessie Williams, who was Lucille Armstrong's housekeeper.



"Your Honor, I have a rebuttal witness."

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"When students come here, they are always in awe of a man of his stature who chose to live in this house, on this block," Professor Hightower said. "There is no rolling lawn in front of an imposing mansion. Here was a superstar who lived comfortably but simply. It makes quite a statement. Students don't have much of an image of him as a musician. Most college students today were born in the sixties—'Hello, Dolly' is their point of Armstrong reference. What they do come to understand is the life of an individual—how he started as a poor person and at age thirteen was sent to an orphanage in Louisiana, and got to where he got to. When Armstrong was living here, the people in the neighborhood loved him; they called him Pops—they respected him. They knew when he was home, but he never had to hide out. I've been most impressed with that, and my students have, too." Professor Hightower smiled, and said, "But my students really love the bathrooms." She shrugged. "They *are* gorgeous."

We went down to a panelled room in the basement and joined a group of Armstrong musical alumni who were enjoying a Creole-style dinner before performing in an evening-long salute to Armstrong at the Louis Armstrong Middle School (I. S. 227), in nearby East Elmhurst. Seated at the table were the bassists Arvell Shaw and Milt Hinton, the pianist Wild Bill Davis, and the saxophonist Jimmy Heath. We asked Mr. Shaw, who is a giant bear of a man, about his association with Armstrong, and he told us that in 1947, when he was twenty-three, he joined Armstrong's legendary All-Stars, which included Big Sid Catlett, Jack Teagarden, Barney Bigard, and Dick Cary. "Louis was very serious about music," Mr. Shaw said. "It was his life. By that I mean he expressed his whole life through his music—the good times and the not so good times. What you heard through the horn was the truth. From the most primitive country people to the most sophisticated, they all responded the same way at the same time to his music. It was the most amazing thing I'd ever seen. Africans in the bush and people in Berlin—the same way. I'd say that people recognized sincerity when they heard it. But the true genius of Louis Armstrong was more than his hits. Before Louis, the musicians would play the melody and then heavily syncopate it. That was called 'getting hot.' What Louis started doing was improvising on the chord structure. By himself, he made jazz into a soloist's art."

Milt Hinton, seventy-odd years old, and an alumnus of Cab Calloway's and Count Basie's bands, joined in the conversation. "Louis always let each musician have a spot within the show," he said, recalling a tour of the Far East with Armstrong in 1953. "He made everybody feel right at home in the band. And whenever I took a solo I got a big, big hand, and I took a deep, deep bow. It was a great feeling, you know. But I learned my lesson. One time, I stayed back at Basin Street, with my own band, and I played that same solo. I got one lazy clap." He laughed heartily. "What was it about Armstrong's music that made it so special?" he asked. "I couldn't put my finger on it. If I could, I'd do it myself."

"I don't know if a musician could come up today the way Louis did," said Jimmy Heath, who, at sixty-one, is the first professor of jazz performance at Queens College. "I don't think so. The recording industry influences everybody. If it's got one kind of record that's selling, it wants another one just like the first one. The kind of individual sound that Armstrong had and the different territorial sounds of bands in the nineteen-twenties and thirties were so distinctive because the players hadn't heard everybody else. They developed their own first. All this international exposure has changed the influences on a young player. And the funny thing is, for a man born in 1900 and given his circumstances, Armstrong had—I don't know, one chance in ten million of making it. And now *he* is the international influence."

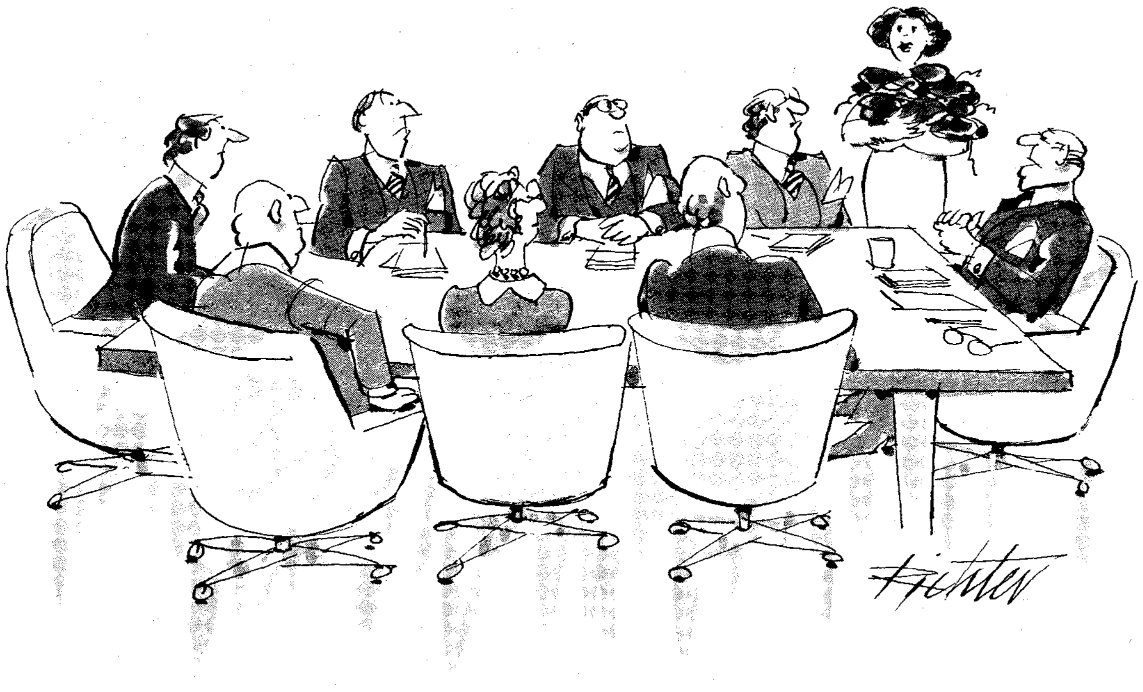
Professor Hightower appeared on the staircase and signalled to the musicians that it was time to leave for the concert, and they slowly rose and climbed the stairs. Outside, we noticed that Wild Bill Davis, conservatively dressed in a blue pin-striped suit and a red tie, had paused by the plaque. "His was a different era," Mr. Davis said wistfully. "It was a swing era. The main thing was, it was a melodic time. All the superfluous notes, all the musical calisthenics you hear today—well, I suppose some guys feel it that way. But, the way Louis was, every note is understandable. I'm very happy to be part of this evening. We can get a musical conversation going. It's not corny. It's not old-fashioned. It's a beautiful thing." He tugged at the knot of his tie. "He was such a dedicated, unselfish entertainer, you know. I wonder: Did he have a chance to use his back yard?"

Green Beams

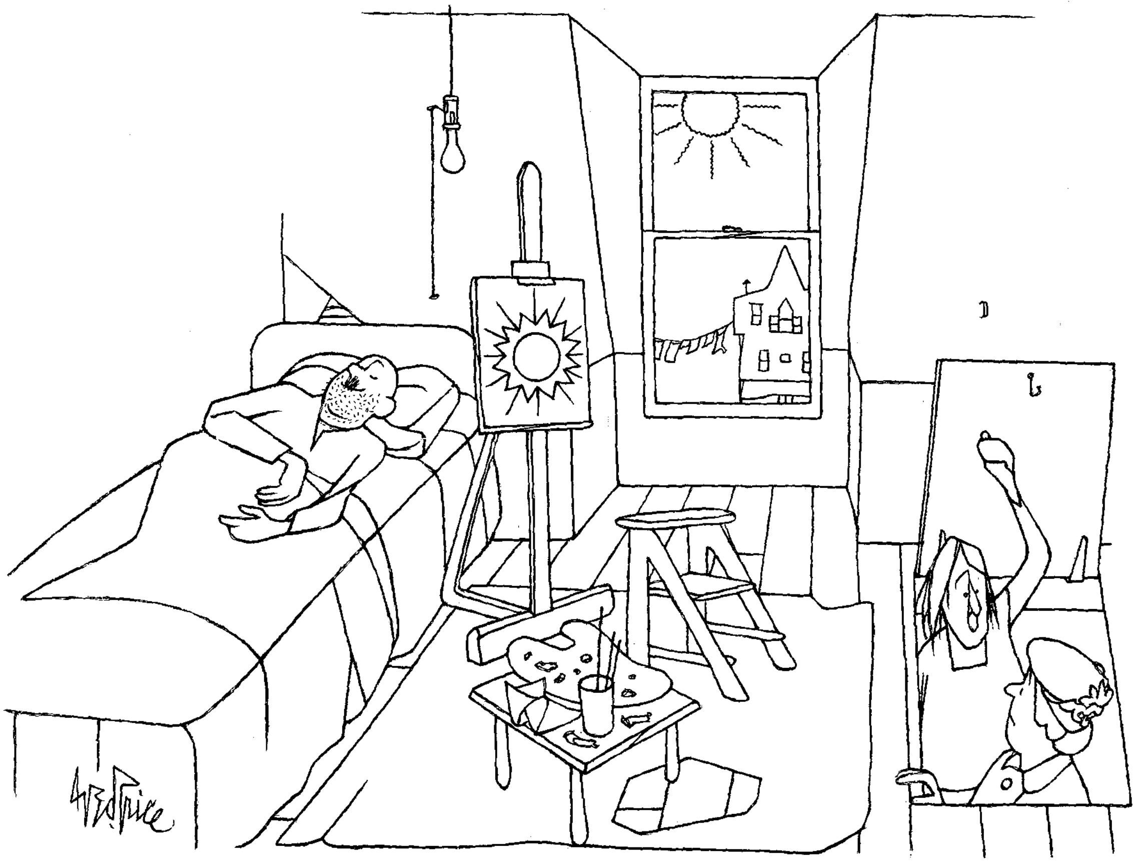
THE giant swords of green light that are hovering, drifting, and flickering through the night air over midtown and downtown Manhattan for the next few weeks are the most conspicuous event of the First New York International Festival of the Arts—and the only one that people can take in without leaving New Jersey or Long Island. The beams, which can be seen from fifteen miles away, are part of the first citywide laser show ever mounted in New York, and they're the handiwork of Dick Sandhaus, a laser artist and the president of a laser special-effects company called Science Faction, whom we first encountered last New Year's Eve, when he was shooting lasers over Times Square.

The night before the festival opened, on June 11th, Dick Sandhaus invited us to a dress rehearsal at his command headquarters, a white tent anchored to the old heliport on the roof of the Pan Am Building, almost nine hundred feet above street level. It was a stunningly beautiful evening—quiet, cloudless, with a bar of orange still glowing in the western sky, and a sharp breeze fluttering the weeds that had grown up through the heliport concrete—but Sandhaus was complaining about the weather. "Tonight, because of no clouds and no smog, there's a lack of reflective particles in the air, and that does not help the viewing of lasers," he said. "A snowstorm would be great right now." He was standing in a corner of the tent, next to Jon Berson, the director of field services. Nearby was the laser equipment: a computer terminal, a drum-shaped laser projector, a cellular phone, and lots of cords and wires. When Sandhaus wasn't talking to us, he was telling Berson, who had the phone cradled on one shoulder, what to tell a Science Faction operative on top of the Trump Tower, from which a second laser was being projected. A third was being projected from the roof of One Liberty Plaza, just south of the Woolworth Building.

"We're programming the computer to tell the projector what to do," Sandhaus explained to us. "Just think of the inside of the laser projector as two hands holding beams of light—one hand moving vertically and the other horizontally. The computer tells the hands how fast to move and in what direction, and they move so fast that it looks as if there were dozens of simultaneous beams. Wait a minute—I have to tell the Trump guy something. Jon, tell him to hit the box for the beam that's over us. O.K., knock the frame rate one down. Now hit Alt F6 and then squash it." With each command, the form of the Trump laser beam would change noticeably. At one moment, it looked like a Ferris wheel that had broken away from its axis and was hurtling uncontrollably into the distance. Then it looked like an enormous scallop shell swatting at anything that might



"Miss Johnson will now pass out the moral blinders."



"He arose at five to catch the early-morning light, caught it, and crawled back in again."

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be moving south along Fifth Avenue. Then it became a beacon of thick green light that looked as though it were following an erratically bouncing ball. To the south, the laser at One Liberty Plaza was shooting over the Pan Am Building and pulsating violently. As for the Pan Am laser, it was furiously spraying green beams northward. Overhead, the sky looked like a vast dark field being dug up by gigantic green neon rakes.

Two nights later, when the lasers had been properly programmed and the festival was under way, we joined Sandhaus and Tetsu Okuhara, a photographer, in a rented car to take a roving tour of the horizon, so that Okuhara could get some long-range shots for Sandhaus's files. On top of the Palisades in Weehawken, Sandhaus called all three Manhattan laser sites from the car phone as Tetsu was trying to get them in focus. "O.K.," Sandhaus told his operatives. "I want you to send them all over to us." For a moment, nothing happened, and then, suddenly, looming over the Hudson were three clusters of slow-working fingers, each cluster seeming about to pinch the town of Weehawken. Sandhaus looked pleased. Tetsu squeezed the shutter of his Nikon.

"We've had the technology to do a large-scale urban display ever since 1982," Sandhaus told us. "And while we were waiting for the right opportunity I drew up in my head a list of suitable building tops. For the festival, I got three of the buildings I most wanted. Actually, I've been thinking about all this since I was thirteen."

Central, Mombo!

Central, an academically selective Philadelphia high school founded in 1836, began accepting girls in 1983 and fielded its first girls' varsity badminton team in the Philadelphia Public League this year. Fifteen girls made the team, and fourteen of them were not born in the United States. This was a good omen for Central, because the United States is not a power in world badminton. Next fall, badminton will be an exhibition sport at the Olympic Games in Seoul, but the United States national team hasn't been invited to take part. Most of the top-ranked national teams are from Asian countries, and that's where thirteen of the fifteen Central players are from.

The team, known as the Lancers, defeated Girls' High in the season opener, last April. Then they won, 5–love (a high-school badminton match is a five-part affair, consisting of three singles matches and two doubles matches), against Philadelphia's Martin Luther King; won, 5–love, against Olney; won, 4–1, against Frankford; won, 5–love, against Germantown. And so on. Most of the other Public League teams practiced three days a week after school, but Central practiced five days a week, once before school and once after. When the regular season was over, the Lancers were undefeated, and were brimming with confidence for the playoffs. They plowed through South Philadelphia High, 5–love, in the quarter-finals and beat George Washington High, 4–1, in the semifinals.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, June 7th, in the gym of the Martin Luther King High School, the Lancers played the Abraham Lincoln High School's Railsplitters—winners of the city badminton title in 1978, 1979, and 1985—for the Public League badminton championship, and we dropped by to watch. The gym was stifling, in spite of large fans whirring on the sidelines, and there were only fifteen or sixteen other spectators, most of them faculty or students. With the help of Al Laveson, the Central coach, we were able to compile the following roster of the seven Central players taking part in the match (it includes grade average, native country, position, class, height, and weight): Shu Lu, A, Taiwan, first singles, junior, five feet four, a hundred and thirteen pounds; Nha Chau, A, Vietnam, second singles, sophomore,

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five feet three, a hundred and four pounds; Sou Sailim, A-minus, Laos, third singles, sophomore, five feet four, a hundred and twenty pounds; Meng Lin, A, Taiwan, first doubles, junior, five feet three, a hundred and fifteen pounds; Bich Chau, A, Vietnam, first doubles, junior, five feet two, a hundred and fifteen pounds; Celeste Cretchfield, A-minus, United States, second doubles, senior, five feet six, a hundred and thirteen pounds; Sheila Vera, A-minus, Puerto Rico, second doubles, sophomore, five feet six, a hundred and fifteen pounds. The entire squad, Coach Laveson told us, has representatives from seven countries, and among them the girls speak nine languages, including three dialects of Chinese.

Play began, and two of the spectators, Aaron Boyd and Robert Irlan, both of whom are Central students, watched keenly. We asked them what they thought of the match.

"Very entertaining," Boyd said. "Badminton is an exciting sport."

"But it takes a while to get into it," Irlan said.

"You really have to play it to understand it," said Boyd.

"So you know when to cheer," said Irlan.

As the boys were talking, the shuttlecocks flew. Over the noise of the fans, over the squeaking of sneakers on a well-waxed plank floor, came the *ploop*, *plop*, and *plip* of shuttlecocks colliding with racquets at various angles and speeds. The spectators greeted winning shots with polite applause. The majority of the winning shots were scored by Lancers.

Sou Sailim was the first Lancer to conclude her match. She won in straight games, in less than twenty-five minutes. As she watched her teammates, she told us that she had begun playing badminton in Laos, which she left at age eight. "We played outdoors," she said. "There was nothing else to do."

The doubles team of Cretchfield and Vera took the second point for Central, and afterward we asked Cretchfield what makes the Lancers so good.

"We practice with intensity," she said. "We're eager to do well."

Nha Chau got a third point for Central when she won the second singles match. That made the score 3–love and secured a victory for Central. The Lancers huddled together and chanted, "Central, Mombo! Olé, Olé!" It was a cheer they had borrowed from the Central football team.

The Lancers then took the other doubles point and the remaining singles point, to win the match 5–love. Coach Laveson said, "I knew they'd win, and I'm not being a braggart. They did their homework." Behind him, Bich Chau gave Shu Lu a delicate hug.

David Fehm, a sandy-haired man in a gray suit, walked around with a notebook and wrote down the names of girls who expressed interest in playing badminton beyond high school. Fehm is the Pennsylvania men's-singles badminton champion and serves as a regional delegate of the United States Badminton Association, which is committed to developing American badminton talent. "The hope is for the 1992 Olympics, but, realistically, we must think beyond that," he said.

Dr. Sheldon Pavel, the principal of Central, told the team, "Do you realize that you've made history? You're the first Central team to take a girls' Public League title." The girls smiled and giggled and said nothing.

Ed Mullen, the Lincoln coach, who was carrying a lab coat (he's a physics teacher), said, "It's never pleasant to be bageled. It's remarkable what Central has done in one year, but that's what happens when you have girls who are bright, are good athletes, and have tremendous desire."

We spoke with Shu Lu before she boarded the team bus. She said that her father had encouraged her to play badminton when they were living in Taiwan, which they left in 1982. He went by the name Chin Nan Lu then and taught electrical engineering. Now he goes by the name Steve Lu and has a business importing and selling sewing-machine parts. He still encourages her to play badminton, she said.

"Is that what makes you successful in badminton—your father's encouragement?" we asked.

"That's part of it," she said.

"What else?" we asked.

"I love to compete," she said, her hair, which is black and fine, blowing in a warm breeze. "And I love to win."

WORLDS OF LOVE

Slightly uncivilized SWM, poor (well, not quite) but handsome, smart and funny, eclectic and irreverent, fast driver seeks a lean, attractive to very attractive woman, 25-40, with intelligence, savvy and deep humor willing to go dutch in all respects into romance and supportive friendship. Film, Bartók to the blues, cafes, north coast, writers, tennis and understanding the Crab Nebula . . . does that help?

—*Personal adv. in Willamette Week.*

YOU: Spheroid, sensitive, methane-breathing, really a swell gal. Your visual acuity can pierce thick chemical atmosphere just as your perceptiveness can see past a limp opening line. Me: Oblong, athletic, semipermeable membrane enclosing gelatinous crude-protein interior. A rare breed. Molecular simplicity doesn't mean we don't have complex emotional needs. Let's find the atomic structure of love. Reply Box X-15.

READY FOR SOME GANYMEDE AU GO-GO? Two petite, perky moon maidens enjoy low gravity, crystallized oxygen, Oprah Winfrey. Ideal respondents will be generous, electrically neutral, not intimidated by strong feminist outlooks or intense radio-wave bombardment. Reply Box H_2SO_4.

BITE MY ARMS OFF! They grow back—really! Slim, attractive male, mid-thirties, crustacean background. Seeking active, aware female counterpart for quality-time relationship. Regenerative powers leave me incomplete without that special someone. Write Sirius Substation/Drawer L.

MACRENCEPHALIC AND MACHO. Cerebral mass accounts for sixty-one per cent of body weight, just received real-estate license, ready for romance! Tiny pod feet mean limited mobility, no break dancing. If this brainy bonus package is for you, respond to Box Pi.

WHEN WE MEET there will be a *feeling*. When we touch there will be a *spark*. When we kiss there will be *combustion* at a thousand and sixteen degrees Kelvin. Are you a caring female type who combines lust for living with durable high-resilience outer coating? If so, we will share solitary strolls through searing underground caverns, enjoy loud hissing sounds, possible lava eating. Send photo and core sample to Box 10^{23}.

STAR WARRIOR. Hero of the Antares campaign. Trained for conquest, now intrigued by the pleasures of power-sharing. Mountain biking looks groovy—can you show me where the pedals are? I like ladies who are trim, classy, open-minded, and can move quickly to avoid sudden, uncontrollable projection of razorlike claw appendages. Call Andromeda Exchange, ask for Eddie.

PARDON MY POLARITY. Cheerful, humor-loving, highly magnetized male has Ursa Major needs for right date mate. Turn-ons include champagne brunches, home video, iron filings. Let's meet for some North-South sensuality. Reply Box R(1/n)+R(1-n).

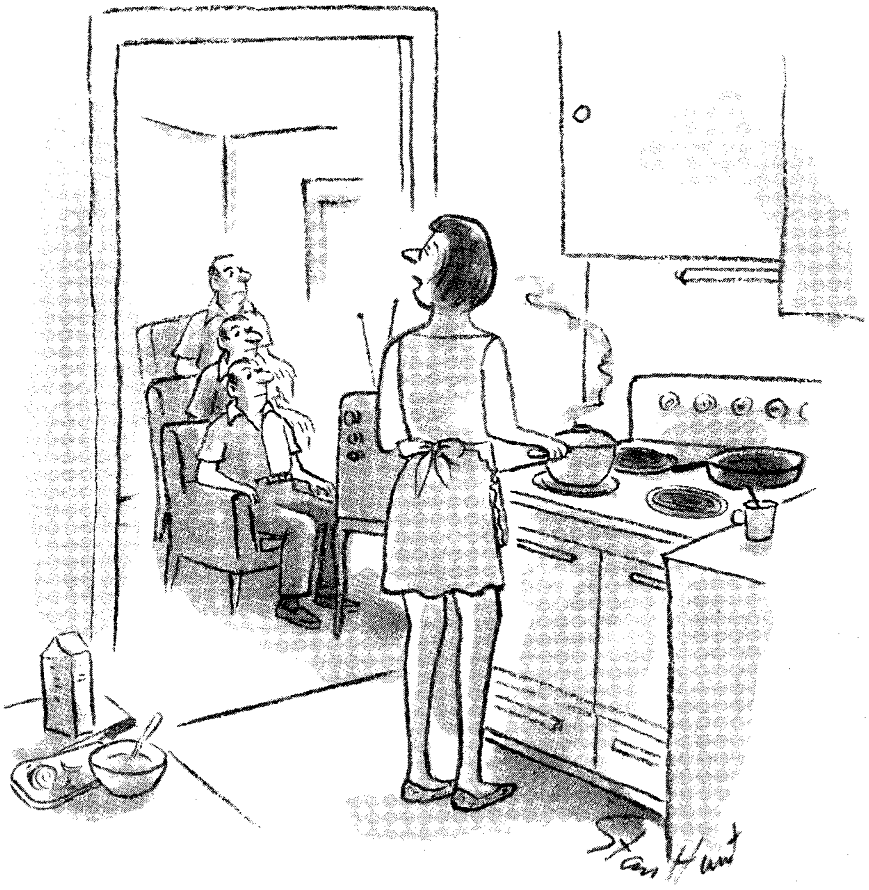
LIQUID LADY. Social life needs change of phase. Want responsible, financially secure male friend for possible long-term mix. You should be viscous, non-smoker, high surface tension a must. Shall we share a tall tumbler or a cozy carafe? Reply Box 0.205<636.

NOTHING LIKE SUN POWER. I open my leafy arms to reap the rays. My roots intermingle with the wholeness of humus. I feel the photosynthetic life force fill me. Every day is a journey of green grandeur. Chlorophyll is my co-pilot. If you'd like to ride along, contact Zona c/o this paper.

DESERT ROMEO. Not exactly handsome. Dry planetary conditions, fierce gravel storms take their toll. I am blocky, zero-moisture male, low to the ground. Friends cite resemblance to Roger Ebert covered with slag. Own and operate successful dry-cleaning business. Like to read, stand quietly, watch fungus. No airheads, please. Reply Box Z, Rural Route 1.

CYGNUS, do you read me? I'm sorry about what happened. Can we try again? Please realize I have no way of knowing when you're upside down. Next time I'll be more careful. Call me. Bibi.

—JEFFREY SHAFFER



"For God's sake, Al, adjust your vertical hold."

HIC HAEC HOC

"APPALLING tidings," shouted Professor Hugh Howar-Bennett cheerfully through a chink in Professor David Reid's door at Oxford. "On your reckless Trojan cruise you will be accompanied by the lady don of this university responsible for a torrid life of Louis XVI and the execrable standards of the college claret." Professor Reid *was* giving a tutorial to Diana Paget. She stayed behind the pages of her Chaucer essay and thought about the scholars' cruise that David was bound upon, with her aboard.

"How good," said Reid.

"You can't have heard," roared Howar-Bennett.

"I said how good," said Reid.

The door banged shut. Professor Howar-Bennett opened it again and said, "The trouble with you is that you hold with the world."

"Don't you?"

"Not when it includes that unnamable woman."

Diana said the name firmly to herself: Jane Shaw, Ph.D., Légion d'Honneur, pride of the Sorbonne, welcomed back to Oxford after her Louis XVI sabbatical with a warmth beyond ceremony. A woman with a lenient expression and long hair that she wore coiled around her head, giving her face the amiable look of a muffin.

"Come off it, Hugh," said David Reid. "We can be proud she's chosen to come back."

Professor Howar-Bennett snorted and said, "Her eminence is due in large part to the flatness of the surrounding terrain."

Then he shut the door in pretense of not having heard David say mildly, "The surrounding terrain ropes in all of us." But Professor Howar-Bennett could never resist having the last word even when he had nothing to say, as now, when he howled in French, "I am on principle not proficient in the null gift of *l'esprit de l'escalier*."

"Oh, gubbins. What's the spirit of the staircase?" said Diana to David as the sound of clumping feet receded.

"A killing epigram that occurs to you after you've quit the room," said David with a calming wink, sinking into his old leather chair in front of the fire and taking his light weight mostly on his shoulder blades as he put his feet onto the brass fire rail.

Diana sat up. "It wasn't quite an epigram, was it? He was just on the staircase."

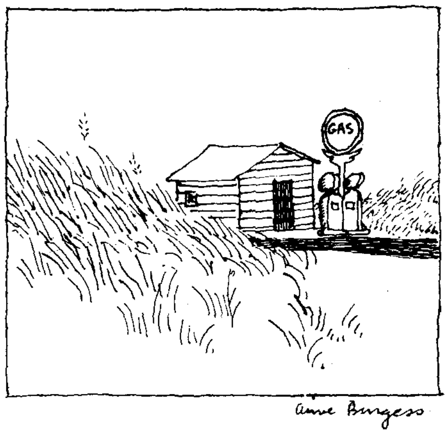
"You're right, of course. And literally right, too." David's mind wandered to put a distance between Hugh Howar-Bennett and this room. " 'Literally' is misused a lot. Especially in clichés. 'He literally lost the shirt off his back.' Or 'I'm literally bankrupt.' " He thought. "I suppose the 'literally' comes up most often about being broke."

"Well, it would, wouldn't it?" said Diana. "So many people feeling that essential things are running out." *You don't and we shouldn't, she thought.*

Both pondered. He nodded to her, an eyeblink of a nod, and then asked, "Would we enjoy crumpets before going back to Chaucer? Paul has the toasting fork."

Paul Melworth, a photographer, David's closest friend, had been standing the while by the radiator looking out at the quadrangle. He was a slight man of about forty, a few years younger than Professor Reid, with the rosiness of some innkeeper pictured on a biscuit tin. He said, with the solemnity of giving evidence, "Diana, it's not the old toasting fork. That was pinched, we think, by the college bursar, though the proof isn't final. But I twisted an interim measure out of a wire coat hanger."

So they had crumpets, and David went back to Chaucer with Diana. As the tutorial came to an end David started *to think about* Diana's landlady, Mrs. Hubbert. In the old days Mrs. Hubbert had cooked, brought in, and served the food for David and Paul when they had the classic dinner parties in a don's room. And Diana had since spoken often to them both of her cooking for the undergraduates and their friends at the digs, of the way she supplied something delicate and professional as soon as anyone crossed her doorstep. Then the same thoughts occurred to David and Paul, prompted by their shared awareness of the monkish ways of Oxford, the situation of two men loving each other, their joint distaste for the pinched nature of academic life when it surfaced in the likes of Professor Howar-Bennett, their worries about money. Both wondered if the time would ever come when they had the landlady's possibility of being graceful to people, feeding them well, making *them feel abundant and content.*



DIANA biked back to her digs, which were called Better Days. Mrs. Hubbert held to a sunlit view of things, including her lodgings' name. "No, no," she would say emphatically when any of her undergraduate lodgers asked about its inherent impression that good fortune was a thing of the past. "*These* are the better days."

Her greeting to Diana was "Well, dear, today you certainly are a chance to sit down." And then, "I don't know where the day's gone. I've been literally run off my feet."

Diana heard the word and waved it away. "There's nice news. That woman French professor who buys wine for the college is back from sabbatical and coming on the cruise, too."

Mrs. Hubbert beamed, the welcome she gave to plans. "Your cruise to the Aegean you've been saving up for? Jeanne Shaw?"

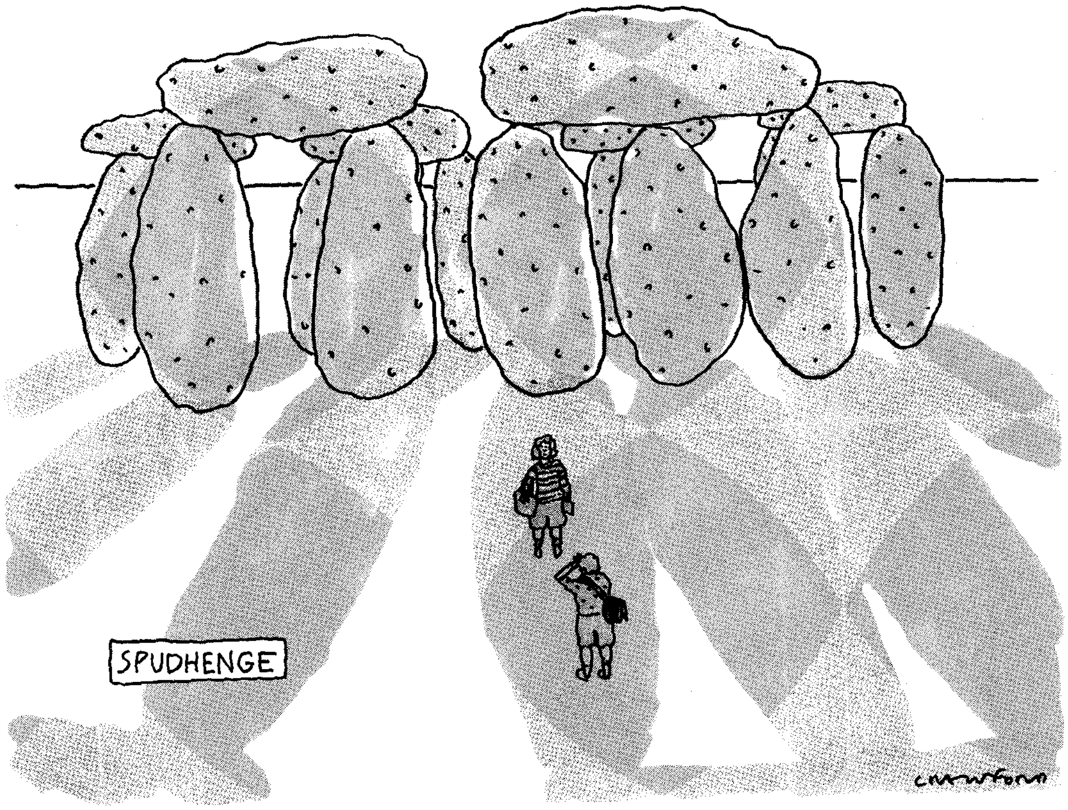
Diana was making a pot of tea for them both, a custom they had when each had broken for a spell, and Mrs. Hubbert by now had her head down to making asparagus rolls. Diana said, "You pronounced 'Jane' in French. I always forget that you're bilingual."

"Jeanne Shaw and me, there's a link, dear. She used to be Jeanne du Parc when I knew her. She was in the French Resistance at fifteen. The Maquis."

"You'd never said you knew her."

"There was never cause. She's come a long way since then, what's more."

"You weren't actually in France



yourself in the war, were you?"

"But of course."

Diana jumped up onto the kitchen draining board to drink her tea. "The things I don't know about you."

"The late Mr. Hubbert came back to London for de Gaulle. But I stayed, naturally." With the last word she seemed to be translating from French as she spoke.

"An Englishman a Gaullist? An Englishman in the Free French?" Diana had never questioned Mrs. Hubbert about her long-dead husband, whom she still clearly missed. But Mrs. Hubbert went on easily enough. "Mr. Hubbert was French by choice, he used to say."

"By choosing you, he'd have meant."

"When we met I was a chambermaid. We took my name for the duration. Aubin. France was split down the middle and Fascism was growing everywhere. Mr. Hubbert could see the split coming years before it happened."

"Vichy."

"You wouldn't remember. To boil it down, half the men in France simply lay down and let Hitler walk over them. It broke Mr. Hubbert's heart."

"You don't mind talking about him? And all this?"

"I used to have to keep eyes front to get on with things. Well, we stood together as Aubin, and with V-E Day we were together again and took up Hubbert." Mrs. Hubbert rolled the last thin piece of bread round an asparagus stalk and rubbed her hands on her apron. "With your head, I daresay you could have worked out our story from the name of the shop." Mrs. Hubbert made hors d'oeuvres and casseroles and canapés in a shop called Aubin-Hubbert, converted from the little Victorian hotel's onetime stable.

"Aubin-Hubbert," said Diana. "I thought it was pronounced Aw-binn."

"Some people here do, the ones who don't like what they call Frenchified cooking."

Diana thought about Mrs. Hubbert as a teen-ager in the Resistance. "You'd have had a tough war."

"Find us anyone who had an easy one. The business benefitted from it, you have to give that credit. Rationing teaches you what they call '*l'art d'accommoder les restes*.' Doing up leftovers. The war taught me to cater cheaply for some of the grandest Oxford dos out of dribs and drabs from the hotel, dolled up with a little of this and that. Well, we can have *puits d'amour* today or these asparagus rolls. That's the great thing, isn't it? The *entente*. What are you thinking about, dear?"

"Scene this morning." Pause. "Someone trampling and someone not. I don't need to tell you that the one who didn't was Professor Reid. We were reading Chaucer. He never lets anything spoil the times we have together." She caught herself dreaming for a second of shipboard romances and quenched the thought for the sake of Paul Melworth.

"All that paperwork in your brain," said Mrs. Hubbert. "Which reminds me, I was wondering only the other day why it is that people say 'I was thinking in my mind.' "

Diana swallowed a whole asparagus roll fast and said, "It's you and Professor Reid who are made for each other. Who'd have thought?"

Mrs. Hubbert, missing nothing, said, "Don't go falling for him, lovely. He's been happy for years with his nice Mr. Melworth, apart from the time they weren't seeing eye to eye."

"I only meant that minds can go well together." Diana swallowed, and went on, "Yours and his just as much as mine and his." And then, "I didn't know there'd been a time when things were difficult for them?"

"Before you were on the scene."

Diana shifted position, feeling no gladness about what might be to come.

"Mind you don't slip. There's soap on the draining board, lovely," said Mrs. Hubbert. "All's well now. What I'm saying's private. We don't want idle gossip."

"Isn't all gossip idle?"

"There's a lot of gossip you need to know unless you want to chance hurting. It may be a detail to outsiders but sometimes it's all the world to a person." She clearly had Professor Reid and Paul Melworth in her head. Diana said, following through on a long instinct, "Why don't you come on the cruise?"

"Well, now there's a temptation," said Mrs. Hubbert. Diana had seen the idea chasing through her mind long since, and again just now with surprising power at mention of Jane Shaw. "Would it be prohibitive?"

"What makes it possible is that passengers who can interpret go at half price. I'm able to because of Latin and Greek and there's an archeologist lecturer who wants that. We're taking on a load of French students and the lectures are in English, so there's need of you. And I know they want help with the catering."

The dates fitted naturally: the undergraduates who filled Mrs. Hubbert's place would be away during the university's vacation, and she would save on the advertising for short lets that hardly covered the electricity bill.

IT was only when they were on their way to London that Mrs. Hubbert said to Diana, "This isn't just a treat, dear. There's a bit of a flummox we'll have to watch out for."

"What?"

Mrs. Hubbert said, "I've been weighing up whether you should be bothered with ancient history, but two minds are better than one. Jeanne Shaw had a fling abroad with Mr. Paul while there was the trouble here, and I doubt whether Professor Reid knows."

"How do you know?"

"Mr. Paul confided in me. I expect the French in me put him in mind of her."

"But she and Professor Reid have overlapped for years here."

Mrs. Hubbert said, "You've never seen Mr. Paul and Professor Shaw together, I'll lay."

Diana thought.

Mrs. Hubbert said, "There you are. He's a thoughtful one."

"I was with them when Howar-Bennett roared the news she was coming, and Paul didn't give a sign. Not a sign. He just toasted crumpets." Diana thought back and said, "Well, yes, now I get why he was so quiet." Then she thought forward and said, "But however much he doesn't want a confrontation, I don't see how it can be avoided on a cruise ship, for heaven's sake."

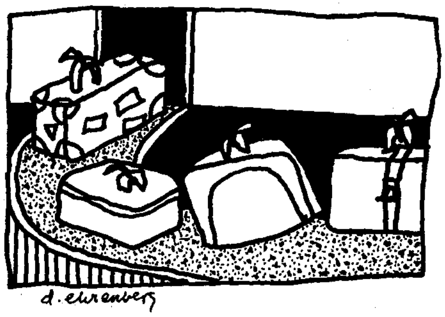
"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you, dear. That's what wise ones say in England, don't they? There'll be camouflage around if needed."

THE scholars and voyagers were to assemble at Venice and board a ship called the S.S. Hic Haec Hoc. All the ships of Scholartours sailed under Latin names. Her sister ship, moored beside her, sailed under the name S.S. Ille Illa Illud, except that the Italian sign painters had spelled it Ille Illa Iliad.

"Aha," said Professor Pemberton, a fussy don with a badge labelled "Cruise Liaison." He was wearing his gown in spite of the Venetian heat, over white yachting ducks. "Here comes a studious galaxy." In enthusiasm, he spread his arms wide so that his gown looked like a bat's wingspan. "And we are luckily to be on the correctly spelled ship."

"Galaxy!" said a voice from the arriving vaporetto. Roger, a Sussex University graduate. "Blimey. He should see the four-star filth in our dorms."

"The people on the quay look a bit old," said his twelve-year-old brother, a twin, usually not given to words.



"There's someone young," said the talkative twin, pointing at Diana. His mother told him it was rude to point, and he said he was pointing nicely.

Their father, questioned by the same twin about why spelling mattered to a ship, braced himself and said that being a good speller mattered later. "Everything's later," said the more laconic of the twins.

Professor Pemberton stood at the head of the quay, helping the newcomers out of their vaporetto from the station, where they had arrived an hour ago after travelling "hard"—wooden seats, cheap—from Victoria Station in London. Roger made a beeline in Diana's direction but, almost near enough to make some opening, was stopped in his tracks by Professor Pemberton calling for silence to introduce the other lecturers. Professor Reid. Paul Melworth, Fellow-at-large. Simon Fitzpenny, a tall historian with stiff pale-red hair that grew upward at forty-five degrees away from his forehead like a cartoon figure's in a gust of wind. "An expert on all nine layers of Troy," said Pemberton. "And Professor Shaw, whose expertise on the wines we carry with us needs no introduction from me. Yes?"

A vicar's hand shot up. "If I may add on behalf of us all: Professor Shaw's vintage presence ensures no need of shore leave."

"Oh Lord, he's a wordsmith," said Diana, turning a little to grin at Roger. Mrs. Hubbert kept her gaze on Professor Reid and at the same time

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HEAVY SUMMER RAIN

The grasses in the field have toppled,
and in places it seems that a large, now
absent, animal must have passed the night.
The hay will right itself if the day

turns dry. I miss you steadily, painfully.
None of your blustering entrances
or exits, doors swinging wildly
on their hinges, or your huge unconscious
sighs when you read something sad,
like Henry Adams' letters from Japan
where he travelled after Clover died.

Everything blooming bows down in the rain:
white irises, red peonies, and the poppies
with their black and secret centers
lie shattered on the lawn.

—Jane Kenyon

• •

murmured, "That's the Reverend who preaches near Better Days. He's not what you'd call a man to inquire about people much. He probably doesn't know about Jeanne Shaw's work on Louis XVI, let alone the French Underground time of her life." Mrs. Hubbert was standing so as to block Paul's possible view of Professor Shaw. The vicar, she had seen, was bearing down with a beam on Jane. "A *premier cru* of cruises lies ahead of us," he said. "Immemorial matters of mortal history by day, and a claret telling us of our debt to all Gaul as we imbibe by night."

"And now Lord Tipton, the authority on Turkey," said Professor Pemberton. Lord Tipton, a giant man, wore ill-fitting trousers that hung from a pair of red braces whose adjustment he perpetually forgot, so that the trousers hung from just below his rib cage. He was carrying a cardboard suitcase that was a relic of the war issue in 1940 to English evacuees.

"His Lordship looks pale," said Mrs. Hubbert in a whisper to Diana before turning round a little to keep Paul in better view.

Lord Tipton came over to Diana and shook hands. "You've got small bones," he said.

"Have I?"

"I've often noticed that intelligent women have small bones. I'm Tipton but my trousers are Dickens." No apostrophe. The trousers were the man.

In the presence of the tangled utterance of some academics Diana often found no way of saying anything more than "How do you do?" This time she was able to introduce Mrs. Hubbert. Lord Tipton smiled enormously but moved on with equal warmth to someone else. Mrs. Hubbert said, "A peer in secondhand trousers." The vicar overheard her and said, "What a kindly eye, if I may say so. I'm a reverend. Peter Poynton. And I trust you will call me Peter as soon as we sail. As soon as we sail the Blue Peter, you see. I think I can safely speculate that Mrs. Hubbert knows her flags." Mrs. Hubbert took Professor Shaw's attention along with the vicar's as she said, "It's a long time since I've studied anything but recipes."

"Haven't we met somewhere?" said Jane to Mrs. Hubbert. "Other than Oxford? Things are looking different already."

"It's seeing me out of my apron," said Mrs. Hubbert. "An apron melts you into the background."

"Donning the mufti," said the Reverend Poynton gaily.

Jane held a hand to her forehead for a minute and then let it go because of Mrs. Hubbert's smile. "You've got a very steadying expression, Mrs. Hubbert," she said. "I'd always associated it with the atmosphere of your tea shop."

"This Queen Alfred never burnt the cakes, I'll be bound," said Peter Poynton.

"I'd guess she gets things right in more than tea shops," said Professor Shaw. Mrs. Hubbert saw that Professor Reid and Paul Melworth were now with the organizing Pemberton.

"A quick march seems to be the order of the day," said the vicar.

"No hurry. It's not a plane," said Diana. Between them she and Mrs. Hubbert kept the vicar and Jane Shaw chatting together until the last.

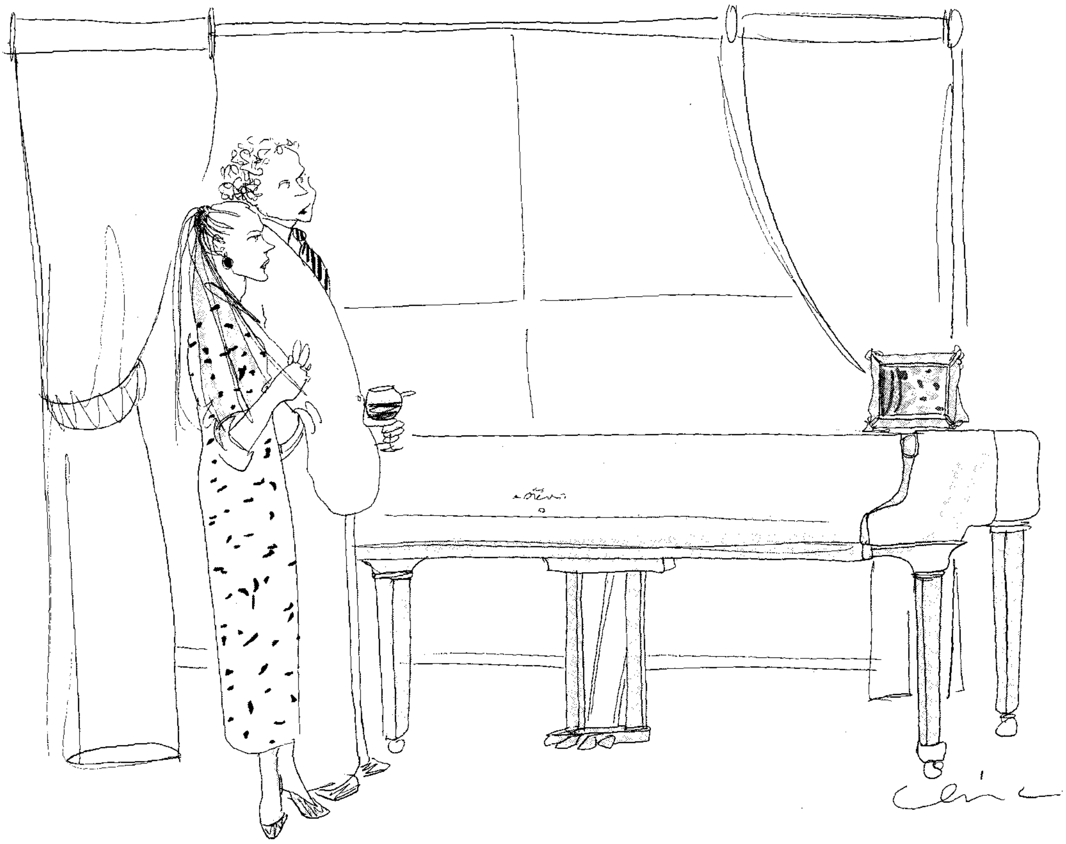
Led by Professor Pemberton, the party moved up the gangplank to board the Hic Haec Hoc.

MRS. HUBBERT and Diana stayed on deck watching over things under cover of learning how to weigh anchor. David Reid, with Paul Melworth beside him, came over to them and said, "We're going to the cabin directly. We haven't got our sea legs. Mr. Paul's feeling seasick, in fact." Comfortably: "Even old salts feel worst before they leave dock."

"Some dry biscuits and tea," said Mrs. Hubbert. "He'll be right as rain when we get going."

Paul said, "Sorry," and ran with his case for the cabin deck. David Reid went after him fast.

IN half an hour's time they were under way. Most of the party were in the bar, where they had been herd-



"*Is that so much to ask from life, a little Vuillard on the piano?*"

• •

ed by Professor Pemberton to have a complimentary Sea Breeze. It was a very sweet mixture of lime syrup, Sauternes, sherry, and rum, served in glasses twisted in salt. David Reid came over to Mrs. Hubbert and Diana, who each had a glass in hand, and said, "Don't."

Diana tried. "No," she said. She spat back the mouthful without time to put her hand in front of the glass. "Sorry."

"Better out than down," said Mrs. Hubbert. "Let's go up to the deck for some bouillon." The three of them moved quietly away. Professor Shaw followed them as a way of escaping the vicar, who was quizzing Simon Fitzpenny on how sure he was that there weren't ten layers to Troy. She said, "You know, we really have met. But I still can't put my finger on where."

Mrs. Hubbert spoke fast in French.

Jane Shaw, visibly whirled back in time, looked around her.

"What's going on? That was code, wasn't it?" said David Reid.

"We were in the French Underground together," said Mrs. Hubbert.

"You were there when we blew up the Orient Express with the S.S. on it," said Jane. "You were with someone who lost his hand. How old were you?"

"Fifteen."

"No, the true age."

"Fourteen," said Mrs. Hubbert.

"I really was fifteen. You lied."

"You never gave it away."

"If anyone was ready to lie to get into operations instead of backing away, you certainly were."

David picked up: "Jane, you've never said any of this. Not about you, let alone about Mrs. Hubbert."

Jane said, "I suppose it's because we're with young people all the time. People too young to remember the war. Even Paul—"

"Even I don't remember a thing and usually I seem to remember anything I've read a bit about," said Diana in a gabble. The distraction worked.

Jane turned to Mrs. Hubbert. "I remember you got married when you were very young. And didn't you find an attic for a parachutist to hide in?" She uncoiled her plait from around her face and let it hang down to one side. It fell to below her waist, a rope of soft gray. "You must be a wonderful person for someone like this listening girl to lodge with."

David put down his cup of broth and looked at his watch. At last, thought Mrs. Hubbert. She took him by the arm out of hearing, under cover of showing him the evening star, and said, pointing to it, "You'll be thinking of Mr. Paul. He can't have eaten a morsel."

Once David was safely in his cabin, Diana, Jane Shaw, and Mrs. Hubbert lingered on deck. Displaced already as they were by being aboard ship, things seemed all the more in a capsule in the hourless zone of night. The two older women were talking about the war in the voices of young girls, but with a sense of repose and time to spare that Diana had noticed before only in the very, very old. She started to drowse, lulled as her grandfather's voice had once lulled her to sleep when the dark had made her fear an unconsciousness bedevilled with nightmares. Then Mrs. Hubbert's voice—something quickened and practical in it—brought her to the alert, though she remained still, eyes closed. The weighted hearings of eavesdroppers.

"Jeanne," Mrs. Hubbert was saying, "I don't know whether you know that Mr. Paul told me about yourselves. In confidence." More softly: "In the strictest confidence."

"What are you talking about?"

"When he was away from Oxford. Your time together."

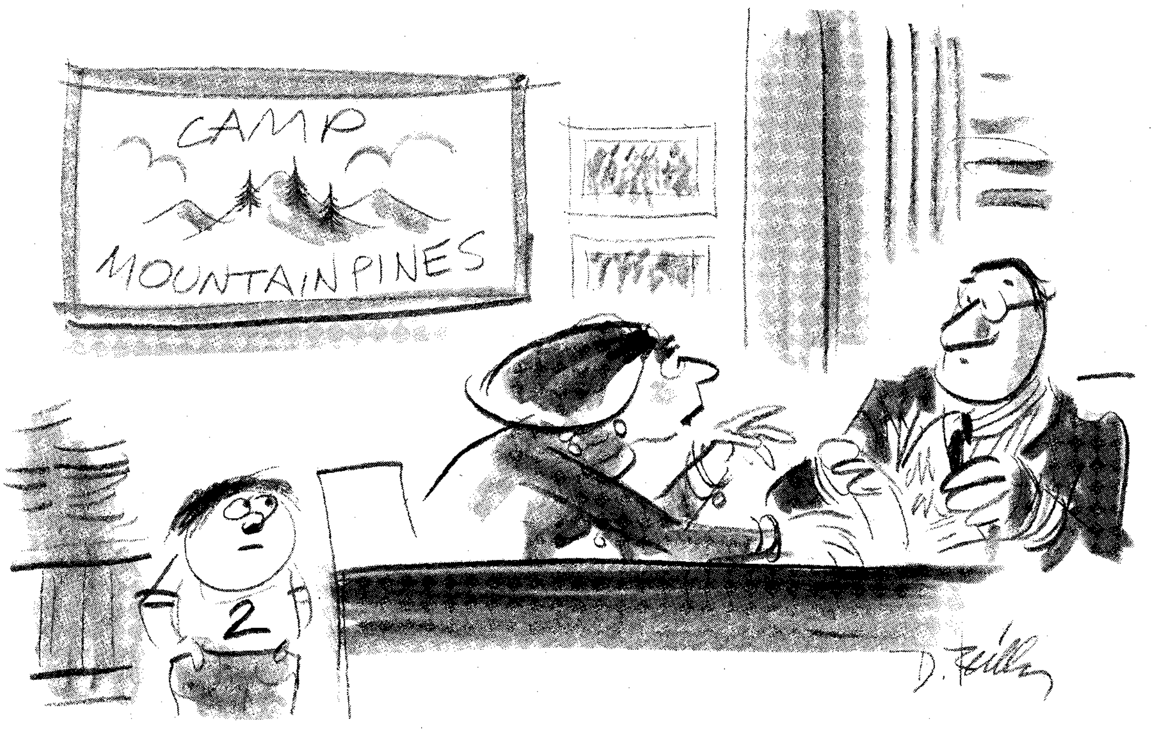
Jane looked saddened, and then belligerent. "There was nothing to it. I was far too old for him. In any case, his inclinations—well, they're clear enough, aren't they? So what's this about strictest confidence?"

Mrs. Hubbert saw something going on in Jane. A rebelliousness about being asked to belittle something held dear? "Confidence!" Jane went on, faster. "It was one of the most wonderful—what shall I say?—interludes one could hope for. Naturally my *own* best friends knew we were together. We were inseparable. Indispensable to each other. Veil of silence!" She slowed down. "Such things should be celebrated."

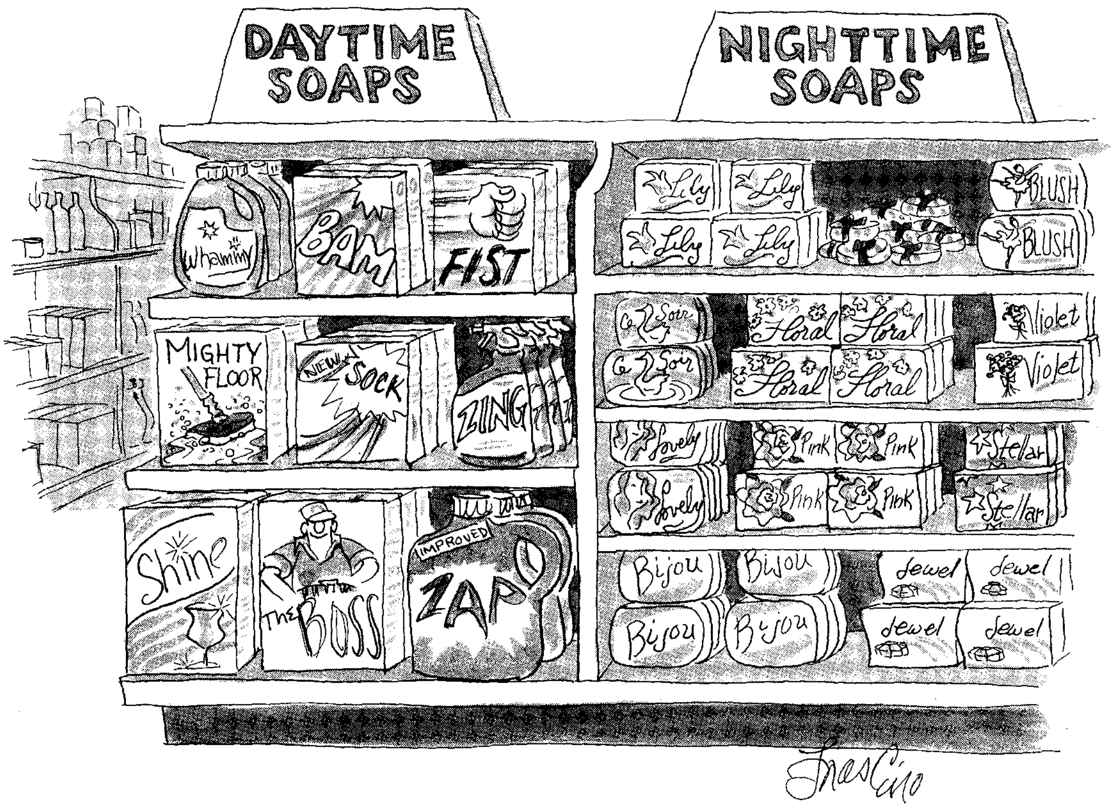
"David Reid shouldn't know, Jeanne," said Mrs. Hubbert.

"I won't give you my word. Not because I wish to do harm but because it mattered."

Poor people, thought Diana. She opened her eyes and said, "I couldn't help overhear-



"Now, there's not too much nature, is there?"



ing. Would it be very much to ask you to be careful that nothing incendiary is said on this cruise?"

Professor Shaw drummed her fingers, then lit a cigarette that she immediately put out. She looked at Diana. "You asked if it would be very much to ask. But what Mr. Melworth and I had was very little, you see, and it could have been the world."

"People manage on very little," said Diana. Both of the older women looked at her, struck. One started to say how pretty she was, the other how promising. Both wished she had never had to come by such a thought, but nothing was voiced. There was a sickle moon by now. The sea around them looked stilled. Jane moved to the deck rail and said, "As I say, I won't give you my word."

Mrs. Hubbert said to Diana, who was shivering, "Get going down to the cabin. I'll join you. Take this thermos, dear. We've got another one. It's turning chill for young bones." As Diana went belowdecks she heard the two women again talking in the precise voices of girls. She passed David Reid's cabin, caught sight of Paul Melworth asleep. Things were being kept in safe waters for the moment. She moved her mind on and said to herself, "We've got Lord Tipton on Turkey tomorrow."

AT breakfast next morning there was a lot of discrete activity. Jane Shaw and Mrs. Hubbert had stayed up much of the night over their thermos of bouillon, and for breakfast had only French bread and coffee before they went up on deck again to watch the coastline in its slow change toward Greece. Paul Melworth emerged for the first time, and had some dry toast and tea without milk. Diana sat with him and Professor Reid.

The vicar came over and said to Paul, speaking as if introducing himself by name, "I'm table-hopping." He shook hands. "We haven't met. You do look jaded, and it's such a merry ship. Oh dear oh dear."

"I'm pining for lemon tea," said Paul. "I get seasick."

"Anything citrus on a poorly stomach is madcap, my dear," said the Reverend Poynton. And then, "So sorry. Such a lot of Mothers' Union meetings that things maternal pop into the head at the slightest provocation."

"I couldn't get the lemon anyway. They've used them all up in the precooked crêpes Suzette for the Trojan gala." Paul shuddered. "The thought of the batter."

"And the butter. I think it's made of engine oil," said the vicar.

"You sound quite eager," said Paul.

"The Trojan gala isn't till Troy," said Diana.

"They believe in getting ahead on these tours. Apparently Paul taught them that," said the vicar.

Paul looked intensely perturbed. To cover it he said with an idle wave of the hand, "No thanks to me. I'm an ignoramus here."

The vicar said, "Well, well. Professor Pemberton said the tour director sang praises of your cruise administration enough to drown the gondoliers. And he positively trumpeted your splendid concord with the cognoscenti of the distaff side aboard."

Paul looked at David Reid, who was silent. Paul said fiercely, "There's a mistake somewhere."

Diana picked up. Fast, another topic. "The lecture on Turkey's in half an hour. Lord Tipton was drunk last night and tried to persuade me to break into the library bookcase to get him reference books on Turkey."

"Why should Lord Tipton want reference books on Turkey?" said David, giving Paul some soda water. "He's a Turkish expert. He's written his own reference books."

"That's what he said himself after a bit," said Diana, her eyes on Paul, glad to see the agitation dwindling. Whatever the trouble was, David Reid was laying a blanket over it. "He wasn't up to reading anyway when the burglary didn't come off."

"Then what happened?" said David.

"He put a double vodka into his bouillon and then decided to make it fizzy by adding champagne."

Paul looked ill.

"Wasn't he worried about not having prepared the lecture?" said David. "It's the main reason a lot of people

HIGH NOON

The poplars gray as a ghost by the creek,
fiddlehead coils still in fuzz, the spruces
tipped fingerling green, tamaracks gauzing
the bog, the aspens translucent, a tremor
lit from within—oh, and the air

here, the sea air an easterly rinsing
of apple trees so decrepit, so crabbed
at the knuckle, it's a wonder they manage
to keep it up, year after year, though
the fragrance is ageless:

carmine love knots unclenched to a rose-pink
pucker that whitens as it breaks open, admitting
the offices of pollen-combing, nectar-
siphoning bees: all these, at the beginning
of June, one could count on,

could even halfway ignore, as one tends to
ignore the ubiquitous roadside spindrift
of the cinquefoil—spreading, prodigal,
threadily elaborate rehearsal in minuscule
of the roses to follow:

all this is dependable, companionable even,
in its way, as the weather is—the gales
and the fog—if you're not a fisherman. What
we've tended, cravenly, to shy away from is
the dolor of the particular:

who's not speaking to whom, who's ailing
and doesn't get out anymore, who's still
around and who's not. We've seen Lorna
out weeding her dahlia bed, we've noted
her tough old tomcat

snoozing as usual at the door of her trailer,
and though she complains that with her back
and all she's not good for much, she seems
cheerful as ever. It's about Amanda
we keep putting off inquiring

as the days pass, and the poplars are out
of their dim natal down, the shade's
a cathedral choir of ferns, the woodwind
tremolo of the first of June is subsumed
by the monotone of midsummer,

and while the cinquefoil blooms and blooms
as though time had no meaning, and
the last limp tatters have frayed from
the apple trees, and in the air, here and there,
the smell of roses is already

voluptuous, one day we meet her, out walking:
still light of foot as a girl, not a thread
of white in the nest under the hairnet, though
it's thirteen years since Matt died, and
she still wakes up screeching

sometimes in the night, it's so lonesome
there in that childless, scrubbed, painfully
immaculate house; and the sidelong indigo
of her look—what an incorrigible flirt she
still is!—has closed down now

to a pinpoint, she can't see to piece together
another quilt block, embroider a pillowcase, or
do wildflower watercolors the way she used to. But
she hasn't ceased to keep track of what's happening
by the roadsides; just yesterday,

she tells us, she went over to the neighbors'
with a bouquet in her hand, announcing,
"What this house needs is pink roses!"
Down by the shore, where we are, there are
masses of *Rosa rugosa*

which, thanks to some spin of the chromosomes,
instead of the garish usual quasi magenta
come out (with just the slightest
hint of a blush in the bud beforehand)
moon-white at high noon,

and strange. In a blown-up photograph she
once showed us, it's that time of day, she's
gone down to the beach with a girlfriend,
and there she is, laughing, unmistakably
ravishing, in that welter

of foliage and thorns and uncrumpling silk,
moon-white at high noon, as though when the sun
leaves the zenith (if it ever does) of that
monochrome, it will utter its frivolous last
gasp in a smother of roses.

—AMY CLAMPITT

• •

have come." He moved the soda siphon Paul's way.

"He may have been past caring. He said he'd bone up on his own books this morning. He explained it was better to use his own books because the knowledge in them would come back to him sooner. It wouldn't be like trying to understand someone else."

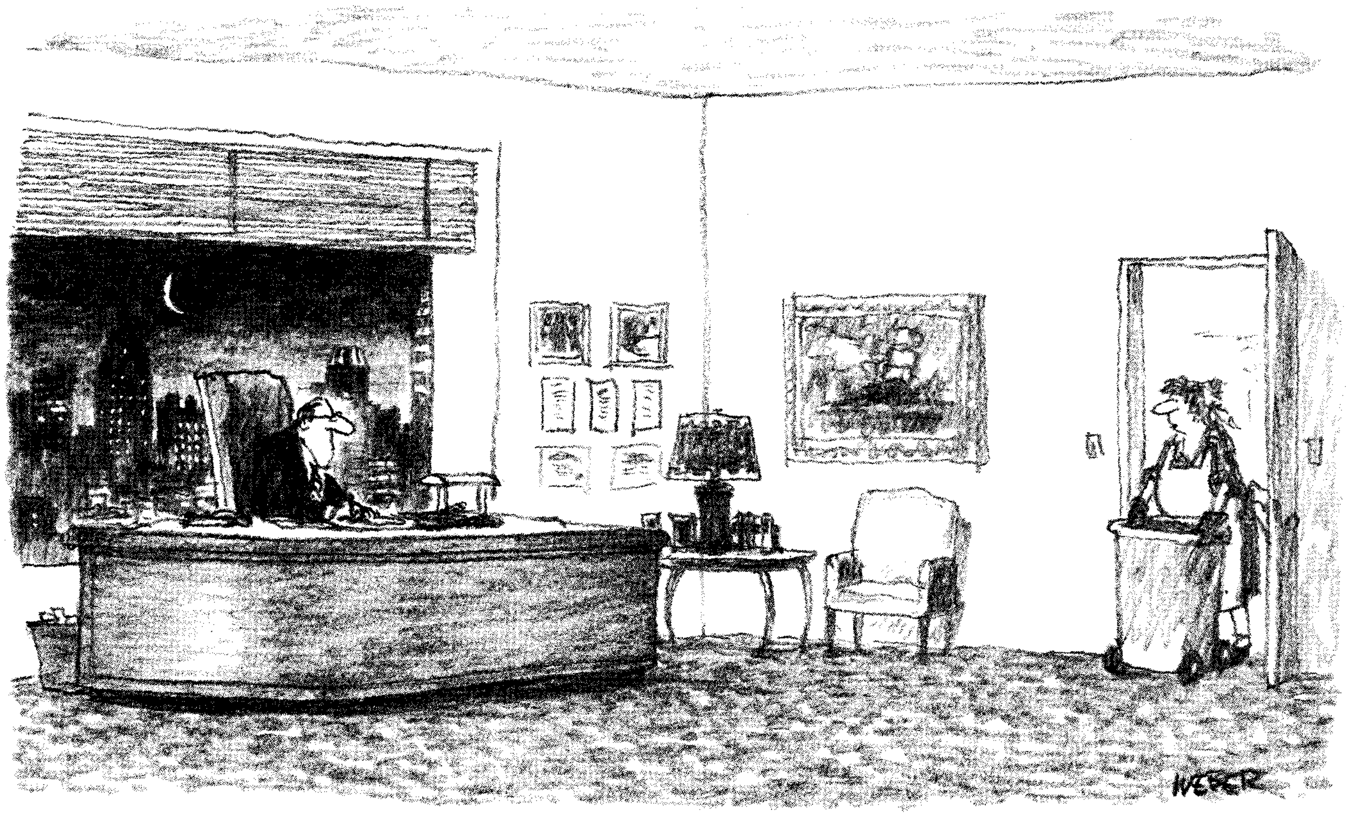
"No," said Paul.

"He was serious, of course," said David.

"Oh yes. Totally drunk but perfectly serious."

Lord Tipton, twenty feet away, finished his breakfast of porridge, kidneys and bacon, and kedgeree, picked up the pile of his own books heaped on the table, and disappeared down the stairs to his cabin with the books under one arm and a bottle of Scotch under the other.

"He's only got an hour to go," said David, looking at his watch.



"It's only me, the rubbish consultant."

• •

"He'll make it," said Paul. "Will we?" He spoke his question so that the table could take him to mean Lord Tipton's audience, but Diana saw David giving him a look of private reassurance, at the same time making a shape with his hands that protected a small tent of space as though it might be blown away by gusts.

THE Turkish lecture went excellently. There were slides. "How I *adored* the slides," said a shy woman who came up to the lectern and identified herself awkwardly as a fan. "And considering the ship's facilities they were so *often* shown in the right order." The vicar toasted Lord Tipton with a long-worked-on speech, raising a mug of bouillon. Afterward he sought out Diana and said, "Dear girl, you heard my toast. Did it go off all right?"

"Splendid," she said, concerned about David and Paul.

"What a cheery thing you are. I was worried, I will admit. Yes, I was worried. These things make all the difference."

Just before the Trojan gala Diana was able to talk to Mrs. Hubbert, who had been busy for days in the kitchen with the extra catering.

"I thought you'd been locked away with Jane in case of collisions with David," said Diana. "Can we have a minute?"

They sat down together on a single deck chair on the top deck.

"There's something that the vicar said to Paul in front of David about cruise tours," said Diana. "I've never seen David look withdrawn like that."

"Professor Reid wouldn't have wanted him to have to do anything that wasted his mind." Pause. "Mr. Paul stayed at Oxford and got made a Fellow not long after his Double First in Classical Greats. The big gap was then, before he emerged as a photographer."

"Why the gap?"

"There was a lot of rabbiting but it's my belief that he needed time to ponder. His brilliance was all the talk but he never liked bookwork really."

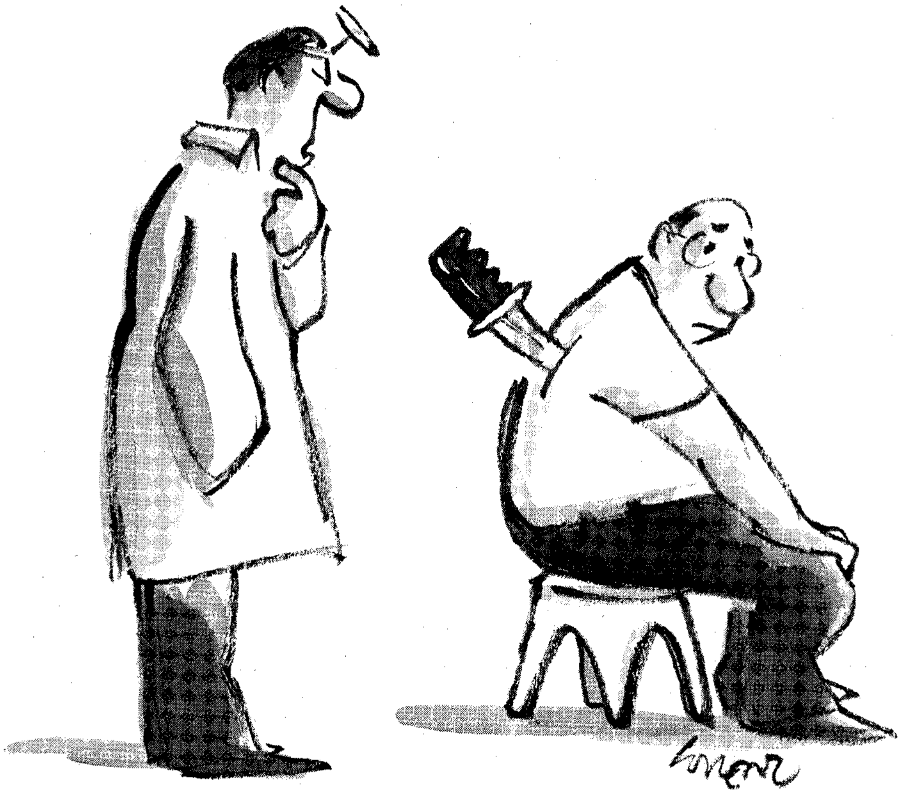
Mrs. Hubbert watched Diana getting up from the deck chair and leaning on the rail to look at this passing new country. Then Diana said, "Luckily neither of them gives a hang what other people think."

"But they would both mind what Jeanne Shaw feels."

THE Trojan gala began with the entrance of a wooden horse made by Mrs. Hubbert: a white-iced cake with a mane and a tail of roan icing. Everybody applauded. Professor Pemberton spoke to the occasion and indulged a fancy about the achievement of roan icing. "No boot-polish ingredient to aid our muse of the kitchen. And no rust additive from the hallowed pipes transfusing this gig of travail and spree."

Mrs. Hubbert, sitting at a table with David Reid, Paul Melworth, Jane Shaw, and Diana, said softly to Paul, "Mr. Paul, dear, in case you're queasy, to arrive at the roan I just mixed every color of icing to hand. Remembering what you showed me once about your photographic colors."

Paul said, "I'm glad it came in." He waited a moment and then went on, leaning forward to her, "At the time, it



"It's got to come out, of course, but that doesn't address the deeper problem."

• •

happened to help me a lot that you were interested. Thank you." Then, borne up by Mrs. Hubbert's way of seeing things, he found lightness and said, "Pemberton's jollities are really quite festive when they're about icing. Not about people, that's the thing." Bracing himself and battling to keep the tone, he said quietly to David, "What's up?"

"Over and done with," said David Reid, making a swan out of a starched dinner napkin as Mrs. Hubbert had just taught him.

"David! What's up?" said Paul.

Diana said to Mrs. Hubbert, in a voice that could be heard by no one else because the vicar had risen to speak, "Hell, it's urgent."

David said to Paul quietly, "I'm remembering the tang of that fight we had when old Howar-Bennett told me about your wasting yourself on this cruise business. I thought I'd shaken it off long ago." Then he smiled and said, "All's well."

So.

The vicar was saying, after clearing his throat, "If I may be so bold, I want to suggest a game. I put it to my fellow-voyagers, what is the name of the patron saint of this scholars' cruise? This tour which opened the wooden horse of nine layers of Troy, a veritable palimpsest of culture's history which is reflected in the seven times seven of you aboard this vessel of scholarship."

"He's been working on the answer ever since we embarked," said Jane Shaw softly to Paul, within possible hearing of David. Diana and Mrs. Hubbert looked at each other. The tone of voice seemed so intimate as to tell everything. But David was not looking perturbed, merely engaged by the vicar's pleasure. Mrs. Hubbert watched. "You can tell he's got an idea up his sleeve that gladdens him. That's nice," she said.

"Any clever christenings in the offing? Please raise your hands," said the vicar. None were raised.

"Reverend Poynton, do tell us," said Jane Shaw.

"St. Gregory of Tours," said the vicar. "Tours. As in Touraine."

There was applause.

"Well done, everyone," said David Reid softly. "Not a groan."

Paul said, "I could hear Professor Howar-Bennett's groan all the way from Oxford. That man can spring a nightmare on you in broad candlelight from any distance. The long reach of malice."

Jane Shaw stood and put her hand on David's shoulder. "Has he been malicious to you about Paul?"

"The cruise job? Yes, he achieved dismay at the time, but we're all right."

Jane heard the last words like a drumroll. She took a long pause, looking eruptive. Diana stiffened and thought, Be merciful to yourself, Jane Shaw, remember yourself as a whole, but she could see that the learned woman was near chaotic revelations. So Diana said for her, quickly and quietly, "Mrs. Hubbert has known Professor Shaw for a very long time, David. And understands how fond of each other she and Paul once were."

"Once!" said Jane. To Paul, "What's happening? Everyone talking about us like this. Did you tell him?"

"Of course," said Paul.

Jane stuck a hairpin sharply into her tightened coil of hair. "Such frankness can belittle."

Diana was thinking of Jane's "Once!" So were others. David spoke for them, choosing words slowly. "I'm aware—no, glad—that you and Paul are still fond."

After a silence, Jane said to David but looking at Mrs. Hubbert for company, "It's hard to bear that you're not even jealous."

David spoke firmly. "I'm truly not. You two are something. Not just anything. We two are very much something. Of course Paul told me. There's room. Sometimes I think it's what people most need. Air around them."

Jane and Mrs. Hubbert talked together in a French that everyone at the table suddenly understood and spoke with lucidity. "It doesn't matter, you see," said several of them in both languages at one point or another, as though they were speaking of something much larger, of their lives at a *moment of command.*

"Onward!" said Jane happily. "The question is, where to?"

"Stay put," said Mrs. Hubbert. "The time's carrying us."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

ANNALS OF WAR

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER IN VIETNAM

II—A SET-PIECE BATTLE

THREE days after Christmas of 1962, the 7th Infantry Division of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) received an order to seize a Vietcong radio transmitter that was operating from the hamlet of Tan Thoi, fourteen miles northwest of the division's base at My Tho, in the Mekong Delta south of Saigon. The order came from the ARVN's Joint General Staff, but it actually originated in the Saigon headquarters of General Paul Harkins, the chief of the United States Military Assistance Command Vietnam (MACV). An Army Security Agency team, eavesdropping from on high in a boxy Otter plane originally built for Canadian bush flying, had intercepted and pinpointed the guerrilla radio with its monitoring and direction-finding equipment.

Lieutenant Colonel John Paul Vann, the senior military adviser to the 7th Division, and his staff were enthusiastic about the order. The operation would be the first of the new year, the first under a new division commander, and, most important of all, an opportunity to make a new beginning in Vann's effort to destroy the main striking forces of the Vietcong guerrillas in the northern Delta. That December, President Ngo Dinh Diem had split the ARVN's III Corps region in two, creating a IV Corps region for the Mekong Delta itself. He had promoted Colonel Huynh Van Cao to brigadier general and placed him in command of IV Corps, and Cao had moved to Can Tho, in the center of the Delta, where the new corps headquarters was situated. At Cao's recommendation, Diem had promoted Cao's chief of staff, Lieutenant Colonel Bui Dinh Dam, a diminutive and mild-mannered man, to full colonel and given him command of the 7th.

Dam preferred honesty in his personal relationships when possible, and he wanted to coöperate with the Americans. When Vann urged a resumption of the system of joint planning that Cao had aborted after a Ranger platoon had been devastated in October, Dam consented. Vann cabled Captain Richard Ziegler, a former West Point football lineman who was his talented planner, to break off a Christmas leave at the Teahouse of the August Moon Hotel in Hong Kong and return on the next flight. Everyone, including Cao, who reviewed the plan of attack in Can Tho, was satisfied with it.

At dawn on January 2, 1963, a scene that was often to be repeated in this war took place at the division's dirt airstrip, at Tan Hiep, six miles up the road from My Tho toward Saigon. The calm and freshness of the Delta at daybreak were fouled by the racket, the engine exhaust, and the whirling dust of helicopters as squads of infantrymen lined up to climb aboard. Vann took off at six-thirty in an Army L-19 spotter plane to observe the landing of the first company of a division battalion north of Tan Thoi.

General Harkins and his Saigon staff regarded the Vietcong with the contempt that conventional soldiers from great powers typically have for the guerrillas of small nations. They referred to the Vietcong as "those raggedy-ass little bastards." At Vann's level in the field, there was, by contrast, considerable respect for the Communist guerrillas. Vann and his field advisers and Harkins and his headquarters staff did, however, share the wish, common to American officers in Vietnam, that the guerrillas would one day be foolish enough to abandon their hit-and-run tactics and fight fairly in a set-piece battle. No one expected the Vietcong to fulfill the wish. It was beyond reason that the lightly armed guerrillas would risk the slaughter the Saigon troops would surely inflict on them with American armored vehicles, artillery, and fighter-bombers.

As Vann watched ten H-21 (Flying Banana) helicopters carrying the company of infantry descend to the gray waters of the paddy fields at 7:03 A.M. and land the troops without incident, he had no way of knowing that the common wish was about to be granted. One of those rare events in a conflict of seemingly endless and meaningless engagements was about to occur—a decisive battle, which would affect the course of the war. Today, the Vietcong were going to stand and fight.

THE commander of the Vietcong 261st Main Force Battalion had completed his preparations by ten o'clock on the night before the battle. His name and the names of almost all his officers and noncoms remain unknown, because of the clandestine traditions of their revolution. A copy of the secret Vietcong account of the battle and the events preceding it was captured in an unusual night ambush two months afterward, but it mentions the names of only one junior officer who led a sortie and some lower-ranking men who fought with a courage worthy of special note.

The radio messages intercepted by the eavesdroppers in the Otters and other information gathered by Jim Drummond, Vann's Intelligence officer, and his ARVN counterpart, Captain Le Nguyen Binh, indicated that the transmitter at Tan Thoi was guarded by a reinforced company of Vietcong regulars, about a hundred and twenty men in all. Ziegler's plan had attack elements converging on Tan Thoi from three directions. The 7th Division infantry battalion, of approximately three hundred and thirty men, that was being landed to the north by the helicopters was to press down on the hamlet. Simultaneously, two battalions of Civil Guards, province-level territorial troops of the Saigon govern-

ment, were to march up from the south in separate columns. And a company of thirteen M-113 armored personnel carriers—tracked, amphibious vehicles—with an infantry company mounted in them was also to thrust up from the south along the west flank of the operational area. The M-113s were positioned so that they could be shifted to the point of contact once the guerrillas had begun to retreat. Dam had two other infantry companies in reserve at Tan Hiep, which he could dispatch by helicopter as reinforcements. No one expected to find more than a hundred and twenty Vietcong at Tan Thoi. Dick Ziegler privately wondered if there would be that many. Information as precise as this had been received before and the division had discovered after attacking that the guerrillas had moved the radio a couple of days earlier.

The intelligence was incorrect on this occasion. Nearly three times the expected number of guerrillas had been assembled in Tan Thoi and in the hamlet of Bac, right below it. (The battle was to become known as the Battle of Ap Bac, rather than the Battle of Bac, because the American news dispatches of the fighting included the word *ap*, which means "hamlet," as part of the place name.) The commander of the Vietcong 261st Battalion and his headquarters group had a defending force that amounted to a mixed battalion of about three hundred and twenty guerrillas, augmented by some thirty village and hamlet guerrillas assisting as scouts, emergency replacements, and bearers for ammunition and the wounded.

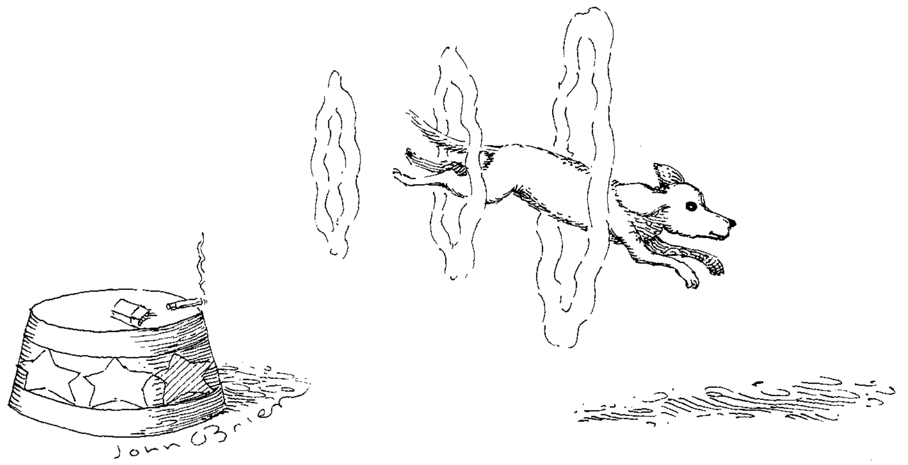
The battalion commander and the Vietcong committee for the province, with which he was in contact by radio, knew that an attack was coming on the morning of January 2, 1963. They did not know the precise target, because they did not realize that one of their main radios had been located, but they knew that it would be somewhere in the vicinity of Tan Thoi and Bac. Vietcong intelligence agents in My Tho had first tipped off the province leadership to the operation by reporting the arrival of seventy-one truckloads of ammunition and other supplies from Saigon.

Vann would have taken satisfaction from the reason for the guerrilla leaders' decision to stay and fight. The secret Vietcong account of the battle explained that they believed they had to do so in order to restore the confidence of their troops and of the peasants who supported them. Vann had thrown their revolution in the northern half of the Delta into crisis during the summer and early fall by the savaging he had been able to give the Vietcong, thanks to the shock effect of the helicopters and other American weaponry and to his shrewd orchestration of Ziegler's planning skill and Drummond's aptitude for intelligence. Mass killings had led the rank-and-file guerrillas to question the ability of their officers to teach them how to survive and win against this lethal American technology that kept surprising them in their once safe havens. A number had requested discharge to return to their families. A lot of the peasants had also been asking whether the Americans were so much more powerful and ferocious than the French that the guerrillas could not succeed against them. Ironically, the Vietcong leaders had not discovered that Cao had been faking operations since mid-October. They thought that the ARVN commanders and their American advisers were simply being more cautious. The guerrilla officers had nevertheless taken full advantage of the two-and-a-half-month respite to replace losses, train their men in new tactics, and reëquip their troops with modern United States weapons seized in attacks on the small outposts Diem's government maintained all over the countryside. Most of the Vietcong infantrymen now carried semi-automatic M-1 rifles, carbines, or Thompson submachine guns. Each company had a standard .30-calibre machine gun that was fed with a belt of ammunition, and virtually all of the platoons had a pair of Browning Automatic Rifles (BARs), clip-fed light machine guns.

The hamlets of Tan Thoi and Bac were in one of the most important Communist "liberated zones" in the northern Delta. The best way to discourage forays into the zones by the Saigon forces was to make them unpleasant and unprofitable by effective resistance. The Vietcong leaders did not intend to simply stand and hold ground; they were accepting battle in the expectation that they would be able to fight and maneuver on their terms. They felt they had progressed to the point where they could risk a test. The risk had to be run sooner or later, and this was as good an opportunity as any. The terrain was advantageous. Even though it was the dry season, this section of the province had so many streams and canals that the farmers could keep the paddy fields flooded all year—an impediment to the Saigon infantry.

The Vietcong in the two hamlets would also have the advantage of fighting in familiar surroundings, where they would be imbued with the spirit of local men defending their land. The guerrillas, including the officers and the noncoms who were Party members, were all men of the Delta.

Tan Thoi was connected with Bac, directly south of it, by a creek with tree lines on both banks, which permitted concealed movement in the daytime. The hamlets thus constituted two mutually supporting positions. The battalion commander deployed the stronger half of his force—the 1st Company of his own 261st Battalion, reinforced by a couple of rifle squads



and his battalion weapons platoon, which had an additional .30-calibre machine gun and a 60-mm. mortar—in Bac, because it was the more difficult hamlet to defend. His intelligence indicated that if an attack was made against Bac it would probably come from the south or the west. Just below the hamlet, a branch of the creek ran off to the west, and a tree line jutted out along it. He placed a platoon of infantry under this tree line, in foxholes on the far bank of the stream, where they had an unobstructed view of the paddy fields to the south.

The western boundary of Bac was a big irrigation ditch that ran in a north-south direction. A large dike followed the outer edge of the ditch and trees grew on top of the dike. The battalion commander positioned the rest of his company of regulars and his weapons platoon in foxholes dug into the dike under the trees. The dike, which was four feet thick in its narrowest sections, was built up above the paddy fields in front of it like a levee. Because of crazy-quilt patterns of land ownership, the peasants had neither dug the ditch nor built the dike straight. The result was that the dike zigzagged out into the rice fields at several points. Firing across the fields to the west of Bac from foxholes in this dike was comparable to shooting across a high-school football field from the third or fourth row of bleachers. The zigzags also enabled the guerrillas to catch in cross fire anyone or anything approaching. The battalion commander sited his two machine guns and his BARS at these outcroppings to achieve what the United States Army calls "interlocking fields of fire." He deployed the second half of his force—the 1st Company of the 514th Regional Battalion, strengthened by a separate provincial platoon—in similar fashion in irrigation dikes that edged the three exposed sides of Tan Thoi.

From the air and from the rice fields, these hamlets gave no indication that they were the twin bastions of a fortress. The tree lines were the usual Delta profusion of banana and coconut groves, assorted fruit trees, stands of bamboo and water palm, and hardwoods that the peasants let grow to pole height to use for construction. Below the trees was thick undergrowth. Under supervision of the officers, who had learned the technique during the war against the French, the peasants and the troops dug the foxholes without disturbing the foliage above or on either side. The excess dirt was carried away and dispersed. Where the original foliage did not seem dense enough, fresh branches were cut and erected over and around the foxholes. Even from a low-flying L-19 spotter or a helicopter, all appeared natural.

The foxholes were dug deep enough for a man to stand up inside. The machine-gun and BAR positions had foxholes wide enough for two men, the gunner and the loader, to stand in them. The depth of the foxholes enabled the guerrillas to duck down and escape harm from anything but a direct hit from an artillery shell or a bomb. Strafing with machine guns and rockets was virtually useless.

The Bac irrigation ditch behind the foxhole line became a communications trench for resupplying ammunition and evacuating wounded. Men could move up and down it out of sight and shot of anyone in front of the dike. The ditch was about six feet across and was flooded waist-deep. When a plane came over, any Vietcong in the ditch could hide by ducking beneath the water or under the foliage on either bank.

Bac and Tan Thoi had about six hundred inhabitants each, and as soon as the alert order was issued most of the women and children and old men among them fled to nearby swamps to hide. Some of the adults stayed behind to help with the wounded and to serve as runners.

The ground fog that morning was the element of chance in the battle. It was bad all over the region, and was especially thick around the Tan Hiep airstrip. Vann had not been given enough transport helicopters—approximately thirty—to lift a whole ARVN battalion in one move. With the ten H-21s that he was able to obtain, he had to shuttle the division battalion to the landing zone north of Tan Thoi a company at a time.

The helicopter pilots managed to lift off through the fog with the first company not long before seven o'clock and to find an open area above the hamlet in which to set down the troops. (This was the landing that Vann watched from the spotter plane.) Then the fog thickened, and the pilots objected to running the risk of a midair collision or of getting lost with the second and third companies of the battalion. Vann and Dam therefore had to postpone the second and third lifts for nearly two and a half hours; by nine-thirty, the sun was at last high enough to dissipate the fog. Meanwhile, the first company had to mark time. Had the movement of the division infantry battalion to Tan Thoi not been delayed, the fight might have begun there and the battle unfolded differently. The delay meant that the Civil Guards marching up from the south went into action first, with the platoon of guerrillas positioned in the tree line along the creek branch just below Bac. That chance event transformed the battle.

THE Vietcong knew that the Civil Guards were coming. The guerrilla battalion radio operators, using captured American equipment, were following the movements of the Saigon troops by monitoring the frequencies they were using. The ARVN did not practice communications security but transmitted uncoded map coördinates, which the Vietcong staff could easily plot on its own maps. Scouts and a platoon of district guerrillas fleeing ahead of the Civil Guards confirmed the radio intelligence. The guerrilla infantrymen in the foxholes under the trees finally saw the troops of the first Civil Guard battalion walking up toward them in files along dirt trails and on narrow paddy-field dikes. The district guerrillas were hurriedly placed in a coconut grove off to the right. They were instructed to rake the Civil Guards from that flank after the Vietcong regulars surprised them from the front.

Alert to the possibility that tree lines can hold such surprises, the captain in charge of the Civil Guard battalion became more prudent as his troops got closer. He stopped at a paddy-field dike about a hundred and fifty yards away and sent part of one company ahead into the open field to reconnoitre. The guerrillas did not start shooting until the Civil Guardsmen were within thirty yards. As the Saigon troops lurched back through the muck and water toward the security of the dike, the district platoon in the coconut grove opened a fusillade from the right. The Civil Guard company commander and his executive officer were killed within a few seconds. The Civil Guardsmen at the dike should have given their comrades protecting fire. Instead, many cowered down behind the low mud wall, and others stuck their weapons over the top and pulled the triggers without looking; this meant that those retreating were being shot at from both directions. It was seven-forty-five.

For the next two hours, the captain leading the Civil Guard battalion attempted to dislodge the guerrillas with inconclusive flanking maneuvers. Either his artillery observer was incompetent or the field command post of the province military headquarters would not let him adjust the fire, because the occasional salvos he called for landed behind the guerrillas rather than on their foxhole line. The maneuvering ended shortly before ten, when the captain was wounded slightly in the leg.

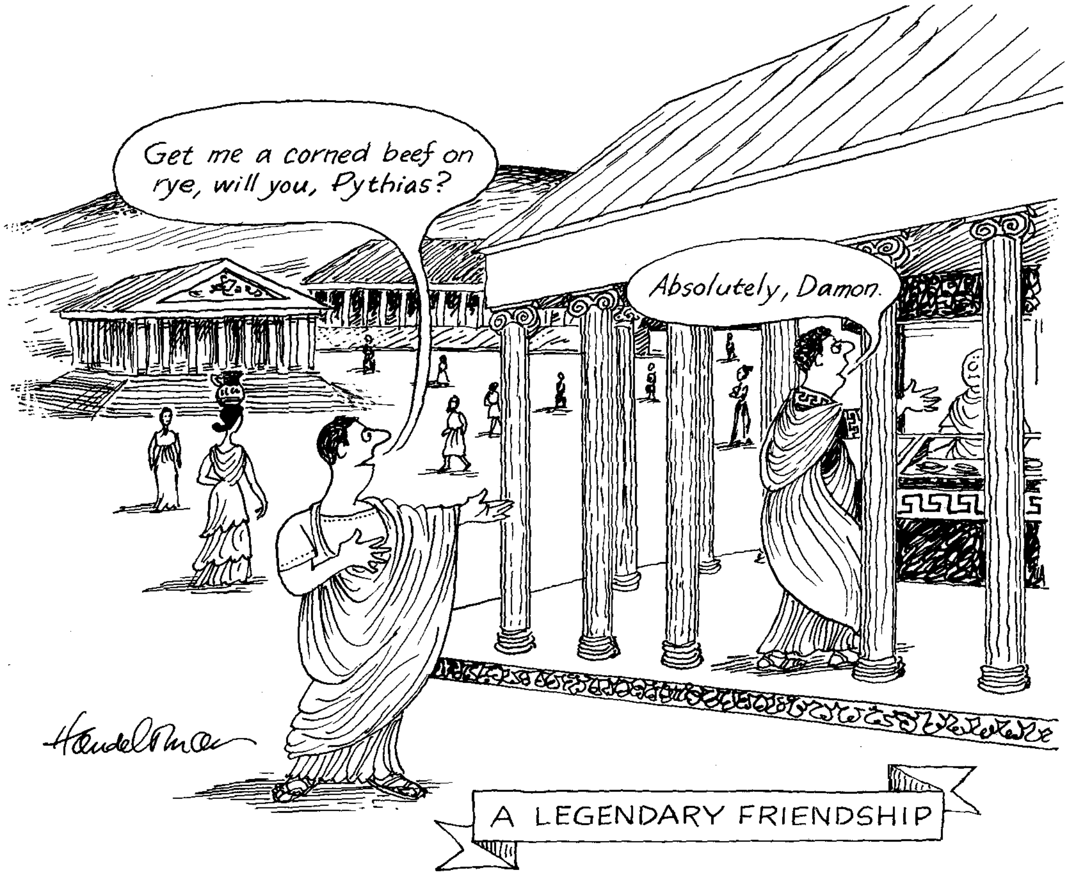
Vann did not know about the fight at the southern tree line until it was almost over. Major Lam Quang Tho, the Chief of Dinh Tuong Province, who was in charge of the two Civil Guard battalions and was theoretically functioning as one of Dam's regimental commanders for the operation, did not bother to inform Dam that it was occurring. President Diem had also made Major Tho the commander of the armor regiment at My Tho as anti-coup insurance—in case Cao or Dam should fail him—because the major's family was among the landowning class of the Delta who had allied themselves with the Ngo Dinhs. Tho did not order his second Civil Guard battalion to hurry to the assistance of the first once the shooting started, so that they could attack together, and he did nothing to correct the faulty artillery after an American lieutenant accompanying the Civil Guards borrowed a radio to warn him about it. Nor did he come forward to organize an assault himself, although the scene of the action was less than a two-mile walk from the main road to the south, where he had set up his field headquarters. After the casualties reached eight killed and fourteen wounded and the Civil Guard captain was hit in the leg, he did what was normal for a Saigon commander: he asked someone else to fight his war. He radioed a request to Dam that the two infantry companies Dam was holding at the Tan Hiep airstrip as a division reserve be landed in the rice fields behind the southern tree line. Theoretically, dropping the reserve in their rear would force the guerrillas to abandon their positions. Tho did not realize that it would also mean landing troops in front of the western tree line of Bac, where the rest of the guerrilla regulars were waiting in the foxholes dug into the irrigation dike.

While Vann was in an L-19 north of Tan Thoi, following the movements of the third company of the division battalion, which had landed ten minutes before, Ziegler came up on the radio from the command-post tent at the airstrip. He described Tho's request and said that Dam wanted Vann to fly down to Bac and select a landing site for the reserve.

Vann was suspicious of Bac as soon as he saw it. It occurred to him that the guerrillas opposing the Civil Guards from the southern tree line might be part of a larger force that had retreated ahead of the advancing provincial troops. If so, Bac would be the logical assembly area for them. For the next fifteen minutes, he searched the hamlet and the tree lines around it from the back seat of the spotter plane. The U.S. Army pilot up front slid the little aircraft back and forth in wide swoops at an altitude of a few hundred feet with the grace of a hawk riding a strong current of air. Occasionally, when Vann requested it, the pilot would shove the throttle forward and nose the plane down for a high-speed pass right over the trees.

Practiced though his eye was by this time, Vann could not see any guerrillas. He could tell that there were Vietcong in the southern tree line only because he could see the impact of their bullets striking the area around the Civil Guards. The guerrillas along the irrigation dike watched from their foxholes and let the small plane make swoop after swoop with impunity, resisting the temptation to fire, because they knew what the game was. Despite the tranquillity of Bac, Vann remained suspicious of the western tree line. He had his pilot make contact with another L-19, which was leading the flight of ten H-21s carrying the first reserve company from the airstrip. The ungainly H-21s were being escorted by a platoon of five of the new helicopter "gunships," which the Army had deployed to Vietnam the previous fall. The gunship, a graceful machine with a trim, aerodynamic shape, was officially designated the HU-1 and renamed the "Huey" by the Army airmen. The Huey had an electrically rotated 7.62-mm. machine gun mounted beneath the fuselage on each side and pods of 2.75-inch rockets above the machine guns. The co-pilot aimed the machine guns with a cross-hair device and fired them and the rockets with buttons on the device. Vann relayed instructions to the command pilot of the ten H-21s to land the reserve company at a spot three hundred yards from both the western and the southern tree lines. He also gave the helicopters a flight route in and out of the landing zone which would minimize their exposure to fire from either tree line.

Command relationships among the Americans were not yet firmly established in 1963. The helicopter companies saw themselves as independent of the senior advisers. The senior H-21 pilot, in the lead machine, ignored Vann's instructions and headed for a landing spot about two hundred yards from the western tree line, and the other H-21s followed. The three hundred yards specified by Vann is the distance at which .30-calibre small-arms fire is regarded as minimally effective. Because of visibility, the drop of a bullet in flight, and other factors, the hundred-yard difference can be the difference between hitting and missing.


Get me a corned beef on rye, will you, Pythias?
Absolutely, Damon.
A LEGENDARY FRIENDSHIP

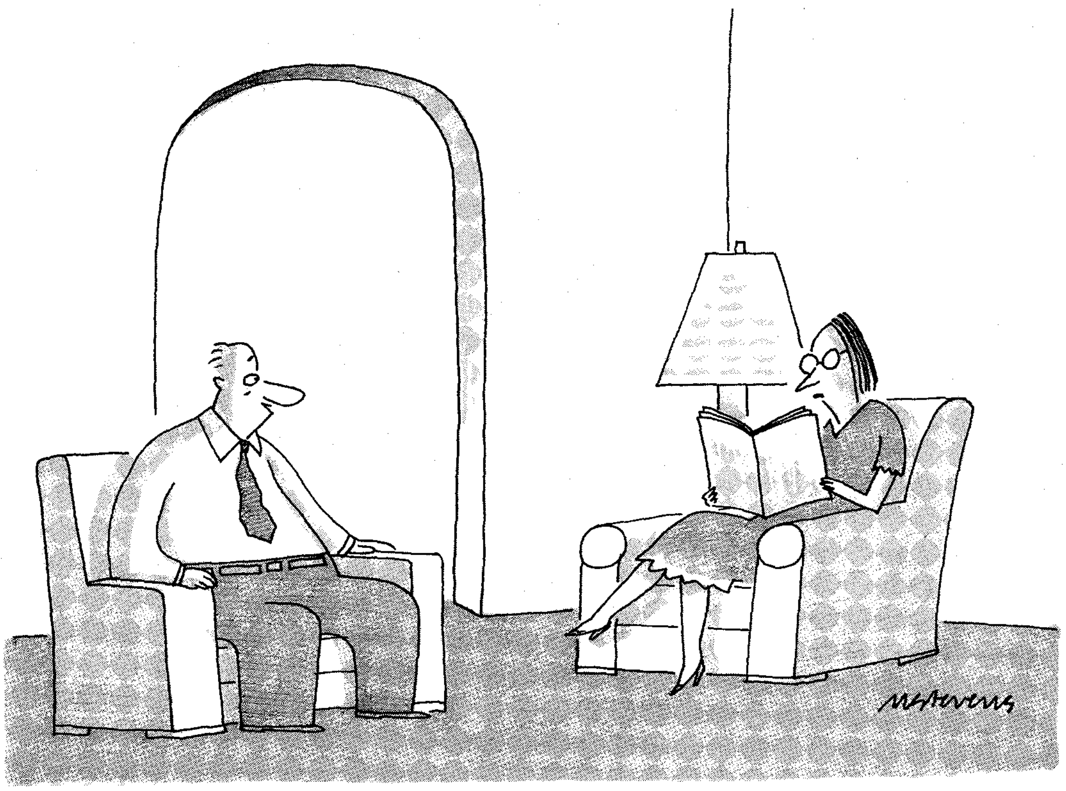
While Vann was sending his instructions, the Vietcong battalion commander was alerting his troops to prepare to shoot down helicopters. He had been warned of the landing by his radio operators monitoring the ARVN frequencies. It was twenty minutes after ten, and the fog was gone. The large silhouettes of the Angle Worms, as the guerrillas called the H-21s, and the Dippers, their nickname for the Hueys, would stand out clearly in the sunshine.

Sergeant First Class Arnold Bowers, twenty-nine years old, from a Minnesota dairy farm and the 101st Airborne Division, heard the bullwhip crack of the first bullet burst through the aluminum skin of the helicopter while the machine was still fifty feet in the air. Bowers' helicopter was the second in the flight. Vietnam was his first war. During eight and a half months in the country, he had experienced no combat beyond a few skirmishes with snipers. The whip cracked again and again over the din of the H-21's engines before the wheels of the machine settled into the paddy field and Bowers jumped out into the knee-high water, along with a squad of infantry and the ARVN first lieutenant commanding the company.

His ears free of the clangor of the engines, Bowers could hear a roaring of automatic weapons and rifles from the curtain of green foliage along the irrigation ditch in front. The bullets were snapping all around, buzzing close by his ears and splitting the air overhead. He plunged forward, the gray ooze sucking at his boots, in a reflex of his training that the best hope for survival lay in moving and shooting until you could get on top of your opponent and kill him. The lieutenant and the ARVN infantrymen thought otherwise. They threw themselves down behind the first paddy-field dike they could reach, about fifteen yards from where the helicopter had landed.

Bowers yelled at the lieutenant that they had to return fire and maneuver to get out of the open or they would all die in the field. The lieutenant said that he couldn't understand Bowers. Back at the airstrip, the lieutenant had understood Bowers' English perfectly as they waited to board the helicopters. He was a Vietnamese graduate of the company-level officers' course at the Infantry School at Fort Benning. Bowers was the staff operations sergeant for the advisory detachment, but he was always volunteering for patrols and assaults. Vann, who liked his spunk, had asked him that morning whether he wanted to go with the reserve, because it lacked a regular adviser, and Bowers had said yes. He shouted at the lieutenant again. The lieutenant stared at Bowers, his eyes communicating fear, and pressed his body lengthwise against the low dike and down into the water and muck to expose as little of himself as possible to the bullets.

Bowers glanced to the right and saw one of the ARVN sergeants from a helicopter farther back in the flight string leading a squad toward the tree line on the south. They were bent over in a crawl behind the paddy-field dike. Bowers jumped up, ignoring the bullets, and did the best imitation of a sprint that the muck would permit, flinging himself down into a quick crawl the moment he passed the sergeant. He intended to keep the squad going before it had a chance to hesitate and stop. Bowers had noticed on earlier operations that the ARVN noncoms, unlike their officers, seemed to welcome help and thought an American sergeant enough of a cut above them so that they could blame him if things went wrong. He had also observed that they were not literate city types, as the



"Honey, I'm home."

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moving aircraft so that the bullets would intersect with the flying machine. They had emphasized that the men had to restrain themselves until an entire squad or platoon or company could open up at once. Massed fire offered the best chance of putting enough bullets into an aircraft to cripple or destroy it.

The H-21 flight leader could hardly have obliged the Vietcong more in his disregard of Vann's instructions. Having been warned that there were "Victor Charlies" in the southern tree line, he assumed that there were none in the western one. He first brought the string of helicopters low over the western edge of Tan Thoi. Some of the guerrillas of the 514th Regionals there cut loose, raising the adrenaline of their comrades in Bac in anticipation

officers were, but ex-peasants, who were more willing to fight.

He thought through his next move as he crawled. He would push into the southern tree line with the squad and try to turn the flank of the guerrillas in the western tree line. Once they got an initiative under way, other squads might maneuver, too. At least, he could lay down a base of fire from the protection of the tree line to relieve some of the pressure on the company in the paddy fields. The guerrillas were concentrating their fire on the main element of the company, back toward the lieutenant. The farther Bowers and the squad crawled, the fewer the bullets cracking overhead or slapping into the dike. They had gone about a hundred and fifty yards and were close to the tree line. Bowers saw a figure run through the trees and assumed that it was a guerrilla messenger. The man was intent on his business and did not see them. Bowers had not been briefed on the situation at Bac before climbing aboard the helicopter and did not realize that there were guerrillas on the far side of the stream toward which he was heading. The sight of the runner indicated to him that some might be there. He was not concerned, even though he was not well armed himself; he had only a carbine and two thirty-round clips of ammunition. Once in the woods, the squad could use the trees for cover, just like the Vietcong.

Suddenly, the ARVN sergeant, who was fifteen or twenty yards behind Bowers, started yelling at him in a mixture of Vietnamese and Pidgin English. Bowers looked over his shoulder. The sergeant was motioning to him to turn back. The Vietnamese pointed to his radio and then back toward the lieutenant, indicating that he had an order to return. "Damn!" Bowers said. He thought he would have a try at overriding the lieutenant. "*Di! Di!*," he shouted—colloquial Vietnamese for "Go!" American advisers also used it for "Come on!" He waved the sergeant forward with his arm and turned and crawled toward the trees again. After a few yards, he glanced over his shoulder. He was making a one-man flanking maneuver. The sergeant and the squad were crawling back toward the lieutenant.

VANN watched helplessly from the L-19 as the helicopters were shot down. The Vietcong officers had been training their troops for months in the hope of an opportunity like this, teaching them how to shoot ahead of a of the "iron birds" coming to their guns next. The ten H-21s continued low over the western tree line on top of the irrigation dike at Bac and then turned and landed in a rough sequence of ones and twos in the flooded paddy fields about two hundred yards directly in front. The guerrillas had plenty of time to bring their initial excitement and fear under control and adjust their fire until they were hitting the machines consistently.

The pilots of the five escorting Hueys flung their aircraft down at the guerrillas the moment the shooting began, the co-pilots lining up the cross hairs of the aiming devices on the trees and pressing the buttons to turn on the machine guns and to launch the rockets. Normally, a strafing pass by Hueys suppressed ground fire, but this time the Vietcong gave tit for tat. The tracer bullets from the guerrillas' machine guns and BARs started reaching for a Dipper as soon as one dived for a strafing pass, and kept reaching, swinging with the helicopter and following it when the pilot pulled up at the end of the run. Much of the firepower of the Hueys was wasted on the southern tree line. (The guerrillas on the south side of the stream there were not shooting at the H-21s, because the trees on the north side blocked their view.) The Huey co-pilots also could not see precisely where to aim their machine guns and rockets when they fired on the western tree line, because they could not make out the foxholes in the dike through the treetops and the foliage underneath, and they were shaken by this unexpected opposition and the bullets walloping into their own machines.

Every H-21 took multiple hits. The helicopters farther back in the flight string were punished the most severely, because, by the time they came in to land, the Vietcong had fewer aircraft to shoot at and could concentrate their fire more effectively. A helicopter, and especially one with an aluminum fuselage as large as the H-21's, can absorb many bullets and still fly, provided that no bullet strikes a vital component. All but one of the aircraft managed to take off. The pilot radioed that its controls would no longer respond. He said that he was shutting down the engine, and that he and his co-pilot and their two enlisted crewmen would join the ARVN in the paddy field.

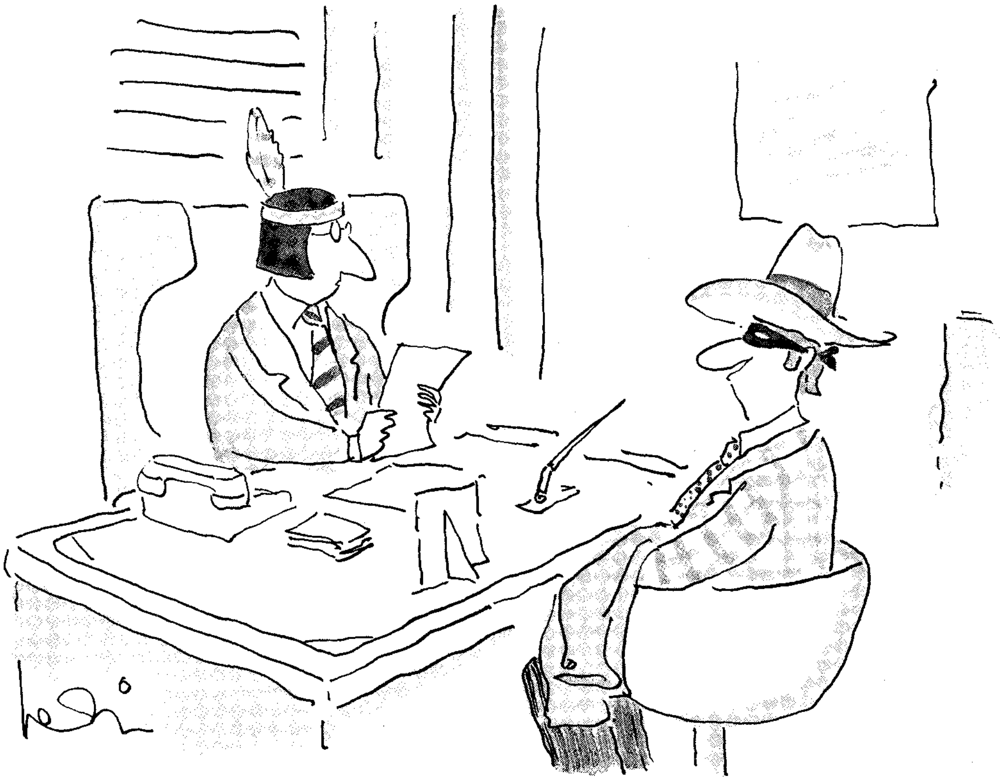
In the short era of innocence when the war was still an adventure—an era that was ending on this day—the helicopter crews adhered to a strict code of camaraderie. The code said that a crew on the ground had to be rescued immediately by another crew, even if they were unhurt and there were Saigon troops around them. One of the H-21s circled back to pick up the downed crew. The pilots landed in the worst possible place—between the dike and the helicopter. The would-be rescuers' aircraft was immediately shot out of commission.

The code called for another rescue attempt, now to pick up two crews. The command pilot of the Huey gunship platoon announced over the radio circuit that he was going in for them. Vann the risk-taker, orbiting overhead in the L-19, was angry at the uncalculating recklessness of this chivalry, but he did not try to stop it. He knew that the pilots would not heed him. The lead Huey circled low over the two H-21s, so that the two pilots and the crew chief (the Hueys had three-man crews) could locate the men on the ground. The four other Hueys strafed and rocketed both tree lines in another desperate, confused attempt to suppress the Vietcong fire. The Huey platoon leader turned his aircraft and banked for a landing in the rear of the two H-21s, seeking to obtain what protection he could by putting the downed machines between his helicopter and the tree line that marked the dike. As he was ending his approach, and his airspeed fell off toward a hover, the guerrillas were able to hit consistently, and put round after round through his machine, until a bullet struck the main rotor blade on top. The Huey flipped over onto its right side and crashed into the paddy field about fifty yards behind the two H-21s. The Vietcong had set a new record for the war. In approximately five minutes of shooting, they had brought down four helicopters. (A third H-21 had been so badly damaged that it was forced to land in a paddy field a little over a mile away, but there the crew were picked up unharmed.) The guerrillas had hit fourteen helicopters, all except one Huey.

Bowers leaped to his feet and ran to the crashed Huey. The water was shallower over to the south, where he had gone with the squad, and the paddy field was not much more than damp back where the Huey lay, so he was able to make good time. When he reached the wreck, the turbine engine was screaming crazily. With the weight of the main rotor blade knocked free, it was running amok in r.p.m.s. Bowers was afraid that at any moment it would become red-hot, blow up, and ignite the fuel tanks. The pilot in the left seat had managed to climb out and was staggering toward a nearby mound in the field which seemed to offer some shelter from the Vietcong bullets. Bowers shouted at the man, but he did not reply. Bowers assumed that he was too dazed to help him rescue the other pilot and the crew chief, who were still inside.

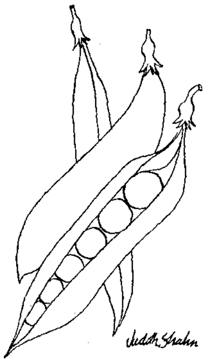
The machine was almost over on its back. The door on the right side had been partly crushed into the ground, but Bowers was able to push the sliding window open far enough to unbuckle the pilot's seat belt and pull him through. The man was also dazed, and had a cut on his leg from the crash. He had enough wits left to put his arm around Bowers' shoulder and hobble while Bowers helped him over to the mound.

Bowers rushed back for the crew chief, an older black sergeant named William Deal. The engine was still screaming, and an occasional Vietcong



"You realize, of course, that if you take this position *you'll* be *my* sidekick?"

bullet cracked into the fuselage. Deal was strapped into a side seat behind an extra machine gun, which he had been firing at the guerrillas, and appeared to have been knocked unconscious by the impact of the crash. Because of the angle of the fuselage, he was hanging almost upside down. The only possible way to get Deal out before the aircraft blew up, Bowers thought, was by dragging him through the front. He kicked in the Plexiglas of the cockpit windshield and climbed inside. The intercom wire from Deal's plastic crash helmet was tangled. Bowers released the chin strap and removed the helmet in order to be able to haul Deal free once he had unbuckled the seat belt. The moment he took off the helmet, he discovered that he was trying to save a dead man. Deal had been shot in the head and, apparently, killed instantly.



The engine had stopped screaming, having burned itself out without blowing up. Bowers decided he would pull Deal from the wreck anyway. Deal was a big man. Dragging him was hard work. Bowers had him out in the paddy field and was pulling him toward the mound, his hands under Deal's armpits and his fingers gripping the tough nylon of the gray flight suit that Army aviators then wore, when the explosion of what sounded like a bazooka rocket fired by the guerrillas at the helicopters told him that he was behaving stupidly. "Hell, I can't do anything for him. He's dead," Bowers said to himself. He lay Deal's body down in the paddy field. He felt no sense of disrespect, because the ground was not flooded here.

(In this first of America's televised wars, Deal's seven-year-old son back home in Mays Landing, New Jersey, saw his father in action on television the day he learned of his death. The family was watching a news broadcast, and a film clip of an earlier helicopter operation was shown. "Look, that's my Daddy!" the boy yelled to his mother. Six hours later, a telegram came from the Pentagon.)

Bowers crawled toward the second H-21 that had been downed. He could see one of the crew lying in the water next to a wheel of the aircraft. The explosion that Bowers had taken for a bazooka rocket announced an attempt by the Vietcong battalion commander to cap the success of his men: he was trying to burn the carcasses of the helicopters in the rice field. He sent a squad out along another tree line that ran parallel to the helicopters on the north side, hoping that the squad would be able to set the helicopters ablaze with rifle grenades. These are fired by mounting the grenade on the end of the barrel and launching it with the propellant force of the powder in a blank cartridge. To the chagrin of the guerrillas and their leader, the helicopters were out of range. The few grenades they fired detonated harmlessly in the air.

The young man hunkering down in the water beside the wheel of the H-21 was the rear-door machine gunner, a private first class. He told Bowers that the pilots were with the ARVN behind the paddy-field dike and had abandoned him and his buddy, the crew chief, Specialist Fourth Class Donald Braman, twenty-one years old, who was still inside and wounded. "I can't get him out. Every time I try to climb back in there they start shooting at me," the machine gunner said, pointing toward the tree line in front. Bowers told the soldier to crawl over to the dike where the pilots were lying near the ARVN lieutenant, and said that he would look after his friend.

As Bowers popped up and pulled himself through the door, several of the guerrilla riflemen saw him and started firing. The silhouette of the H-21 standing in the paddy field made the Vietcong tend to shoot high. They also naturally lost sight of Bowers once he was inside. The strings of bullets tearing through the upper part of the fuselage were frightening, but Bowers reasoned that he had a good chance of not being hit as long as he stayed down on the aluminum floor, where the crew chief was lying between the two doors. In a few minutes, the guerrillas ceased wasting their ammunition on a dead machine.

Braman was coherent. He had been shot while quixotically firing his carbine at the Vietcong from the helicopter door when the H-21 landed. He had emptied one clip, and as he was bending over to reload he had been struck in the shoulder. Bowers cut away Braman's flight suit and examined the wound. It did not seem grave. The full-metal-jacketed bullet—apparently captured American ammunition—had made a clean wound, entering at the top of the shoulder and exiting just below the shoulder blade. There was some bleeding from the exit hole, but not much. Almost every soldier carries a first-aid bandage in a pouch on his belt. Bowers used Braman's bandage to dress the top of the wound and used his own for the exit hole below the shoulder blade. He then made Braman lie on his back, to put pressure on this lower bandage and stop the bleeding. Bowers decided that Braman would be just as safe inside the helicopter as he would be in the paddy field, and better off, because the filthy water would not get into the wound and infect it. He explained this to Braman, and Braman said he understood.

Bowers gave Braman a drink from his canteen and then lay beside him for a few minutes, chatting. He could see that Braman was trying to keep up his nerve, and he wanted to help him. Braman had taken his wallet out of his pocket and laid it on the floor at his side. He picked it up with his good arm and showed Bowers a snapshot of his wife in one of the plastic photo holders. "Gee, I sure hope I get home to see her again," he said.

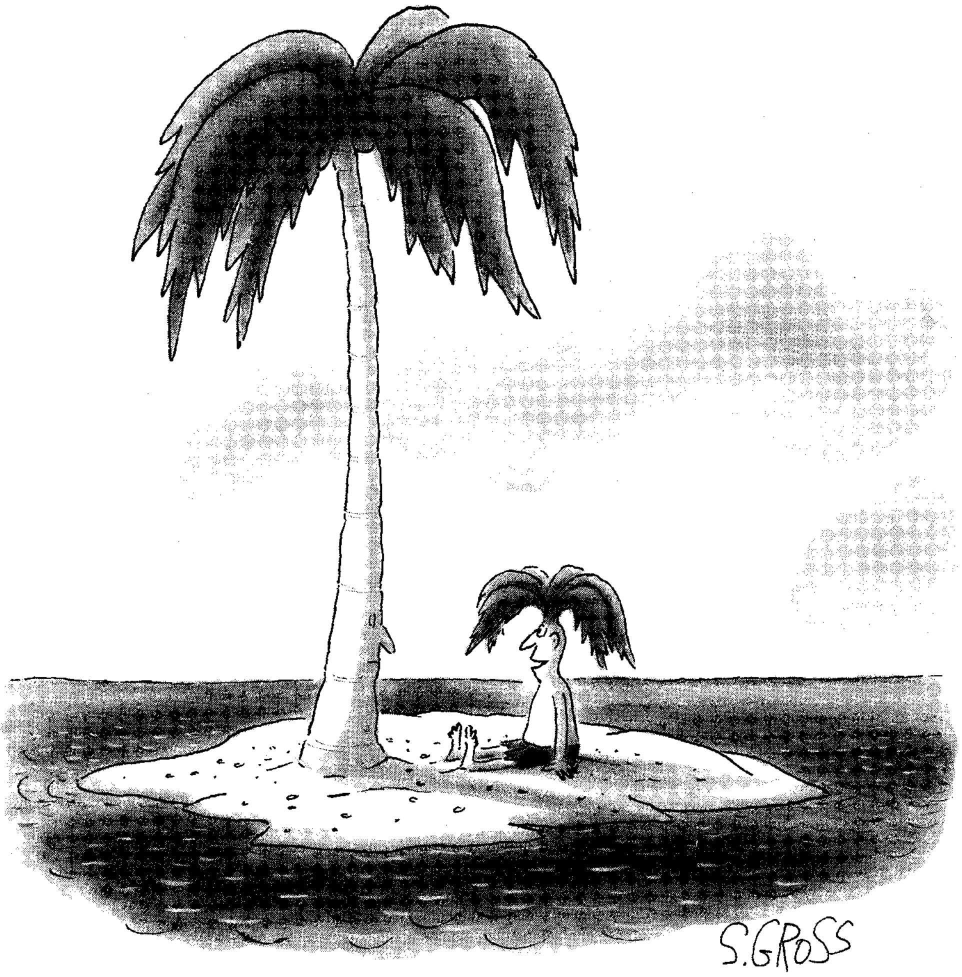
Bowers assured him that he would. "Don't worry, you're not hurt bad," he said. "You'll be all right, and we'll get you out of here soon." He told Braman that he had to go but would stay nearby, and not desert him. He crawled back to the door on the far side and rolled out into the paddy field, drawing another flurry of shots.

While crawling back, Bowers saw that he had been correct in his original judgment that the company would take a lot more casualties lying out in the paddy field than they would if they maneuvered. Staying put had allowed the guerrillas first to concentrate on the helicopters and then to turn to the company at their leisure. Among the dead and wounded, a number had been shot in the back and buttocks. Bowers guessed that some of the guerrillas had to be up in the trees to obtain plunging fire that would hit men behind the paddy-field dike like this. He did not realize that the irrigation dike was sufficiently high to give the Vietcong a perspective down into the rice field. The guerrilla squad that had worked out along the tree line on the north to try to burn the helicopters had also taken a toll of the men lying in the field. All the ARVN survivors, wounded and unwounded, were now pressing themselves up against the dike, as the lieutenant was doing. Most of them were not returning the guerrillas' fire, which had slackened to intermittent shooting.

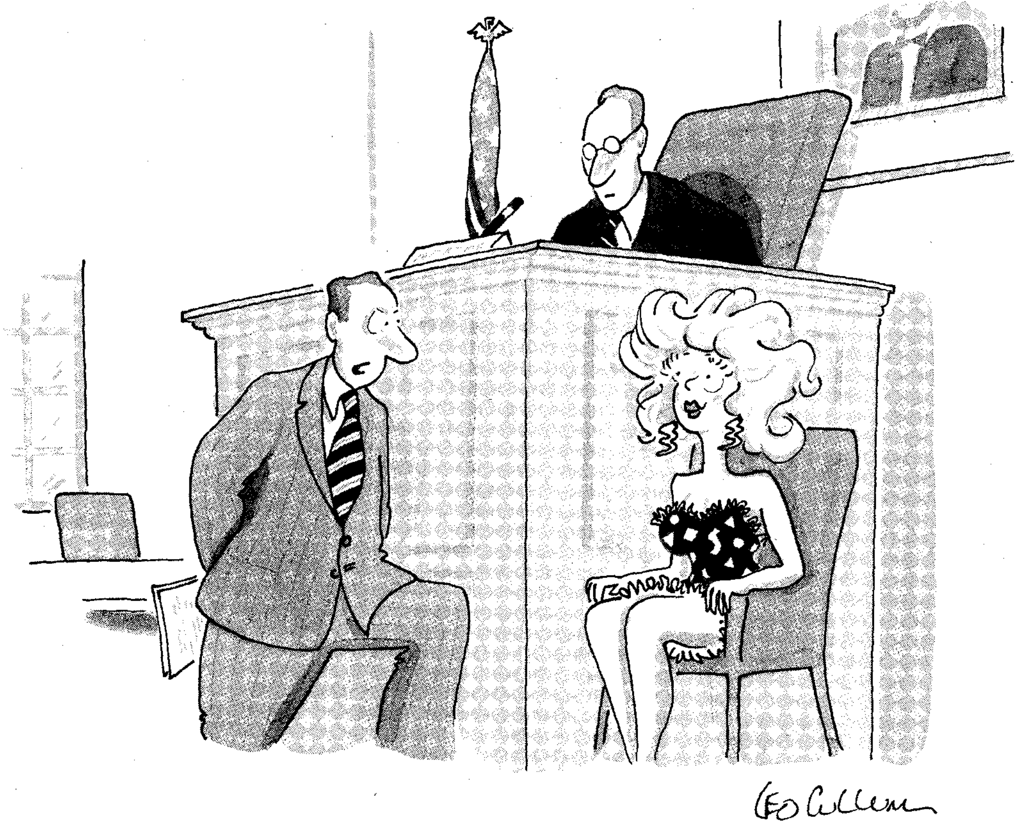
Bowers had in mind a way to extricate them all from their predicament and get Braman and the Vietnamese wounded evacuated: he would blast the Vietcong out of the irrigation dike with artillery or air strikes. Bowers could not see the guerrillas (in the whole day he would have glimpses of only three Vietcong), but from the sound of their weapons and the path of the bullets they obviously had to be under the trees on the dike. The lieutenant had a multi-channel field radio. Before boarding the helicopter, Bowers had been given, as a normal precaution, the frequency on which Vann, who was carrying a similar field radio in the L-19, communicated with Ziegler at the division command post, back at the Tan Hiep airstrip, and Vann's call sign, Topper Six. Bowers was going to make contact with Vann over the lieutenant's radio, explain the plight of the company and the helicopter crews, and have Vann relay Bowers' instructions to the artillery fire-direction center or to a Forward Air Controller in a Vietnamese Air Force (VNAF) L-19. Bowers told the lieutenant he needed to use his radio, explaining why. Borrowing a radio from the Vietnamese had never been a problem in the past; that was why Bowers had not brought one himself. The lieutenant refused, saying that he had to keep the radio tuned to his frequency to receive orders from the division. Artillery or air strikes would save them, Bowers argued. He warned that the Vietcong might sally out of the tree line and overrun the company. The lieutenant still refused.

The artillery forward observer assigned to the company, a second lieutenant, who had control of the only other multi-channel radio, was lying about ten yards from the company commander. He was in contact with the fire-direction center at the division command post, which relayed instructions to the batteries. The observer was sporadically calling in shells, but he was too frightened to raise his head and see where they were landing, in order to correct the range and walk them down the guerrillas' foxhole line, as Bowers intended to do. Bowers crawled over to the observer. "Give me the radio," he said. "I'll adjust the fire." The observer and the company commander both replied in English that Bowers could not have the radio. The observer had to talk to the artillery, the company commander said. It became clear to Bowers that the two lieutenants were afraid that if he got on the radio the end result might be that they would receive orders to do something, which might mean getting up from behind the dike. After eight shells had been called in to no effect, a bullet wounded the soldier who had the observer's radio strapped to his back. Another bullet knocked out the radio. The observer burrowed deep into the ooze.

When they had been in the paddy field about half an hour, the prospect of rescue appeared in the form of two AD-6 Skyraider fighter-bombers. The planes first dropped napalm. It did not land on the guerrillas. The pilots instead struck the thatched houses behind the irrigation dike, some of which had already been set afire by the rockets from the Hueys. Even so, the heat of the napalm was so intense that for a few minutes it was oppressive to breathe as far away as the rice field. If it was this bad where he was, Bowers wondered how the Vietcong could bear the heat and the suffocating effect of the jellied gasoline. He rose to a crouch to see if the guerrillas would run. Many of the Saigon infantrymen assumed that their ordeal was over and stood up to watch the spectacle of the planes dive-bombing with conventional bombs and strafing and rocketing the flaming houses. Suddenly, two soldiers next to Bowers fell dead, hit by rifle fire from the tree line. The others threw themselves back down. Bowers remained in his crouch for another moment or two, not yet convinced that the Vietcong were staying. He searched the tree line for a sign of movement. There was none. The guerrillas were apparently not retreat-



"I read somewhere that when two people live together for a long time they start to look like each other."



"For purposes of clarification, Miss Hardie, does 'Oh, wow' mean 'Yes' or does 'Oh, wow' mean 'No'?"

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ing. For the first time since he had come to Vietnam, Bowers felt some admiration for the Vietcong. "Come on, give me that radio," he called to the ARVN lieutenant, who had not moved from behind the dike. "We'll burn them out. I'll get the planes to put the napalm right on top of that tree line." The lieutenant shook his head. "No, no," he said. "Napalm too close—too close to us."

Bowers thought of shooting the lieutenant and taking the radio, as he would have shot a cowardly American officer who was endangering a company of paratroopers, and instantly dismissed the possibility. He was a good noncom who obeyed orders. The Army had told him that in Vietnam he was a mere adviser, that he did not have command authority, that this was "their war." He looked down the dike at the petrified infantrymen pressed up against it. He reflected that if the guerrillas did sortie out of that tree line he would never be able to rally these men to return fire. The company would be overrun and they would all be killed. While he was in the helicopter dressing Braman's wound, he had spotted a pack of cigarettes and some matches in an open C-ration box and had picked them up and put them in the breast pocket of his fatigue shirt. He had stopped smoking a month before and had bet another sergeant a fifth of whiskey that he would beat the habit. Now he decided he might as well have a smoke. He lay back with his head resting against the dike and lit up.

VANN was a prisoner in the back seat of the spotter plane, almost manic with anger and frustration. He had an adviser and three helicopter crews on the ground, whether dead or wounded he did not know. These Americans and the ARVN infantry they were with were all in danger of being overrun, and he could not get anyone to come to their rescue.

In the cramped quarters of the L-19, Vann had a portable field radio wedged between his legs, and as soon as the Huey crashed he turned its dial to the frequency of Captains James Scanlon and Robert Mays, who were with the company of M-113 armored personnel carriers that Vann had previously seen about a mile to the northwest. Scanlon, thirty-one, short and square-built, was the adviser to the armored regiment at My Tho commanded by Major Lam Quang Tho, the province chief. Mays, thirty-two, a loose-limbed Texan with a measured way of speaking, was Scanlon's deputy and the regular adviser to Captain Ly Tong Ba, the commander of the M-113 company.

"Walrus, this is Topper Six. Over," Vann said, and released his finger from the button on a telephone-type microphone and earpiece, so that Mays or Scanlon could reply. ("Walrus" was the coded radio call sign for the advisers with the M-113s.)

"Topper Six, this is Walrus. Over," Scanlon replied.

"Walrus, I've got three repeat three choppers down and a rifle company pinned in the paddies due southeast of you at X-Ray Sierra three zero niner five three niner." Vann repeated the map coördinates, to be certain that Scanlon heard them correctly, and went on, "Tell your counterpart"—it was clear in the context of the conversation that Vann was referring to Captain Ba—"to get his tracks over here as fast as he can. Make damn sure he understands the urgency of the situation."

"Roger, Topper Six," Scanlon replied.

Vann acknowledged Scanlon's response with a "This is Topper Six, out" (in United States Army radio procedure, the initiator of the conversation ends it), and told the pilot of the L-19 to nose down for a landscape-level pass over the wrecked Huey and the infantry of the reserve company cowering behind the dike. He could see that the ARVN were making no attempt to return what he described in one report of the battle as "withering fire" from the western tree line of Bac. The banging of the guerrillas' automatic weapons and the occasional tracers flashing past the fuselage said that the Vietcong were trying to add the spotter plane—a much more difficult target than the helicopters, because of its short and narrow silhouette—to their bag. Vann had the pilot brave the fusillade for several more passes in order to ascertain as well as he could the situation of the company and the helicopter

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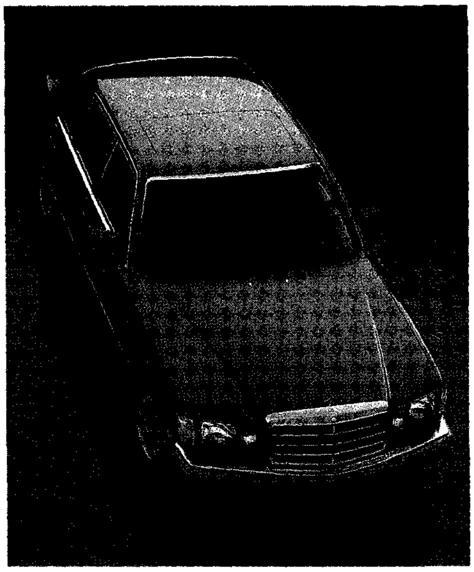

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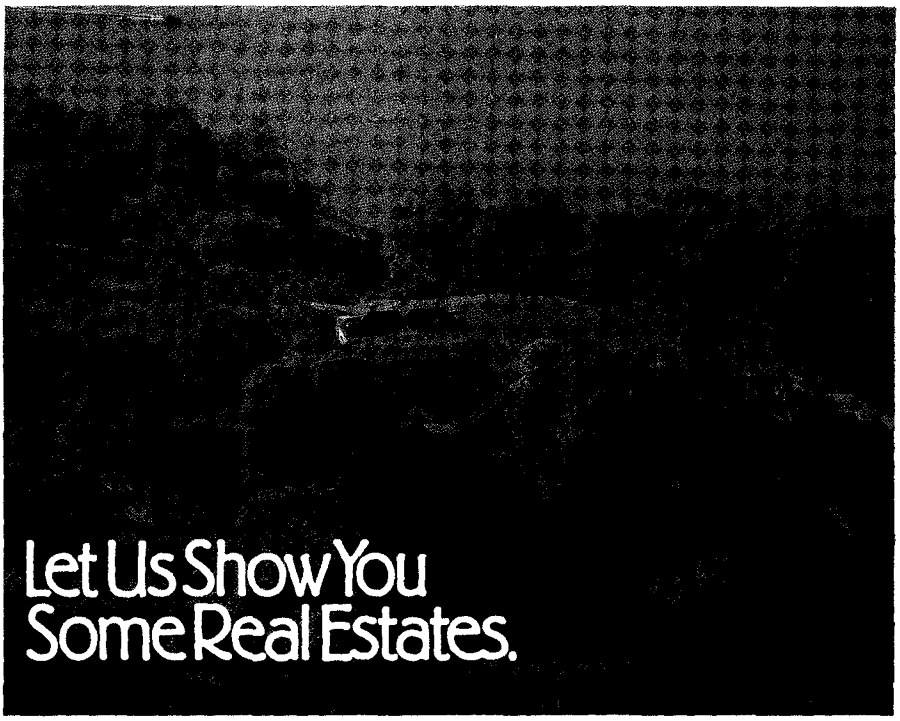

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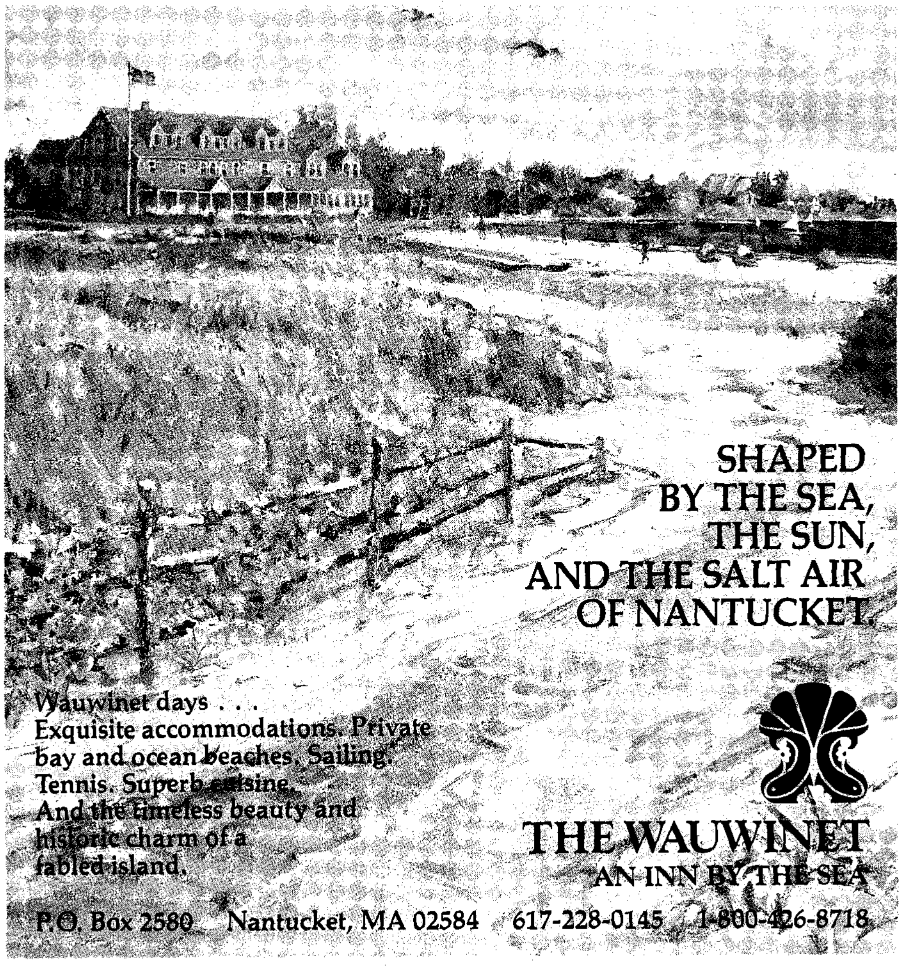

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crews. The little aircraft was not hit.

While they were regaining altitude after the last pass, Scanlon came back on the air with bad news. "I've got a problem, Topper Six," he said. "My counterpart won't move."

"God damn it, doesn't he understand this is an emergency?" Vann asked.

"I described the situation to him exactly as you told me, Topper Six, but he says, 'I don't take orders from Americans,' " Scanlon answered.

"I'll get right back to you, Walrus," Vann said. He switched frequencies and raised Ziegler at the command-post tent beside the airstrip. He gave Ziegler a capsule account of what had occurred, and told him to ask Dam to order Captain Ba to head for Bac immediately with his M-113s. "This situation is absolutely critical," Vann said.

The command post already knew of the downed helicopters from monitoring the radio. Ziegler returned in a few moments. He said that Dam agreed and was issuing the order through the division's radio channels.

From where he was circling, about a thousand feet over Bac, Vann could see the rectangular shapes of the thirteen M-113s. He instructed the pilot to head for them, and as soon as they reached them he switched frequencies and called Scanlon again. He directed his attention to the column of white smoke beginning to rise above Bac from the houses set afire by the rockets and tracer bullets of the Hueys. "You tell your counterpart that I am relaying an order from his division commander," Vann said. "He is to head for that column of smoke right away. He is to move out now."

Captain Ba started the M-113s toward Bac. Almost immediately, they were confronted by a canal with high banks. Canals and streams and rivers with high banks were the sole serious obstacles to movement of the M-113s across the Delta landscape. The amphibious vehicles, movable boxes of aluminum-alloy armor mounted on caterpillar tracks, had no trouble swimming the waterways, but their tracks could not get sufficient grip in the soft mud of the steep bank on the opposite side to pull the ten-ton carriers out of the water. Their crews and the company of mounted infantry who rode in the M-113s would have to climb out and hand-cut brush and trees until the waterway was filled high enough for one of the carriers to cross.

The ten-ton weight would quickly crush the brush down into the canal bottom. The first carrier across would then have to tow the next one over by cable, and so on, until all the vehicles were across. The canal that now confronted these M-113s would take about an hour to cross. The alternative was to try to locate a spot where the banks were not so high and the tracks could get a firm grip on the opposite bank. Captain Ba did not move to go and find one. Instead, he spent several minutes speaking in Vietnamese over the radio. To Scanlon, who understood some of the language, Ba seemed to be seeking instructions from his superiors. Then he balked again. He did not want to go. The canal would take too long to cross. "Why don't they send the infantry?" he said, pointing to lines of riflemen marching along the paddy-field dikes near them. These infantrymen were the third company of the division battalion that was descending on Tan Thoi from the north, and they had landed a bit over an hour earlier. Because the lifts of the second and third companies had been delayed for two and a half hours, Vann had arranged for the helicopters to drop them farther south than had been originally planned and for the two companies to link up with the first company, which had landed at 7:03 A.M.

Scanlon was surprised that Ba was balking. In the past, his aggressiveness had been a pleasing contrast to the excessive caution of most ARVN officers. Whenever guerrillas had been sighted, Ba had headed straight for them. The M-113 company was regarded by everyone as a virtually invincible combination of armored mobility and firepower. The .50-calibre heavy machine gun mounted in front of the command hatch on top of the carrier was a formidable weapon, capable of plowing through earth parapets and cutting down trees with its big, steel-jacketed slugs. The thirteenth carrier, a recent addition, had a flamethrower in a turret in place of the .50-calibre on a swing mount. Each M-113 also carried a squad of about a dozen infantrymen armed with BARs and M-1s, who were trained to dismount and attack in unison with the armored vehicles. Ba had been sent off on a number of independent missions, because his unit was considered capable of handling anything the Vietcong might put up against it. His spirited leadership and the shock effect that the machines had on the guerrillas had led to the M-113 company's killing and capturing more Vietcong than any other organization in the 7th Division.

Ba's refusal to go set off half an hour of emotional confrontation. A brief reconnaissance on foot by Mays and Ba after the carriers encountered the first canal revealed a second high-banked canal behind it. The M-113s would need two hours to cross both. Ba grasped at this as an excuse to do nothing. He seemed unimpressed by appeals from Scanlon and Mays to his humanitarian instinct—there were three helicopter crews and a company of ARVN infantry who might all be killed or captured. "We can't get across the canal," he said, and he kept repeating that the infantry battalion could reach Bac much faster. Within a few minutes, Scanlon and Mays, who were standing with Ba on top of his carrier, were shouting at him, and he was shouting back. Vann, circling overhead in the spotter plane, was raging at all three of them. Ba's English was good, and he could hear everything Vann was saying.

Scanlon could measure the rise in Vann's rage from the way his raspy voice went up a quarter of an octave with each exchange. "I told you people to do something and you're not doing it," he said, berating Scanlon. "Why can't you get the lead out of that son of a bitch's ass? He's got his order from the division commander."

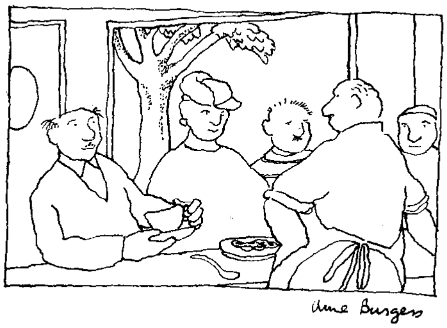
Scanlon, in turn, berated Ba. "Are you afraid to go over there?" he asked.

Ba said no.

"Then why won't you go?" Scanlon shouted. "We're just sitting here staring at two canals. I know we can find a place to get across somewhere else if we'd start looking for one."

Ba repeated his excuses.

"Jesus Christ, this is intolerable!" Vann's nasal shrill broke in again from the radio. "That bastard has armored tracks and .50-cals. and he's afraid of a bunch of VC with small arms. What's wrong with him?"



"We're doing the best we can, Topper Six," Scanlon replied.

"Your best isn't worth a shit, Walrus!" Vann shouted back. "This is an emergency. Those people are lying out there exposed. I want you to make that son of a bitch move."

Vann knew that it was futile to try to use the division infantry battalion. Once the battalion commander realized that he was being asked to assault entrenched Vietcong, which he would soon discern if given the rescue mission, he would see to it that his battalion never reached Bac. Diverting the battalion from Tan Thoi would also open an escape route to the north for the guerrillas. Vann was damned if he was going to let these Vietcong escape. They had downed four helicopters, and his blood was up. Ba's armored tracks were the one means he had of saving the men in front of Bac and destroying the guerrillas at the same time. Vann was trying to goad Scanlon and Mays and shame Ba into going to Bac, but this rage had been building in him for five and a half months—since a fiasco on July 20th on the Plain of Reeds, when Cao had let nearly three hundred guerrillas, including a specialized company of instructors, get away. His fury at his helplessness had become particularly acute after Cao had begun to fake operations wholesale in mid-October. He had warned that there would be a day of reckoning if Harkins did not make Cao fight, and allowed the Communists to continue to harvest American weapons from the outposts. None of this would have happened if the command in Saigon had held up its end of this war. Now the day of reckoning had come, and the captain in charge of the M-113s, who had been one of the few decent officers in this stinking army, was behaving like the rest of the cowardly bastards. He, John Vann, was supposed to move thirteen ten-ton carriers across a mile of paddy fields and canals and redeem this disaster by waving a wand from the back of a spotter plane. He kept checking with Ziegler to see if Dam had issued the order to Ba. Dam kept confirming that he had. You never could be certain what these people were saying over the radio. They lied to you and they lied to each other.

What Vann did not realize, because

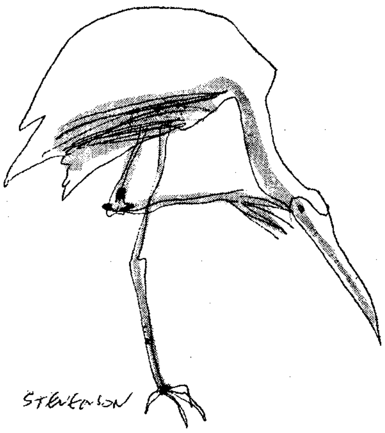
in his fury he was not thinking clearly enough to guess at the cause of Ba's reluctance, was that the coup phobia of President Diem and his family had put Ba in a dilemma. Having Dam order Ba to move wasn't enough. Vann needed to have Major Tho issue the order, but no one on the Saigon side was going to tell him that. Up to December, Ba's company had been assigned directly to the 7th Division. Then Diem had come to see that although armored personnel carriers were not as useful in a coup as tanks, they were tools that could be used either to help overthrow his regime or to protect it. He had therefore decided to purchase more anti-coup insurance. During the reorganization of the armed forces in December, he had removed the M-113s in the Delta from divisional command and assigned them to the armored regiment under Tho. Dam had ordered Ba to proceed to Bac. Ba could not raise Tho on the radio to find out what Tho wanted him to do, and he was afraid to go without Tho's approval. From what he could gather, the Presidential palace was not going to be pleased with the events at Bac. Tho, for his own sake, might not want any of his subordinates to get involved. If Ba went and Tho disapproved, Ba was liable to a reprimand and dismissal.

Beneath his bravado, Ba was a conservative man. He did not lack courage, but neither was he a professional risk-taker, like Vann. He had been an officer in a colonial army that had lost its war. He was fighting this second war for the Tory regime of his class. He was doing precisely what could be expected of a man who had grown up in a system where the best thing to do when in doubt was to do nothing. He was stalling.

Vann's bullying over the radio made matters worse. He was increasing Ba's resistance. Ba had come, out of pride, to resent the superiority complex of these Americans. Vann had been cordial to him, and for the most part their relations had been bluff and easy, but on some occasions Vann's manner had become overbearing. Ba had then found him singularly grating. In the United States Army, when a combat emergency occurred and a senior officer took charge he issued brisk orders and everyone obeyed instantly. Vann could not help reverting to this procedure in his current predicament. At the end of the half hour of shouting, Ba relented to the extent of giving Scanlon a carrier to return south and find a crossing site that Scanlon had seen on the way up to this spot, where they had met the infantry and been blocked by the double canal. At eleven o'clock, Vann flew off to try to get the Civil Guards to maneuver and dislodge the Vietcong at Bac.

He had the L-19 pilot make a couple of passes over the first Civil Guard battalion, which had opened the battle by walking into the guerrillas on the far side of the stream south of the hamlet. He could see the Civil Guardsmen lolling around, heads back against the paddy-field dikes in repose or in a snooze. If there were any Vietcong left under the trees in front of them, the guerrillas had clearly stopped shooting, and the Saigon troops were rendering a like courtesy. Vann concluded that the guerrillas in the southern tree line, having halted the Civil Guards, had turned their attention to the reserve company as soon as it landed north of them. In any case, the Civil Guards were now perfectly situated to flank around to the east and unhinge the position of the Vietcong along the irrigation dike on the western edge of Bac. Vann radioed Ziegler with a recommendation that Dam have Tho order the Civil Guards to assault around this vulnerable flank.

Vann's lieutenant on the ground with the Civil Guards, who now also could not get access to a radio with which to talk to his chief overhead, had been attempting since the helicopters landed the reserve, at twenty minutes after ten, to persuade the Vietnamese captain in charge of the battalion to do precisely this. The Vietnamese captain kept replying that Major Tho had instructed him to stay where he was, in "a blocking position"—a term that had become a euphemism among the Saigon commanders for doing nothing. Tho did not want any more casualties among his Civil Guards. When Dam called Tho, at Vann's behest, and told him to have his troops execute the flanking movement, Tho ignored the order.



From the plane, Vann could see the second Civil Guard battalion still marching up from the southwest, searching hamlets along the way. Tho was in no hurry for it to arrive at Bac. Similarly, the division infantry battalion moving down from the north had not yet reached the hamlet of Tan Thoi, above Bac.

A voice speaking English with a Vietnamese accent, probably the lieutenant cowering behind the paddy-field dike at Bac, suddenly came up on Vann's portable field radio and said that two of the helicopter crewmen were seriously wounded. Vann tried to keep the conversation going and obtain more information. The voice did not reply to his questions.

Vann told the L-19 pilot to return to the M-113s and circled low over them. The armored tracks were just where he had left them. It was ten minutes after eleven—forty-five minutes since the Huey had flipped over on its side and crashed and he had radioed Ba to come to the rescue at once with his mobile fortresses. Ba's refusal to coöperate in this emergency was incredible to Vann. Just before flying off, ten minutes earlier, to attempt to maneuver the Civil Guards, he had had Ziegler get Dam to raise Ba on the radio himself and personally order him to head for Bac immediately. Orders from the division commander were normally relayed down through whichever regiment had contact with the M-113s. Dam had confirmed that he had done as Vann asked. Orbiting right above the vehicle now, Vann could see Mays standing beside Ba on top of Ba's carrier.

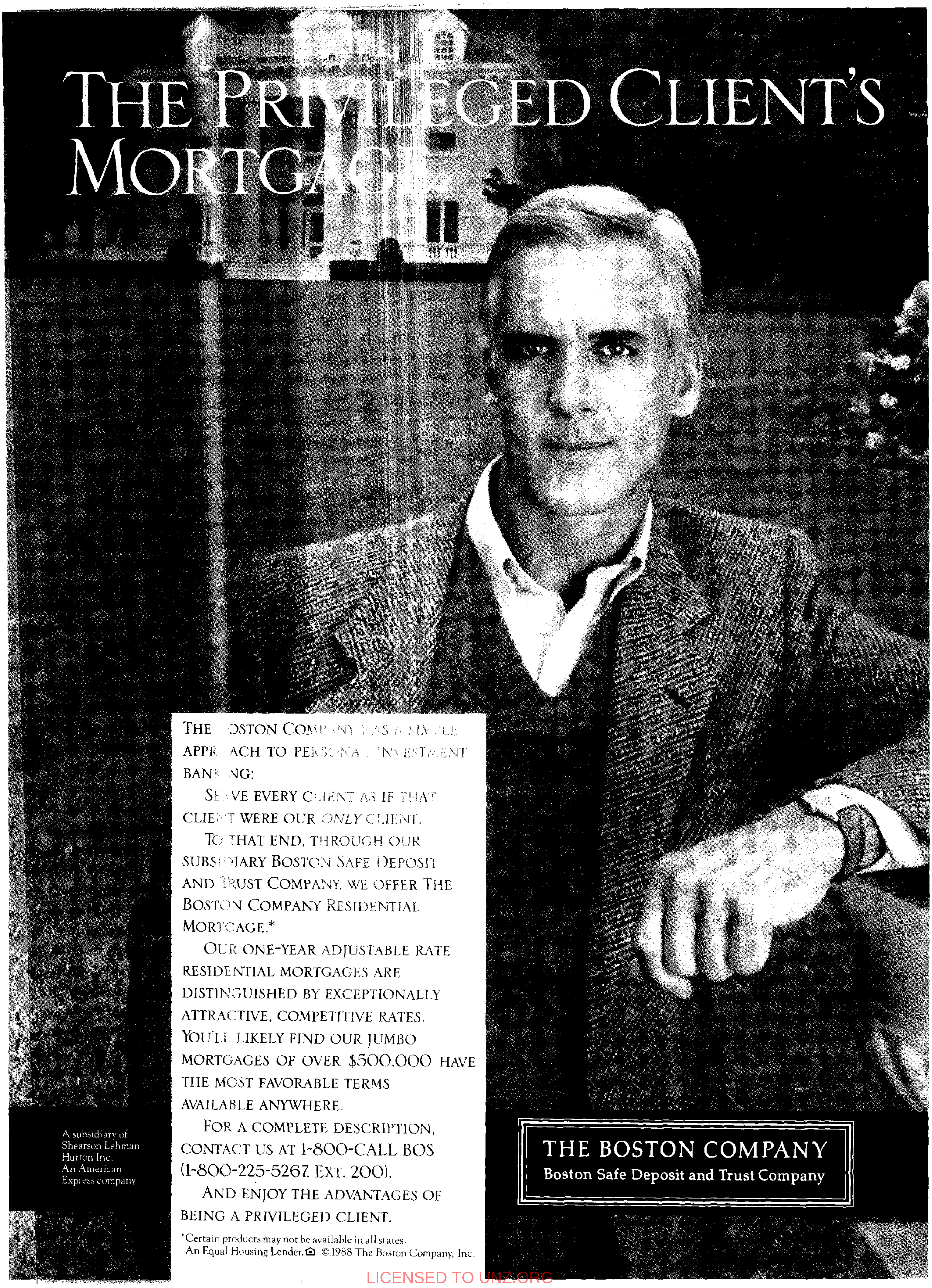
"Walrus, this is Topper Six, over," he called.

Mays acknowledged.

"Is that goddam counterpart of yours going to respond, Walrus?" Vann asked.

"Negative, Topper Six," Mays replied. "He still says we can't get across the canal in time, and Division ought to send the infantry."

Vann had endured all he could. "Walrus, can you take that company over there? Can you? Can you, God



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damn it?" His voice coming over the loudspeaker of Mays' radio was a shriek.

Mays was puzzled that Vann would ask him if he could assume command of the company. Yes, he could get the M-113s across the canals to Bac, but he knew that the men would not follow him unless Ba told them to do so. He was fearful of Vann in his rage, and decided to treat the question hypothetically. "Roger, Topper Six, I could do that," he replied.

"Then shoot that rotten, cowardly son of a bitch right now and move out!" Vann screamed back.

Mays did not answer. He looked at Ba. The two men liked each other. They had become friends over the four months that Mays had been the company's adviser. Ba also said nothing, but the expression on his face asked, "Would you shoot me?" Mays reminded Ba that they had crossed a canal earlier in the morning that was probably this double canal at a point where it was still a single one. Why didn't they drive back, re-cross it, and work their way east to Bac from that point? Ba agreed.

Ba slipped his radio headset on and transmitted an order to the company. The drivers started the engines, and the tracks of the carriers churned through the muck and water on the way to Bac.

VANN turned his attention to the plight of the aviators in the paddy field. The information that two of them were seriously wounded made it imperative, he concluded, to attempt another helicopter rescue, this one better calculated. He flew back to Tan Hiep to refuel the L-19 and discuss the plan with Ziegler and the senior helicopter pilots. The situation of the reserve company might be easing, Vann thought. As far as he could discern from the air, its troops were being shot at only every once in a while. Since the Civil Guards on the south were not being fired on, it was possible that the Vietcong were withdrawing and endeavoring to slip out of the area. Vann had the division communications section instruct the ARVN lieutenant to put Bowers on the radio in order to obtain some reliable information. He was unsuccessful, apparently because the lieutenant did not respond to the instructions from the regimental headquarters. Vann still felt they owed it to the wounded aviators to act on the possibility that the Vietcong might be disengaging.

He described his plan. He and the L-19 pilot would be the decoy to learn whether the guerrillas were still present in force. They would make several treetop passes to draw fire. The pilot told Vann he was crazy and suicidal, but agreed to fly. Three of the Hueys were capable of strafing. (A fourth had taken a hit in a critical area and was considered unsafe to fly until it had been repaired.) If the spotter plane enticed little or no shooting and the guerrillas were apparently no longer at Bac in force, an H-21 would go in for the pickup while the Hueys machine-gunned and rocketed the western and southern tree lines to suppress the fire of any Vietcong who might have stayed behind. (At this point, Vann was still under the misimpression that the guerrillas in the southern tree line had helped to shoot down the helicopters that morning and remained a menace.) A second H-21 would stay aloft, to deal with any unforeseen emergency. The helicopter pilots, also wanting to save their wounded, accepted the plan.

Bowers did not realize that it was Vann in the L-19 that appeared all of a sudden and began buzzing the downed helicopters and the tree lines. He did know that the Vietcong were still in the western tree line, in front of him, because a little earlier Braman had made a racket inside the fuselage of the H-21 where he was lying and the guerrillas had immediately fired at the helicopter. Bowers had crawled to it, and attracted another burst of shots as he pulled himself through the door and slid over to Braman. He asked him what was wrong. Braman said everything had become so quiet that he thought they had gone off and abandoned him. He hadn't wanted to raise himself off his back, for fear of causing the wound to bleed, so he had banged the heels of his boots against the aluminum floor to try to attract someone's attention. Bowers assured him that no one had gone anywhere and that he was attracting the attention of the wrong people, who, as he could hear, were still around, too. Braman had fortunately not been hit a second time. His physical condition seemed to be holding stable. There was no fresh bleeding, and Braman did not appear to be going into shock. He was starting to become emotional simply because the lonely waiting was weakening his nerve. Bowers gave him another drink of water and once more lay beside him for a while to comfort and calm him. Help must be on the way, Bowers said, and Braman really was safer inside the helicopter as long as he kept quiet. He definitely wouldn't thank Bowers later if Bowers carried him out into the paddy field, where he might take another bullet, and the filthy water would infect his wound. Before he left, Bowers put a canteen at Braman's side, where he could reach it whenever he got thirsty. For some reason, the Vietcong did not fire at Bowers when he rolled back out the door for the return crawl to the dike, but he was certain they were watching him.

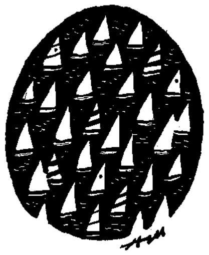
Eve Olitsky

Vann and the L-19 pilot dangled as tempting a bait as they could in front of the guerrillas. Vann was not satisfied to just buzz the treetops—a reconnaissance tactic that is relatively safe, because it is difficult to see and shoot up through foliage at an object flying directly overhead. Instead, he had the pilot fly twice right over the downed helicopters, on a course parallel to the western tree line, presenting the easiest of targets. Then the plane made a third pass at a forty-five-degree angle over the helicopters, which exposed the little plane to fire from the southern tree line as well. "You son of a gun, you sure are looking for it," Bowers said to himself.

Not a shot was fired. The Vietcong had resumed their discipline of not shooting at spotter planes; they were waiting to see what the game was. Bowers picked up the sound of a helicopter approaching from behind, and turned to see an H-21 flying directly toward him up the rice field. The pilot was trying to put the downed machines between his aircraft and the western tree line, just as the pilot of the crashed Huey had sought to do. Simultaneously, the three Hueys appeared and started machine-gunning and rocketing the western and southern tree lines. At that moment, Bowers heard the deadly percussion of automatic weapons and rifles begin from under the trees on the irrigation dike as the Vietcong battalion commander also saw the H-21 and gave the order to open fire. The Hueys were again wasting half their firepower on the southern tree line. This mistake and the ineffectiveness of their light 7.62-mm. machine guns and rockets against troops entrenched beneath trees and foliage meant that there was no interruption in the torrent of bullets that rent the air over Bowers' head on their way toward the H-21 flying up the paddy field. The pilot landed about thirty yards behind the wrecked Huey, but immediately radioed that he was pulling out because he was taking so many hits. Some of his controls were shot away, and he had great difficulty keeping his craft in the air. With guidance from Vann's pilot, he was able to turn and fly back about three-quarters of a mile, to where Ba's M-113s were crossing a canal.

It was almost noon, and the Vietcong guerrillas had set a new record for the war. They had knocked out five helicopters in a single day. They had also foxed Vann a second time.

VANN might have taken some comfort had he known that things were not going so well on the other side. The guerrillas in the irrigation dike at Bac had suffered a mere five wounded in the whole morning's fight, but now their resolve was eroding under the air and artillery bombardment and the prospect of having to accomplish what seemed impossible—having to stop the armored carriers with nothing more than the weapons they held in their hands. The commander of the 261st Battalion and the Vietcong province committee had intended to punish the Saigon army and then maneuver into an orderly retreat. As the action unfolded, they lost the option of withdrawal. By midday, the only unobstructed side of the battlefield was an area of open rice paddy and swamp on the east. Any attempt to cross it in daytime was bound to end in a massacre by the fighter-bombers. There was no possibility of retreat until darkness fell, at about 7:30 P.M. The artillery resumed firing—again inaccurately—around noon. The nearest ground observer was with the battalion at Tan Thoi. He could do no more than adjust the aim into the general area of Bac by watching the smoke columns of an occasional white-phosphorus round. Since the failed helicopter rescue, Vann was not under any illusion about where the guerrillas were entrenched, and he repeatedly tried to have the high-explosive shells adjusted onto the western tree line.



The Vietnamese Forward Air Controllers (FACs), in other L-19s, and the Vietnamese and American fighter-bomber pilots had also been doing all day what they always did when they were told that the infantry was receiving fire from a hamlet: they were attacking the thatched-roof dwellings of Bac and Tan Thoi and the small livestock shelters beside the peasants' houses, shattering the frail structures with their bombs and rockets and burning them down with napalm. Having never been on the ground to learn how the guerrillas fought, they had no sense that they were engaged in a futile exercise. A man in an airplane does not easily grasp the logic of a landscape beneath him. He does not naturally deduce that if the guerrillas are shooting at the infantry out in the rice field they cannot be inside the hamlet, because the foliage around the hamlet would block their view. The profusion of a rural landscape also seems to focus a pilot on the largest man-made structure he can see. When the United States Air Force was to bomb North Vietnam in the later years of the war, the pilots would inadvertently blow up schools and pagodas, because these are normally the largest buildings in a Vietnamese rural community.

Vann implored Dam to tell the FACs to stop incinerating houses and have the planes lay the napalm down the tree line. No words in either English or Vietnamese influenced the automaton-like behavior of the airmen.

What Vann scorned as ineffective was almost unbearable for the guerrillas. The rushing through the air of the incoming artillery; the earth-shaking explosions of the shells and bombs; the heat from the flaming thatch; the way the napalm made it difficult to breathe by suddenly sucking the oxygen out of the air; the devil's din of .50-calibre machine guns, 20-mm. rapid-fire cannon, salvos of rockets, and roaring aircraft engines when the fighter-bombers swept overhead on their strafing runs—all this was hard on the nerves. And shortly before one o'clock the guerrillas saw the M-113s slowly approaching across the rice fields. It was nearly seven hours until darkness, so there was no avoiding a fight with these terrifying machines. The men in the foxholes began reliving in their minds the scenes of killing that the behemoths had wrought in past battles.

Their predicament was that the Vietcong leaders, lacking anti-tank weapons, had not been able to devise any sound tactics for dealing with the M-113s. To attempt to give their troops enough courage to stand up to the armored vehicles with small arms and grenades, the leaders had developed a list of supposed weaknesses of the carriers and had lectured on these in training classes. All their observations were fallacious except two: the officers had noticed that the machine gunner was unprotected from the waist up when he stood in the command hatch on top to fire the .50-calibre, and they thought that the driver could be shot through his visor slit. There was no visor slit, but this observation still held, for drivers habitually drove with their heads sticking out of the hatch in front. They did this because it was easier, it was more fun, they could go faster, and the risk of being hit in previous actions had not been great enough to persuade them to "button up." If they drove fully shielded, with the hatch down, they had to look out through a mirror device. The device was bulletproof, but driving with it took practice, and vision was limited to about a hundred degrees. This meant that the driver had less freedom of maneuver and had to go more slowly. The Vietcong leaders had also lectured their troops on the importance of subjecting the M-113s to massed fire, exactly as with aircraft. Each squad or platoon was to pick out the nearest carrier and bring all its weapons to bear simultaneously.

The Vietcong battalion commander

had about seventy-five men and his two .30-calibre machine guns in the foxholes along the section of the irrigation dike toward which the M-113s were headed. He had sited one machine gun at the southern corner, where the dike was high. He had sited the second machine gun about three-quarters of the way up toward the northern end, at a point where the dike jutted out into the rice field. The two machine guns could catch anything in between in a cross fire.

To try to keep up the resolve of his troops, he had been relying all morning on mutual encouragement. When the company in Bac shot down the helicopters, he passed the news of their "victories" to the company in Tan Thoi, to raise their confidence for the imminent engagement with the 7th Division battalion. After the men at Tan Thoi stopped the battalion, he circulated word of their "victory" to the men getting ready to battle the M-113s at Bac. The company commander at Bac and the platoon and squad leaders there who had been controlling their men by using the six-foot-wide irrigation ditch behind the dike as their communication trench, now waded once more from foxhole to foxhole through the waist-deep water, hugging the bank to stay out of sight of the planes, and briefed each man again on the supposed weaknesses of the M-113s, seeking to convince the men that they could beat the machines if they used their heads as well as their weapons. In any case, they pointed out to each guerrilla, there was no place to go until dark. If they must die, each man was told, it was preferable to die with dignity—to perish fighting rather than to run and be chopped down like buffalo. They had every man inspect his weapon to be certain it was functioning. Porters brought more boxes of captured American ammunition down the ditch in small sampans. A couple of wounded infantrymen were evacuated in the boats, and volunteers from the local guerrillas took their places. The three remaining wounded from the morning's action were cadres, the Vietnamese Communist term for anyone in a leadership position, and, apparently, Party members, as were all the officers and most of the noncoms in the company. To set an example, the three refused to leave the line and go to the first-aid station. The cadres devised a slogan and had the men repeat it from foxhole to foxhole: "It is better to die at your post. It is better to die at your post."

THE carriers were taking so long to negotiate the remaining canals between them and Bac that Bowers, who was watching them from behind the paddy-field dike in front of the guerrillas, asked himself if they were taking a break for lunch. From overhead, Vann, too, fretted at their slow progress. He wondered if he was ever going to get the M-113s to Bac. In between discouraging looks at the stalemated battalion at Tan Thoi and the sluggish movement of the second Civil Guard battalion up from the southwest, he circled over the M-113s, haranguing Mays, who had kept the radio he and Scanlon had been sharing, to hurry Ba along. No easy fords over the canals could be found, and brush and trees had to be cut to fill each canal. The troops took their time. They fought for pay, and had no desire to risk their lives unnecessarily. Unless they were prodded, their normal work pace was that of a permanent slowdown strike, based on the usually sound assumption that if they tarried long enough the Vietcong would go away. Ba, in no hurry today for his own reasons, did not push them. It was not until one o'clock that he was able to raise Major Tho on the radio and obtain an order to attack the Vietcong at Bac.

As the carriers neared the last canal, about five hundred yards from the helicopters and seven hundred from the irrigation dike, the guerrilla battalion commander decided to risk half a dozen of his carefully hoarded 60-mm. mortar shells to try to stop them. Several shells exploded close enough to two of the M-113s to frighten the crews and the mounted riflemen sitting on top next to the open command hatches, but none hit their mark. Since a mortar throws its projectile up in an arc, it was obviously not going to be of much use against these machines. If the guerrillas were to survive, they would have to perform with small arms and grenades a feat that had never been performed before.

Mays thought the mortar shells were coming from another ARVN unit overshooting a target. "Topper Six, request you shut off friendly mortar fire," he radioed.

"I'd like to, Walrus, but they're not

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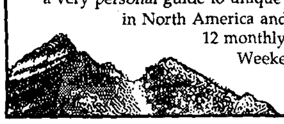
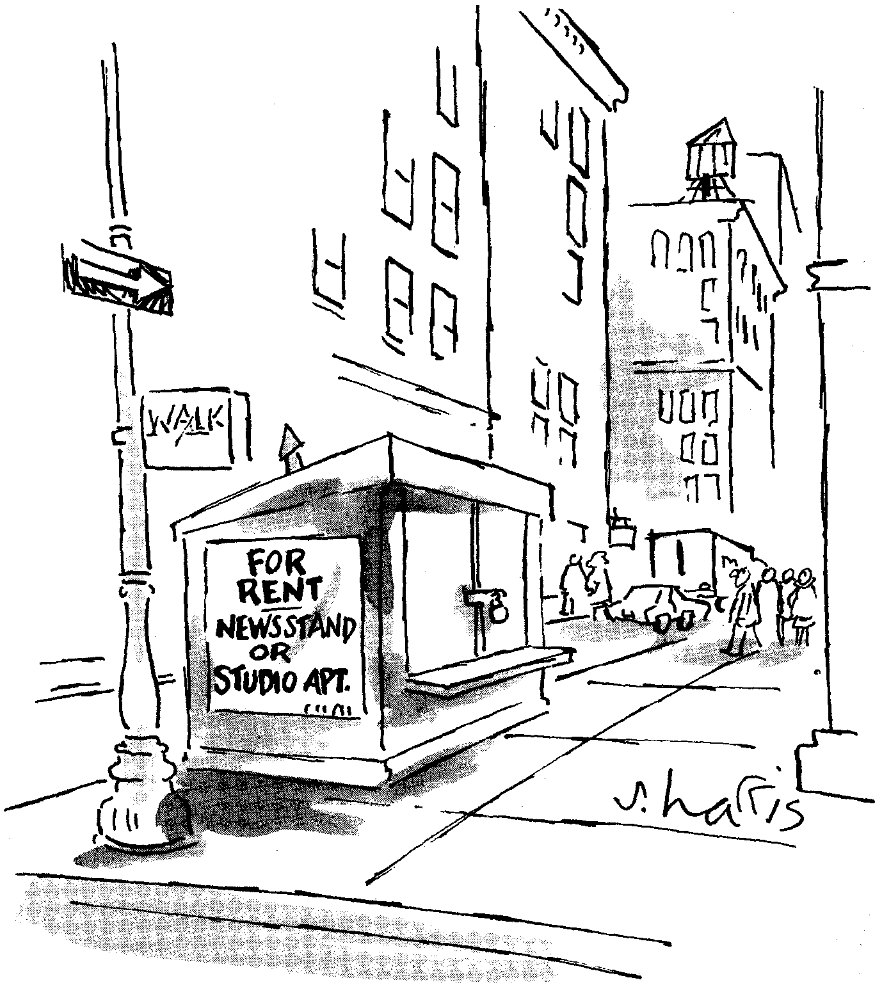




ours," Vann said. He always seemed to be able to summon up a bit of gallows humor at such moments.

When Mays passed Vann's answer along to Scanlon, who was on another M-113, he appreciated the humor but thought Vann must be mistaken. Scanlon did not believe that there were any Vietcong left at Bac. From the top of his vehicle, the scene there appeared tranquil. There was no shooting around the helicopters, and off to the right, just below the southern tree line, where the guerrilla platoon had been that morning, he could see the lunch fires of the Civil Guardsmen cooking rice and chicken they had looted from the peasants. "Well, it's all over now," Scanlon said to himself. "All we have left to do is to police up those chopper crews and the wounded." The troops of the M-113 company seemed to have the same thought. They were even slower at cutting trees and brush to fill this last canal. Instead of setting to work, most of the crews and the rifle squads stood on the canal bank and watched an air strike on a hamlet they assumed the guerrillas had evacuated.

Seeing that it was going to take at least forty-five minutes to bring all thirteen carriers across the canal, Mays asked Ba to turn the company of mounted infantry over to his command. He could strip a couple of .50-calibre machine guns off the M-113s and double-time over to Bac with the infantry in five minutes. Doing this would get Vann off their backs. If any guerrillas were still in the hamlet, two .50-calibres and a company of infantry could handle them. Ba consented. He was no longer tense. Having reached Tho, he had the authorization he needed, and anyway it appeared to him, too, that the Vietcong had departed.

Mays thought there still were some guerrillas at Bac. Knowing how Vann kept track of who was doing what on a battlefield, he did not believe that Vann would have incorrectly identified the source of the mortar fire. Because the mortaring had ceased so quickly, however, Mays assumed that it was merely a delaying tactic to cover a withdrawal. He could not conceive that any sizable number of guerrillas would stay in the hamlet with the M-113s so long in view.

He was surprised at Vann's answer when he called him on the radio and proposed dismounting the infantry and a couple of machine guns. "No, God damn it!" Vann said, in exasperation. "Get the carriers over there!" Vann did not have to explain to another professional soldier what was in his mind. Mays understood him: Vann thought that the Vietcong remained at Bac in force, and he wanted Mays to hurry the M-113s over there and flush them out, so that he could kill them as they tried to flee across the open ground to the east. There was no doubt in Mays' mind, and he knew there was none in Vann's, that once the M-113s reached the hamlet any guerrillas there would fire a flurry of shots and run.

It was a quarter to two—three hours and twenty minutes since Vann originally sent his emergency call to this company of M-113s a mile away—before three of them, including Ba's command vehicle, were across the last canal. One of the two others was that of Lieutenant Cho, the most aggressive of Ba's platoon leaders. Mays climbed onto it and set off toward the helicopters with one other M-113 while Ba's machine was towing a fourth across with a cable. Mays wanted to get the wounded American helicopter crewmen inside the armored hulls in case there was any shooting.

The guerrilla battalion commander issued an order for every man to give his weapon a final check.

AS this first pair of M-113s swept across the rice field toward the downed helicopters, the guerrilla mortar crew fired their last three shells at the two machines. Mays dismissed the explosions and spouts of water in the field as another spastic delaying tactic. We've put the fear of God into them and they're moving out, he thought. Cho was up manning the .50-calibre machine gun, and Mays was sitting beside him on top of the M-113. He sighted three of the pilots behind the paddy-field dike in front of the H-21 nearer the tree line—the one in which Braman had been wounded. He motioned to Cho to have the carrier driver swing the machine around to the right front of the aircraft and pull up beside the pilots. He leaned over and asked them where their wounded and their enlisted crewmen were. Officers are naturally expected to assume responsibility for their men and the wounded in an emergency. Two of the pilots, the survivors of the Huey, seemed dazed, and the third, a warrant officer from one of the H-21s, said he didn't know. That angered Mays. Just then Sergeant Bowers splashed over through the field and said that he had a wounded crewman to evacuate from the helicopter right behind them. Mays vaulted off the M-113. When he had taken a step through the paddy field, the Vietcong battalion commander gave the order to fire. The tree line crashed with the opening volley. Bowers did not pause, and Mays controlled his nerves and stayed right behind him, despite the cracks of the incoming bullets. Cho's .50-calibre and the heavy machine gun on the other M-113 slammed like jackhammers in response to the guerrillas' fire. Amid the din, Mays could make out answering drumrolls of defiance from the Vietcong machine gunner at the south corner of the irrigation dike.

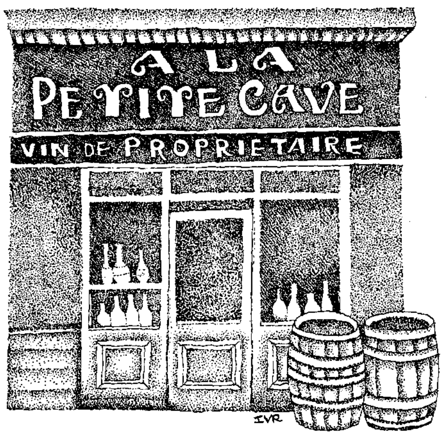
Mays and Bowers climbed into the helicopter to carry Braman to safety after his nearly three-and-a-half-hour wait for rescue. The boy was dead. Bowers was stunned, and could not believe it at first. He turned Braman over and examined his body. He had not been hit a second time, and his shoulder wound showed no sign of having hemorrhaged. After the battle, Bowers was to be overcome by the thought that perhaps he had made a mistake in leaving Braman in the helicopter, whatever the risk of another wound or of infection from the paddy-field water. The notion that he was somehow responsible for Braman's death was to haunt Bowers in the years ahead.

A rash movement by Mays brought Bowers out of his shock: Mays stood up in the helicopter. A guerrilla rifleman spotted him through one of the windows and nearly caught him with a couple of quick shots. Mays shouted that they had better get the three pilots into the M-113. They plunged back through the paddy field to the vehicle, and Bowers helped Mays hustle the aviators into the armored hull through the rear hatch, which opened by dropping down like a clamshell door. Mays decided that it was foolish to try to rescue any other airmen at this point. Bowers had told him of Deal's death and had said that no one except Braman had suffered wounds that required immediate evacuation. Bowers declined Mays' offer of safety in the M-113, saying that he was going to attempt to rally the survivors of his Vietnamese infantry company, and he took off at a crouch down the dike.

When Mays stepped back inside, he learned that they had lost the driver to a bullet through the head. Cho had come down from the .50-calibre to talk to Ba on the radio. Had Cho not relinquished the gun, Mays thought, he would probably be dead, too. The aluminum-alloy armor of the M-113 muffled the sound of the strings of bullets ricocheting from the sides of the hull; they bounced off with a bung, bung, bung. Mays called Vann, who was circling overhead in the L-19, and reported that he had rescued three of the pilots and that two of the helicopter crewmen were dead. His portable radio then went silent. A Vietcong bullet had clipped away the aerial where Mays had attached it on top of the carrier.

The second pair of M-113s were on their way from the canal with instructions from Ba to drive around to the left side of the helicopters in order to give the men in the paddy field cover from that flank. While the second machine was pulling away, Scanlon had grabbed a hook on the back and swung himself aboard.

The two M-113s proceeded as Ba had ordered them to do, and drove directly toward the guerrilla machine gun dug in on the point where the irrigation dike jutted out into the rice field. When the M-113s came abreast of the helicopters, the gunners loosed a couple of bursts at the tree line from their .50-calibres and were answered by the same concentration of raking fire that had opened on Mays' two vehicles over on the right. The vehicles stopped, the clamshell rear hatches dropped down, and the infantry squads piled into the paddy and fanned out. The drivers started again, and men and machines began an assault, the infantrymen holding their rifles at their hips and spraying clips of ammunition like water from a hose, guiding their aim by the path of the tracer bullets. The maneuver was automatic. The Saigon troops had been trained to do it by Scanlon and the other American instructors. They had done it in the past on several occasions when a bunch of guerrillas were unlucky enough not to be able to flee before the M-113s arrived and were then sufficiently foolhardy to shoot at the vehicles. The maneuver was designed to supplement the machine guns by bringing to bear the full firepower of the infantry squad. Scanlon was one of the first out the door, unholstering his pistol as he cleared the hatch and began to slog forward through the paddy field next to the M-113.



One of the riflemen a couple of steps farther from it was knocked down by a bullet. The .50-calibre gunner was initially confused by the guerrillas' fusillade, and thought that most of the fire was coming from a banana grove, farther to the left, that also extended out into the paddy field, and where there were in fact no Vietcong. He sprayed it with the machine gun while the last of the infantrymen were clearing the rear hatch. The recoil immediately bucked the barrel up into the air, and Scanlon saw the slugs cutting the tops off banana trees. The bullets lashing the front of the M-113 in another burst from the Vietcong machine gun made the gunner realize his error, and he swung to the tree line on the irrigation dike again, sweeping along it and cutting some of the saplings there in half. "The bastard is just spreading the stuff around in the air over their heads," Scanlon cursed to himself. Neither the gunner nor Scanlon nor anyone else could see any guerrillas. Scanlon couldn't see anything in front except a wall of green.

A BAR man firing from beside the .50-calibre on top of the M-113 was also hit before the assault had advanced many yards. The machine gunner lost his nerve, ducked down inside the hatch, and began shooting at the clouds. These guerrillas whom Scanlon had not expected to find at Bac were not behaving the way he had come to expect Vietcong to behave when they were confronted by M-113s. The sight of Vietcong fleeing panic-stricken before the armored vehicles in previous actions had always reminded him of a covey of quail flushed from cover. Now it dawned on him that he and all the infantry were going to be killed or wounded unless they returned to the shelter of the armored hulls right away. Scanlon spoke rudimentary Vietnamese. He called to the driver to stop, shouted and motioned to the infantrymen to return, and hurried back inside himself.

The reflex of aggressive action and the virtue of firepower were so ingrained in Scanlon by his training that he didn't stop to reflect that the best thing to do was to back off, analyze the situation, and come up with a more sensible solution than a bullheaded assault. He had always been taught that when you couldn't see the other fellow the answer was to lock horns with him; in the jargon of the tactical instructors, the solution was to "resolve the firefight." He thought that if he could get the machine gunners to follow the base of the tree line—where the guerrillas had to be—they could intimidate the Vietcong while the drivers took the vehicles close enough for the gunners to locate the guerrillas' automatic weapons. Once located, these mainstays of the Vietcong defense could be knocked out by the .50-calibres, and the infantry could make another assault from the protection of the armored hulls. The rest of the guerrillas would then "bust like a covey."

The machine gunner in Scanlon's M-113 wouldn't stand up and aim the gun again when Scanlon told him to do so. "Get up, God damn it, and aim at the base of the tree line!" Scanlon yelled. He grabbed the man by his fatigue shirt and pulled and hauled at him, shouting these instructions in the best Vietnamese he could muster, until he had the gunner up behind the .50-calibre and firing it once more.

The driver of the M-113 beside Scanlon's began to back up. Scanlon saw that its crew members were abandoning one of their infantrymen who had fallen wounded into the paddy field. He shouted and waved his arms. The driver heard him and pulled forward again, but no one would get out to pick up the wounded soldier. Scanlon sprang over the side of his M-113 and ran to the man. As he reached him, one of the infantrymen from the other M-113, braver than the rest, reached him, too, and helped Scanlon pick him up and carry him in through the rear hatch of that vehicle and lay him on the floor. While they were rescuing this wounded soldier, an infantryman who was still in the paddy field was hit and a BAR man on that M-113 was struck. The machine gunner on the second M-113 had by this time lost his nerve and was cowering in the hatch and perforating the sky with bullets. After they had carried in the other wounded soldier, Scanlon pulled and yelled at this gunner, too, until he had him up and trying to aim the machine gun. "Shoot at the bottom of the tree line!" Scanlon shouted.

These two M-113 crews had been intimidated. The drivers backed up behind the fuselages of the two H-21s to hide from the punishment of the guerrillas' bullets. The Vietcong ceased firing as soon as the machines retreated. At first, the drivers headed toward the right side of the helicopters, where the M-113s that Mays was with were engaged. Then, hearing the heavy firing over there, they thought better of it and turned tail for the canal. Scanlon hollered at them to stop. He motioned to the driver of the vehicle he was on to move forward of the helicopters again. The driver shook his head. Scanlon argued with the sergeant who was the vehicle commander and with the other crewmen that they had to go back and attack the Vietcong—that there were pinned-down infantry and wounded from the reserve company who were depending on them. The sergeant said they already had three wounded among the men on their own vehicle and that was enough. The driver resumed the retreat to the canal. Scanlon wanted no part of a "bugout." He saw Bowers crouched nearby, at the corner of a dike, and motioning to him. Scanlon leaped off to join him.

Bowers had decided that he might as well link up with one of the officer advisers, because he had no further hope of doing anything useful with the unhurt survivors of his reserve company. He had tried to inspire an assault a few minutes before, and felt foolish for having done so. As Scanlon's pair of M-113s arrived on the left side of the helicopters, he had sought to lead the survivors in one of those clas-

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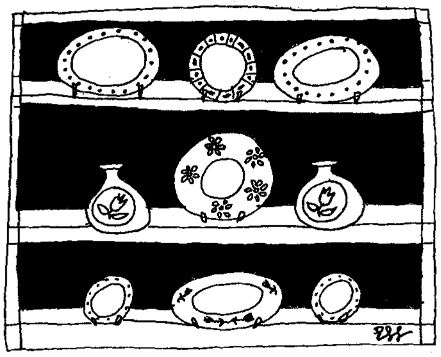
sic tank-infantry team maneuvers in which he had been trained. The motto of the Infantry School at Fort Benning is "Follow me!" Bowers, in its best tradition, had run down the paddy-field dike bent over and shouting "Attack!" in Vietnamese, and then had stood up, waved with his carbine at the Saigon infantrymen to follow, and started forward with the M-113s against the guerrillas in the tree line. When he had gone about twenty paces, he had the feeling for the second time that day that he was alone. He looked behind. He was. Just then, the M-113s began to back up, and Bowers hurried back to the dike, glad that he had not inspired anyone to follow him. He might have got more of these Vietnamese soldiers killed accomplishing nothing, which was how they had been dying around him all day. He told Scanlon that Braman and Deal were dead and that Mays had picked up three of the pilots. Scanlon asked him where the other aviators were, and Bowers led him over to the spot where they were lying behind the paddy-field dike, watching the unfolding of the decisive struggle that had begun between the guerrillas and the armored machines.

AT about the same time that Scanlon was jumping off the retreating pair of M-113s to join Bowers in the paddy field, Ba's M-113 was arriving on the right side where Mays' pair were. Ba had used his carrier to tow two more across the canal and, leaving one behind to continue the towing process, had rushed off with the other to take charge of the fight. He was in the lead M-113 of his pair, sitting up against the open cover of the command hatch behind the .50-calibre, in the gunner's spot. He normally directed the company from that position. His vision was unobstructed, and he liked to fire the gun when he had an opportunity. Mays saw him coming and reached down for the push-button microphone on the radio in Cho's carrier. He intended to tell Ba that they should not attack frontally but instead maneuver far around to the right and approach the guerrilla foxhole line from that end of the irrigation dike. Although they would still face the machine gun and a guerrilla squad deployed there, they would be coming up against a small number of weapons, and not a whole line. (Mays could not see the squad, but had by now been able to spot the machine gun and a rifleman in a foxhole behind it, because the vegetation on the dike was thinnest at that point.) Once they had killed the machine-gun crew, Mays believed, they could bring the foxhole line under flanking fire from this right, or southern, end of the tree line and drive the guerrillas out of it.

When Ba's carrier drew near and Mays was about to speak to him, Ba stepped down into the hatch for a moment, probably to make an adjustment to the radio. Cho had told him of the resistance they were receiving, and Ba had been talking to him and to the other vehicle commanders over his radiophone headset to coördinate all four machines for an assault. His carrier happened to hit a mound or to jolt its way over one of the low paddy-field dikes just as Ba stepped down. The .50-calibre gun swivelled on its mount, and the heavy barrel smacked Ba on the forehead, knocking him into the vehicle half-conscious.

The company was temporarily leaderless. Ba's executive officer, a competent and experienced man, who could have assumed command immediately and with whom Mays could have communicated, because he spoke English, was in the hospital at the time with typhoid fever. Cho, despite his aggressiveness in individual actions, was apparently incapable of taking charge, for he did not do so. Since Mays had been unable to speak to Ba before the machine-gun barrel struck him, Ba had not given Cho any instructions to flank around the south end. Cho's English was limited to a few words and Mays' command of Vietnamese was no better. Mays knew words like "assault" and "together," and repeated them to Cho with gestures in body Vietnamese, but for the next twenty minutes no coördinated action was taken. The four M-113s and three or four others that joined them during that time (the crews of the pair that Scanlon had been with and two or three others stayed back at the canal, out of cowardice) made individual sorties against the tree line, all of which were beaten back.



The twenty minutes were critical. The men most often killed or wounded during these confused actions were those manning the .50-calibre guns. They were the easiest for the Vietcong to hit, because they were silhouetted against the sky on top of the vehicles. The gunners usually happened to be the sergeants who commanded both the M-113 crew and the rifle squad. This system had been designed by the Americans, so that machine and infantry would function smoothly as a team. The noncoms had taken to commanding their vehicles and rifle squads from behind the machine gun for the same reasons of unobstructed vision and the fun of firing the gun which had led Ba to choose this perch as the place from which to direct the company. Since the Americans had told them they could put unlimited faith in the efficacy of the .50-calibre, and earlier actions had not proved dangerous, the sergeants had not learned to command the vehicles and the squads from a more protected spot. Once the shooting started, everyone acted out of training, with no thought of the consequences until it was too late. The company first sergeant, who was Ba's closest friend in the unit, climbed up behind the .50-calibre as soon as he had done what he could for his dazed captain. He ordered the M-113 forward into an attack on the machine gun at the south corner of the tree line, and after a few moments of firing he fell back into the vehicle, shot through the throat. During the twenty minutes that Ba was too stunned to command his company, he was progressively losing the capacity to control the individual vehicles. The dead and wounded vehicle commanders were replaced by less experienced men, and the morale of the crews began to crack.

The moment had come for American technology to fill the human gap. The M-113 with the flamethrower mounted on top in place of a .50-calibre churned forward, the long tube sticking out from the rotating turret like a cannon. "Hey, this is going to be it. This guy will just hose down that tree line and burn them out," Scanlon bragged to one of the helicopter pilots lying beside him behind the paddy-field dike. The flamethrower carrier drove up to within a hundred yards of the tree line, sufficiently close for the burning jet of jellied gasoline to reach the frightened men in the foxholes whose bullets were bouncing off this armored fire-spitter. The operator rotated the tube from side to side ominously and then focussed it straight ahead to begin roasting the guerrillas. He turned on the device. A spout of flame shot out for twenty to thirty yards and expired in the air. The crew had not mixed enough of the jelling agent with the gasoline to keep the jet of flame burning properly. "Oh God," Scanlon said. "The force and effect of a Zippo lighter." The pilot, who had been wounded in the arm, was philosophical. "It figures," he said. "Everything else went wrong, so what the hell."

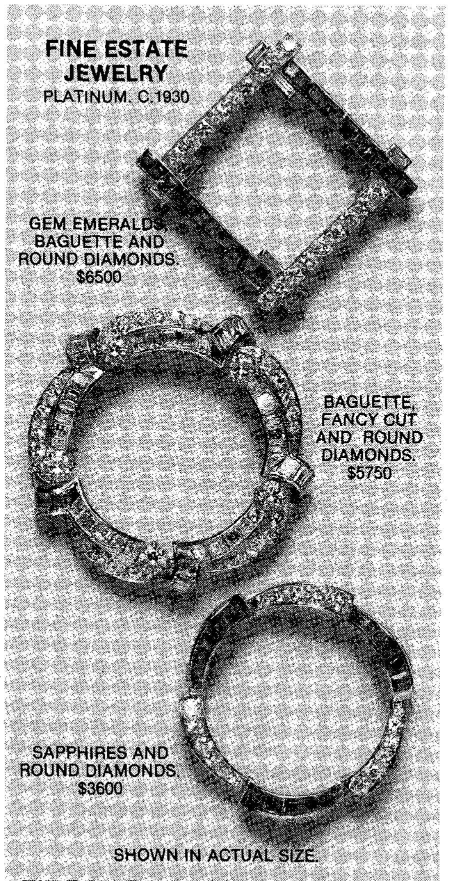
Vann was nearly out of his mind with frustration as he circled overhead in the spotter plane and watched the guerrillas shoot the gunners off the carriers, the machines back away one by one, and the flamethrower fail, too. It was the most maddening moment in this utterly maddening day. He was cursing Ba for not assembling all his M-113s for a simultaneous assault. He had been as surprised as everyone else by the refusal of the guerrillas to break and run from the armored carriers; what was unbearable was his inability to recoup from this unexpected setback. He wanted to tell Mays and his jackass of a counterpart that if the machine gunners were getting too much fire to expose themselves they should button up the hatches and charge into the tree line, dumping out the infantrymen to kill the guerrillas in the foxholes as soon as they ran up the dike. With Mays no longer responding to his calls over the field radio, Vann had no means of talking to him or Ba. The radios installed in the M-113s had different frequencies from the regular radios in the L-19s; that was why Vann and the advisers had been using portables.

The Vietcong in the foxholes could not afford to curse. They were battling now to avoid annihilation. Ba had finally recovered sufficiently from his concussion to pull seven or eight carriers together and begin a coördinated assault on the south front of the guerrillas' foxhole line. Still dazed from the blow, and shocked by the death of his first sergeant and by the fact that the guerrillas were standing and fighting, he could not think clearly enough to respond to Mays' repeated calls over the radio to flank around the south end. He was too stunned even to realize that he ought to force the four or five M-113s hanging back at the canal to come forward and bolster his attack. He could not think beyond making the frontal assault he had been most often taught was the thing to do. He instinctively rejected the tactic that Vann wanted him to take—buttoning up the hatches and charging into the tree line. Vann did not know that, as an armor officer, Ba had been taught, with good reason, never to attempt this tactic, intelligent though it would appear to an infantryman. The armor instructors at Saumur in France and at Fort Knox had warned him that only fools ran armored vehicles blindly into a woods. The enemy infantry could swarm all over the vehicles the moment they were in the trees, toss a grenade inside as soon as someone opened a hatch to get out, and shoot the men like rats popping out of holes in a box as they tried to climb free. Besides, it was obvious to Ba that there was water on the far side of the dike. If he charged up the near side, the vehicles would acquire enough momentum to run over the dike and plunge into the irrigation ditch. The water would rush in through the air-intake vents and flood the engines, and the carriers would be stuck at a crazy angle, unable to use their machine guns, with guerrillas all around them. The only solution that occurred to Ba, in his befuddled state, was to shoot his way into the tree line with the .50-calibres and the BARs and with what firepower the rifle squads could add by banging away over the armored sides; mount the dike carefully enough not to run across it into the irrigation ditch; and then roll up the guerrillas' foxhole line if they did not break once their perimeter had been breached.

The M-113s ground forward in a ragged line through the muck and water of the paddy field. The twenty minutes of confused individual actions and the loss of so many sergeants told in indecisiveness when resolve was needed most. Ba had difficulty coördinating the vehicles, and the crews showed their weakened morale. The assault was hesitant; the attackers were uncertain. The drivers would not stick their heads up anymore. They were all down inside, trying to steer by means of the bulletproof reflecting mirrors. The lack of practice and the limited vision made them go more slowly than they should have, and increased the exposure to the guerrillas' fire of the machine gunners and the infantrymen hammering away from on top with clip after clip of ammunition from their BARs and M-1 rifles. The unaccustomed handicap was also making it impossible for the drivers to keep the vehicles abreast of each other and thus bring the combined firepower of all seven or eight of them to bear at once. A couple of the substitute machine gunners would not stand up behind their weapons. They crouched in the hatch and fired the guns by sticking up their arms, and punished the clouds again.

Bowers' admiration for the soldierly stuff of his enemy was rising with each second. He was fascinated by the way the guerrillas were keeping their heads and fighting wisely as the squat dark-green brutes closed with them. They did not disperse their fire along the entire line of armored tracks. Instead, they focussed their weapons on whichever vehicle happened to be foremost. He watched the bullets dance off the hull when the two machine guns and the other weapons held an M-113 in a cross fire until they had killed or wounded the crewman manning the .50-calibre or hit a BAR gunner or a rifleman. When the casualty occurred, the driver would hesitate and stop. The Vietcong would then cease fire for a few moments to conserve ammunition or to shift their torrent of bullets to the next machine as it pushed to the forefront. "By God, you have to hand it to them," Bowers said to himself, "They are really hanging in there." The assault faltered. Some of the drivers began to back up. Even the aggressive Cho, in whose vehicle Mays was riding, let his crew pull away after the machine gunner was hit.

Ba's M-113 and one or two others kept pressing forward, despite casualties, and were within fifteen or twenty yards of the irrigation dike. Ba's mercenaries had not bargained for a fight like this, but some of them were brave enough once they were in the midst of it. The nerve of the guerrillas was



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cracking. In a few minutes, one of the ten-ton behemoths was going to climb the dike, and the guerrillas' will to resist would snap. The crew of every vehicle that had been beaten off would take heart and surge forward. The Vietcong officers and noncoms would not be able to shout down the panic. Their men would jump out of the foxholes and run, and the butchery would begin, as it had so often in the past.

Just then, a Vietcong squad leader named Dung leaped from his foxhole and stood up right in front of the metal beasts. Their ugliness contributed to the terrifying effect that these evil contrivances had always had on him and his comrades. The front ends angled down into broad snouts, with pop eyes on top where the two headlights for night driving protruded. Yanking a grenade from his belt, he pulled the pin, cocked his arm, and hurled it at one of the monsters. The grenade landed on top of the M-113 and erupted with a great bang and flash. Carried beyond their fear by his courage, the men of his squad abandoned the protection of their foxholes to join him, throwing their grenades at the carriers, too. A guerrilla over on the left named Son sprang up on the dike, and he shot a rifle grenade down the line at the M-113s. Bowers, lying out in the paddy field, saw two of the grenades burst in the air just above the carriers. Dung was apparently unhurt, but three of his comrades were killed and all the other members of his squad were wounded by bullets from the M-113s or by shrapnel from their own grenades. Whether the shrapnel also killed or wounded any of the men aboard the machines is unknown. It did not matter. The deafening clap and the flare of the exploding grenades were enough to shatter what spirit the crews had left. Ba allowed the driver of his M-113 to back up, and the one or two vehicles that had persevered with him followed. The assault had failed. Ba was too stunned and emotionally drained to organize another attack, and his crews were so demoralized they would not have obeyed him if he had tried. Mays made two last attempts with Cho's M-113 to turn the guerrillas' flank by killing their machine-gun crew on the south end. Both sorties were driven back, with the loss of two more: a gunner and a rifleman. It was about two-thirty in the afternoon. The Vietcong had accomplished the impossible.

General Cao flew to the division command post at Tan Hiep airstrip from his IV Corps headquarters in Can Tho at eleven-thirty that morning, right after hearing the news that four helicopters had been downed. He arrived alarmed at the publicity that would ensue from the helicopter losses, and as the radio brought in reports of more and more casualties he became increasingly distraught over what President Diem might do to him. Diem would hold Cao responsible, because Dam was Cao's man. Cao was furious with Vann and Dam for putting him in what was, from his point of view, the worst possible predicament: being forced to fight the Vietcong. When the information from Ba's company indicated that the machines were also failing to flush the guerrillas and give him easy killing, he began scheming to extricate himself from this battle and shift the blame for the losses.

Vann's first word of Cao's plan to rescue Cao came in a radio call from Colonel Daniel Boone Porter while Vann was still circling over Bac, watching the final sortie by Cho's carrier against the machine gun at the south corner. Dan Porter, who had been transferred to Can Tho in December to be Cao's adviser there, had flown to Tan Hiep with him that morning. He informed Vann in voice code that Cao had requested a battalion of paratroops from the Joint General Staff reserve in Saigon. Vann asked Porter to have Cao drop the paratroops in the rice fields and swampland on the east side of Tan Thoi and Bac. That was the one open flank that the guerrilla battalion commander could not retreat across during the day, but after dark it would become the logical escape route.

"Topper Six, I've already told him to do that, and he says he's going to employ them on the other side," Porter replied.

"I'll be right there, sir," Vann said, and he instructed the pilot to return to the airstrip as fast as possible. He knew instantly what Cao's game was. As Vann was to put it in his after-action report for Harkins, Cao intended to use the airborne battalion not to trap and annihilate the Vietcong but, rather, "as a show of force . . . in hopes that the VC units would disengage and the

“Let’s see a computer give you a haircut like this.”

unwanted battle would be over.”

Vann clambered out of the little plane and strode into the command-post tent. He told Cao that on this day he could not spend all this blood for nothing. He had to close the box around the guerrillas and destroy them. Porter supported him, both of them arguing that Cao had no alternative as a responsible commander.

“You have got to drop the airborne over there,” Vann said, poking his finger at the big operations map where it showed the open flank on the east side of the two hamlets. He became so angry and was jabbing so hard at the map that he almost toppled the easel on which it stood.

Cao would have none of this soldier’s logic. “It is not prudent; it is not prudent,” he kept replying. It was better, he said, to drop the paratroops on the west, behind the M-113s and the Civil Guards, where they could tie in with those other units. “We must reinforce,” he said.

Vann was later to sum up Cao’s logic with the tart remark “They chose to reinforce defeat.” He lost his temper one more time. “God damn it!” he shouted. “You want them to get away. You’re afraid to fight. You know they’ll sneak out this way, and that’s exactly what you want.”

Embarrassed at being driven into a corner, Cao pulled a huffy general’s act on Vann the lieutenant colonel. “I am the commanding general and it is my decision,” he said. Cao then attempted to mollify Vann by pretending to move up the drop time. “We will drop at sixteen hundred hours,” he said—4 P.M. civilian time.

Vann spent the rest of the afternoon asking when the paratroops were going to arrive, and attempting to persuade Cao and Dam and Tho to turn what was about to become the biggest defeat of the war so far into its biggest victory. They still had an opportunity to redeem the day. All they had to do was to pull the two Civil Guard battalions and Ba’s company together for a combined attack on Bac. Demoralized though Ba’s men were, they could have at least supported the Civil Guards with their .50-calibres, and the guerrillas could not have withstood the total force. Neither Cao nor Tho, the men in control, could see that the sensible and moral course was to press ahead and accept the further, and proportionately minor, casualties that would be necessary to give meaning to the sacrifice of those who had already been killed and maimed.

The second Civil Guard battalion had in fact arrived at Bac, in the midst of Ba’s attempt at an organized assault. The commanding officer was a young man, a competent lieutenant. He saw that he could come to Ba’s relief immediately by flanking around to the south and working in behind the guerrillas’ foxhole line, as the first battalion should have done. He radioed Tho for permission to attack, and, anticipating approval, positioned one of his companies forward to begin as soon as he had alerted Ba to his move. Tho ordered him to wait. As the afternoon wasted away after Ba was beaten and the guerrillas were being left undisturbed except for air and artillery bombardments, the lieutenant asked three more times for permission to attack. Each time, Tho ordered him to wait. Three men in the forward company were killed and two were wounded during the wait.

Whenever Vann radioed Ziegler to ask why the airborne battalion had not yet been dropped, and Ziegler inquired of Cao, Cao would look out the door of the tent at the sky and say, “They’re supposed to be here. Saigon is late.” He had actually arranged for the paratroops to be dropped at six o’clock, an hour and a half before darkness. He thought that this would be convenient—that they would just have enough time to regroup and set up a perimeter defense for the night, and no time to get into a fight. Cao was actually to convenience the Vietcong.

The paratroops began jumping at 6:05 P.M., from seven United States Air Force twin-engine transports—whale-shaped C-123 Providers. By monitoring the ARVN radio traffic, the guerrilla battalion commander had known for two hours that they were coming. The important piece of information he had been unable to obtain was the location of the designated drop zone.

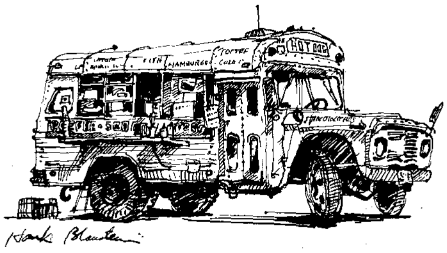
Either the flight leader of the American transport planes or the Vietnamese jumpmaster (the source of the mistake was never explained) committed the error that caused Cao to convenience the guerrilla battalion commander. The paratroops started leaping from the planes at the end of their drop zone instead of at the beginning. The mistake put them off by more than half a mile. Many of them landed in front of the Vietcong positions on the west and northwest sides of Tan Thoi rather than safely behind the Civil Guards and the M-113s at Bac, as Cao had planned. It was impossible for the paratroops to get organized in the thickening dusk while being shot at by an enemy close by. They were unable to do more than launch piecemeal attacks in small units before darkness put an end to the fighting. The guerrillas made short work of them, inflicting substantial casualties. Nineteen of the paratroops were killed and thirty-three wounded, including the two American advisers to the battalion, a captain and a sergeant.

To make certain that the guerrillas would withdraw during the night, Cao refused to permit a C-47 flare plane to drop its flares and illuminate the Vietcong's retreat route. Vann wanted to light up the rice fields and swamps all along the east flank of Tan Thoi and Bac, and to keep them under regular bombardment with five hundred rounds of artillery. Cao agreed to fire a hundred shells. He then ordered the batteries to shoot four shells per hour. His excuse for banning flares was that the paratroops did not want their night defensive positions revealed to the guerrillas.

THE "raggedy-ass little bastards" had obliged the Americans. The three hundred and fifty guerrillas had stood their ground and humbled a modern army four times their number which was equipped with armor and artillery and supported by helicopters and fighter-bombers. Their heaviest weapon was the little 60-mm. mortar, and it had proved useless to them. They suffered eighteen killed and thirty-nine wounded—light casualties, considering that the Americans and their Vietnamese protégés had subjected them to thousands of rifle and machine-gun bullets, the blast and shrapnel of six hundred artillery shells, and the napalm, bombs, and assorted other ordnance of thirteen warplanes and five Huey gunships. The Hueys alone expended eight thousand four hundred rounds of machine-gun fire and a hundred rockets on the tree lines at Bac. The guerrillas, with the weapons they held in their hands, killed or wounded roughly four of their enemies for every man they lost: about eighty of the Saigon forces were killed and well over a hundred wounded; three Americans were killed and eight wounded; and five helicopters were put out of action. The Vietcong managed to cause all this damage while conserving their bullets: from the first shots at the Civil Guards through the last fight with the paratroops, they fired about five thousand rounds of rifle and machine-gun ammunition.

I was one of three correspondents whom Vann drew off into the darkness at the edge of the Tan Hiep airstrip that night—out of the dim light cast from the headquarters tent by naked bulbs that hung inside on wires from a generator. Cao had been incapable of talking to us. I'd found him pacing to and fro in front of the tent, running both hands back over his hair again and again, in a kind of nervous crisis. When I walked up to him and asked a question, he stared at me for a moment and then said something incoherent and turned away.

Vann did not want Cao and Dam and the other ARVN officers to see him talking to us. He was frank, but that night he was still struggling to conceal the full measure of his anger from us, because of the consequences for the United States and the Saigon side if we published the worst details of this debacle. He spoke of how the guerrillas had stood and held their ground despite the assault of the M-113s and all the pounding and burning from the air and the artillery. He looked out across the darkness toward Bac as the token artillery fire sounded—muffled, as artillery always seems to sound on battlefields at night—and an occasional star shell from the batteries illuminated the sky despite Cao's ban on flares. "They were brave men," he said. "They gave a good account of themselves today."



AP BAC came at the most propitious moment for the purposes of Ho Chi Minh and his disciples. It was a drama ready-made—exactly the sort of event they needed to infuse the building of a Vietcong army with the patriotic emotion they had aroused and poured into the creation of the original Viet Minh during the war against the French. They turned the battle into the rallying cry of the revolution in the South. In March, posters professionally printed in color began to appear in the Delta extolling the victory and the fighters who had achieved it. The Hanoi Politburo had the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam, which it stage-managed from behind the scenes, announce the first three-month round of an "Ap Bac Emulation Drive." The drive was to continue for two years.

Ho and his followers were not alone in seizing on Ap Bac. The resident newsmen in South Vietnam seized on it too, because, feeling beleaguered by officialdom, we had been waiting for it emotionally. The contradiction between the press reporting of the war and the official version being propounded by General Harkins and Frederick Nolting, the American Ambassador, had produced an embittered confrontation.

The resident correspondents in Vietnam were questioning detail, not the substance of policy. We thought it our duty to report the truth of what was happening in order to help win the war, both by informing the public and by putting the facts before those in power so that they could make correct decisions. (Our ignorance and our American ideology kept us from discerning the larger truths of Vietnam beneath the surface reality. Professionally, we were fortunate in our ignorance. If any reporter had been sufficiently knowledgeable and open-minded to question the justice and good sense of United States intervention in those years, he would have been fired as a "subversive.") The confrontation had come about because what we saw and what we were told by the men we most respected and most closely identified with—the advisers in the field, like Vann—contradicted what we were told by higher authority.

Harkins and Nolting never ceased complaining about us, hoping that our editors would fire us and replace us with more coöperative types. They claimed that our articles were bizarre snapshots, which did not reflect the wider reality of the war—a claim they said they could prove with "the big picture" they were able to assemble from the information flowing to them from a multitude of sources. Ap Bac discredited the "big picture" Harkins and Nolting were projecting. Ap Bac also propelled John Vann down a course toward which he had gradually been heading. He set out to convince the military and political leadership in Washington that the only way the United States could avoid being beaten in Vietnam was to change its strategy drastically and coerce the Saigon side into accepting direction from him and the other American officers in the field. Harkins was unwittingly preparing a catastrophe for the American enterprise in South Vietnam and for those Vietnamese who had thrown in their lot with the United States, and Vann saw the elements of that catastrophe with more clarity than anyone else in Vietnam at the time and was determined to do everything he could to prevent it. His undertaking was an ambitious one for a lieutenant colonel. He did not realize when he began it how ambitious it was, because he took each step as events confronted him. In order to change policy and to win his war, he was prepared to break the rules the Army had conditioned him to obey. The first indication that he was ready to kick over the traces came on the morning after the battle, when he abandoned any attempt to conceal from some of us reporters the extent of the debacle and his anger over it.

When Vann, out of his anger and a shared interest, then tacitly offered an alliance, we entered into it eagerly. In his urgency to alert authority and prevent the catastrophe, he made up his mind to reach over Harkins' head by influencing the reporters to speak with his voice.

Other American advisers and some Vietnamese on the Saigon side also taught us important lessons about the war, and we learned much from our own observations. But Vann taught us the most, and one can truly say that without him our reporting would not have been the same. He gave us an expertise we lacked, a certitude that brought a qualitative change in what we wrote. He enabled us to attack the official optimism with gradually but steadily increasing thoroughness. Essentially, he transformed us into a band of reporters propounding the John Vann view of the war.

Vann was a natural teacher. He enjoyed the role. Indeed, he found it difficult not to impart something he had learned when he knew we were interested in the subject. He had already been providing us with an education in "the essentials of guerrilla war," as David Halberstam—a young New York *Times* reporter whom Vann befriended—called our early lessons in his 1965 book, "The Making of a Quagmire." One of Vann's most famous maxims, often quoted down the years, came from those first lessons: "This is a political war, and it calls for discrimination in killing. The best weapon for killing would be a knife, but I'm afraid we can't do it that way. The worst is an airplane. The next worst is artillery. Barring a knife, the best is a rifle—you know who you're killing."

Reporters were struck by the remarkable promise of Vann's career and by how recklessly he was disregarding that promise. At thirty-eight, he was relatively young for his rank and his position as senior adviser to one of the nine divisions, and with his flair for leading men in war he stood out as the obvious star among his peers. This was a man who would go far in the Army. David Halberstam wrote in an *Esquire* article in the fall of 1964, "Vann was . . . clearly on his way to a colonelcy, and with a very good chance for promotion to a general['s] star . . . clearly a man about to take off in his career, one of those men who reaches his mid-thirties and then begins to pull away from many of his contemporaries." Vann, who seemed to have more to lose than any of his peers, was alone among them in being heedless of the professional consequences of his recklessness.

Not long after Ap Bac, it became common knowledge that Vann was the principal source of the harsher press criticism of official strategy. In order to bluff Harkins out of taking formal action against him, he resorted to loud denials that he was leaking informa-

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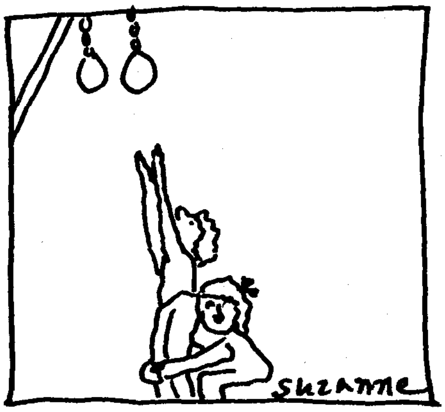
tion. We also attempted to shelter him as best we could by quoting him without attribution. Otherwise, Vann did not attempt to hide his game. Instead of avoiding contact with Halberstam and the other resident correspondents as the level of irritation rose at Harkins' headquarters, he made himself and his subordinates more available to us than ever. He did nothing to protect himself against the informal and effective means of revenge that powerful men like Harkins can exact against lesser beings who cross them in an institution like the Army. Despite the value of what Vann was doing, Halberstam began to feel guilty over the probable career consequences for him. He urged Vann to be more circumspect. Vann told him not to worry, and to keep coming down for briefings. Vann would give each of us an identical answer when we cautioned him. He seemed to want a confrontation with Harkins. Halberstam could think of no explanation for Vann's recklessness other than moral heroism. The rest of us reached the same conclusion. We decided he was deliberately sacrificing his career in order to alert the nation to the danger of defeat in this war.

WHEN his one-year tour of duty in Vietnam was completed, in April, 1963, Vann was transferred to the Directorate of Special Warfare, at the Pentagon. He looked up the "debriefing officer" responsible for interviewing returned advisers for a "Lessons Learned" program on Vietnam. Vann said that he wanted to be debriefed. The officer replied that "at Saigon's wish" he was not going to be interviewed. Vann had been expecting that response and began to give briefings on his own. He started out by just talking to fellow-officers in the Directorate and showing them copies of his reports from the field, including a long and impressively detailed account of Ap Bac, to substantiate his arguments. He gradually worked his way up through the Army hierarchy, his conversations formalized into briefings for senior officers and their staffs, complete with statistical charts and maps cast on a screen with a slide projector, and anecdotes of his experiences in Vietnam, for authenticity and a human touch.

The result was that two of the Army's senior generals arranged for Vann to brief the Joint Chiefs of Staff on July 8, 1963. He prepared a twelve-page narrative, with charts and maps that showed how the Vietcong were winning the war, but he did not plan to conclude his briefing with a dirge. He knew that this would not help him with these generals, and, in any case, he did not feel that way. There was still time to win if corrective action was taken. If policy was changed and the Saigon side was forced to accept American advice, it would be possible to "break the back of the Vietcong military forces" in the northern Delta "within six months." The complete pacification of the region would take years, but a war effort that exploited the full potential of the Saigon side and a hard-fought six-month campaign could reduce "the military capability of the Vietcong . . . to platoon size harassments by local guerrillas." About three hours before Vann was to brief, his text was called to the attention of General Maxwell Taylor, then Chairman of the J.C.S. and the patron Harkins had acquired after the death of George Patton, his Second World War benefactor. Taylor had Vann's briefing cancelled.

On August 15, 1963—a little over five weeks later—an updated version of Vann's view of the war appeared on the front page of the *Times* under Halberstam's byline. Halberstam did not dare state flatly that the Vietcong were winning the war. None of the resident correspondents yet dared write as boldly as that. He knew that his editors in New York were already nervous about his reporting. A straightforward assertion that the Vietcong were winning would make them more nervous, and they would say that it was subjective and refuse to print it. He therefore arranged the facts to make the statement for him. The headline writer saw the point and set it over the story: "VIETNAMESE REDS GAIN IN KEY AREA." Halberstam's dispatch began, "South Vietnam's military situation in the vital Mekong Delta has deteriorated in the last year, and informed officials are warning of ominous signs." He piled fact upon fact to describe the Communist buildup, and quoted an "expert source" as warning that the Hanoi leadership was building toward a strategy of "fast, hard-hitting mobile warfare" to overwhelm the ARVN.



Within a year and four months, Vann's view of the war proved prophetic. To try to rescue its venture in Vietnam, the United States encouraged the overthrow of Ngo Dinh Diem in November of 1963. Diem and his brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, were assassinated during the coup d'état. It was too late to avert the catastrophe that Vann had feared, and the military juntas that followed the Ngo Dinhs in Saigon were also inept governments. On December 9, 1964, an unprecedented ambush occurred on a road in the rubber-plantation country forty miles east of Saigon. An entire company of fourteen M-113s was destroyed, all the armored personnel carriers smashed into hulks by 57-mm. and 75-mm. recoilless cannons. An L-19 and two of the Huey gunships that came to their assistance were shot down. The hammers of big new Vietcong battalions began to break the ARVN into pieces.

Only the intervention of the regular armed forces of the United States could now prevent the collapse of the Saigon regime and the unification of Vietnam by Hanoi. The alternative that Vann had been convinced was not an alternative—a big American air and ground war in Vietnam—had become inevitable. Ziegler remembered what Vann used to say when the subject came up of bringing the United States Army and Marine Corps out to take over the war. It would be the worst possible move, Vann said. They had to find a way to make the ARVN fight, he explained, because waging the war with a Vietnamese army was the only course that made sense. The Vietcong were so closely intermingled with the peasantry that the Saigon troops had difficulty distinguishing friend from foe. Think, Vann said, how much more difficult it would be for Americans. The American soldiers would soon start to see the whole rural population as the enemy. The Army and the Marine Corps would create a bloody morass, and they and the Vietnamese peasantry would sink into it. "We'd end up shooting at everything—men, women, kids, and the buffalos," Vann said.

HALBERSTAM and I, along with Vann's Army friends, received a letter from him in July of 1963 saying that he was going to retire at the end of the month to accept a job as an executive with the Aerospace Division of Martin-Marietta, in Denver. He said that the Army personnel officers refused to give him the troop-command assignment he was entitled to, and that he could not face the three or four years of elevated clerkdom they insisted he would have to accept instead, in a logistics job at the Pentagon. He wrote us a capsule account of his campaign at the Pentagon, and of the cancellation of his briefing for the Joint Chiefs three hours before he was to give it. We all assumed that he was retiring in disgust after being refused a hearing before the Joint Chiefs and so that he could gain the freedom to speak out about the war in public. After he left the Army, he confirmed our assumption in press interviews by saying that this had been the real reason for his retirement.

Vann's moral heroism became the core of his legend. An account of the cancellation of the briefing appeared at the end of September, 1963, two months after he retired, in a long front-page article, with a photograph of Vann and Cao, in the New York *Journal-American*. Vann had provided the details and the photograph to an editor of the paper who had heard rumors about the incident and had telephoned him in Denver. Halberstam, whose reporting was vindicated by a Pulitzer Prize after his return to the United States in December, 1963, brought Vann's legend to life by putting it into print prominently, first with his *Esquire* article, in November, 1964, and then with "The Making of a Quagmire." When Halberstam flew out to Denver in the spring of 1964 to interview him for the book, Vann recounted his crusade at the Pentagon, with details of how the briefing had been aborted. He said that he could not bear to stay in the Army after that disappointment. The dénouement was the perfect, high-drama ending to the epic of Lieutenant Colonel John Paul Vann, the officer of surpassing career promise who had renounced a general's stars to alert the nation to the truth about the war in Vietnam because he was also a man of surpassing moral courage.

Vann emerged as the one authentic hero of this shameful period. The heroism stayed with him—the heroism of John Vann the David who had stood up to the Goliath of lies and institutional corruption. It was stressed in subsequent articles written about him. It was cited in 1969 when Secretary of State William Rogers presented him with an award from the Association of the Foreign Service for "extraordinary accomplishment, involving creativity, intellectual courage, and integrity." If you asked a friend of Vann's why Vann had left the Army, you would be told that he had resigned in protest. The memory of the moral heroism was the foundation of the reputation he gained in later years in Vietnam—a reputation for candor, and for a willingness to grasp the nettles of fact however much they hurt. Even though he always drew back from condemning the war itself, this reputation for truth-telling lent a cachet of credibility to what he had to say about the war for those who might differ with him on the fundamental issue of whether the United States ought to be waging war in Vietnam at all. He was a man who had given up what he loved most, the Army, rather than be a party to lies and delusions.

The story wasn't true: he had not renounced his career and retired in protest in order to warn the country of impending defeat. Yes, he had moral courage; he had defied Harkins, fought to gain acceptance of the truth at the Pentagon, and had his briefing for the Joint Chiefs cancelled just as he was within reach of the hearing he wanted. But these were not the reasons he left the Army. He lied to Halberstam and manipulated him, employing the same natural talent he had used on Cao. He had deceived everyone in Vietnam. All that time, he knew he had no career to ruin and no stars to throw away. He had known before he went to Vietnam, in March, 1962, that he would retire after he came home.

He had left the Army because of an act in his past that he knew would bar him forever from promotion to general. There was a duality in the man—a duality of professional honesty, which was rigorous and incorruptible, and personal compulsions and deceits, which could not bear the light. Two years before he arrived in Saigon, he

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had nearly been court-martialled. By maneuvering with cunning, he had managed to get the charges against him dismissed. A promotion board would have access to his entire record, including a file with his name on it which was preserved permanently by the criminal-investigation division of the Military Police and a copy of the pre-court-martial proceedings which might still exist in the records of the Office of the Judge Advocate General. Before going to Vietnam, he had tried and failed to obtain those records and destroy them. As it happens, the system through which the Army maintained an officer's personnel record had permitted him to hide the incident from everyone in Vietnam. There was much else about his life that he had kept hidden. —NEIL SHEEHAN

(This is the second part of a four-part article.)

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE MAILING LIST SCENE

[*Two communications received on the same day by a firm in Cleveland*]

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Cleveland, OH 44121

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

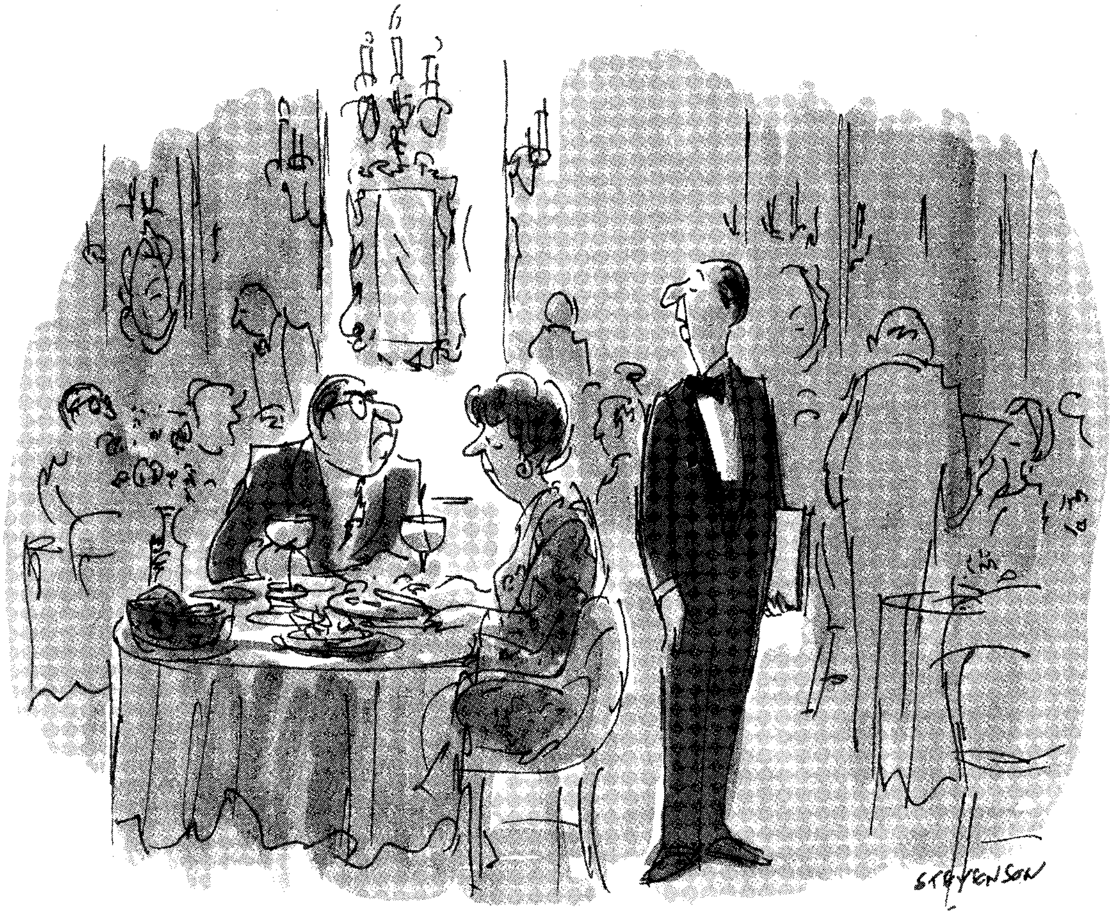
Sunshine

NAMED for the chewing tobacco, the romantic comedy "Bull Durham" has the kind of dizzying off-center literacy that Preston Sturges' pictures had. It's a satirical celebration of our native jauntiness and wit; it takes us into a subculture that's like a bawdy adjunct of childhood—minor-league baseball. Everybody in it is a comic character, and uses a pop lingo that you tune into without any trouble, though you can't quite believe the turns of phrase you're hearing. You're thrown just enough to do a double take, and recover in time to do another.

As the catcher Crash Davis, who has been playing for twelve years and no longer stands a chance of making it to the majors, Kevin Costner comes through with his first wide-awake, star performance. He keeps you on his side from his very first scene. Crash arrives in Durham, North Carolina, to join the Durham Bulls and gets pretty sore when he's told that he's been brought in to train a wild young rookie pitcher, Ebby (Nuke) LaLoosh (Tim Robbins), who is destined to move up. Crash gets thoroughly disgusted when he sees the woman he's attracted to—the baseball fanatic Annie Savoy (Susan Sarandon)—take this raw kid Nuke on for the season as her lover, the player she'll educate in bed and on the field. Crash is stranded—an old-timer in his early thirties—but there's no pathos in the role. As Costner plays the part, he's hyper-articulate, smart, and cocky. Costner lets you see that Crash is lonely, but he underplays the loneliness; it's just a tone blended in with his other tones. And Annie is no ordinary sports fan. She's a high priestess of baseball who has her own scorecard: "There's never been a ballplayer slept with me who didn't have the best year of his career."

Crash and Annie supply wisecracking wit. Nuke, a six-foot-four-inch pixie with a hopeful, dimpled grin, supplies physical slapstick, twisting himself into curlicues on the field and off. Tim Robbins plays him as an eager young goat, undisciplined, ignorant, and somehow likable—something decent shines through. We follow what happens to each of the three and how they affect each other, and the plot is satisfyingly worked out. But what you keep reacting to is the film's exuberant doodles—its baroque folk humor, and its visual details, like the baseball card that Annie uses as a bookmark. The writer-director Ron Shelton did something similar in his script for Roger Spottiswoode's 1986 film "The Best of Times," and his dialogue for Spottiswoode's earlier "Under Fire" had real verve. He also worked as second-unit director on both those films, and here, directing his first feature, he's a yarn spinner drawing upon his youth as an infielder in the Baltimore Orioles farm system. He's the director as master of the revels, and he gives the scenes a syncopated yet relaxing texture. It isn't merely that this is a baseball movie without the clichés of baseball movies. (Nothing hinges on a big win or a big loss.) It's a movie that doesn't go at the same tempos as other directors' movies; it has its own nonchalant rhythms, and most of the lines sound as if the wiseacre characters had just flashed on them.

Annie is no little snookums; she's a beautiful, passionate woman with a few years' wear on her. There's no question but that in the movie's terms what she has learned has made her more desirable. And baby-faced Nuke is more than a dumb palooka; Annie is right when she says that he's just inexperienced. Learning has a value in this movie—in both sex and baseball. But learning doesn't cover all contingencies. When Annie and Crash make



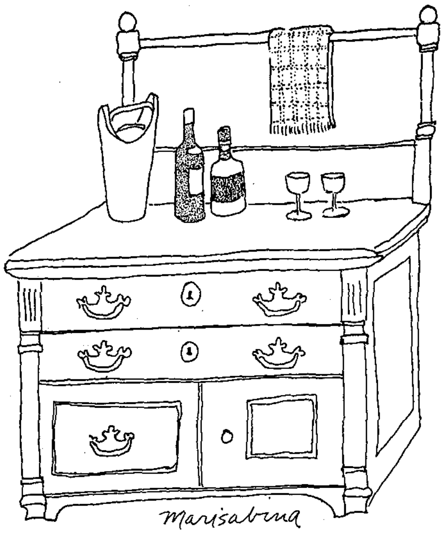
"When you asked for my recommendations, sir, you may recall that the rognons de veau was not among them."

overtures to each other, they don't always say the right words; somebody gets contentious, tempers flare up. This is a movie in which you can't predict the outcome of a scene. Cool as Crash is, he can be a smart-aleck, and he can be ornery or surly. He picks a fight with an umpire in the middle of a game and whips himself up into a goofy frenzy; he goads the guy until he gets thrown off the field. (It's Costner's best scene: he's as berserkly ironic as Jack Nicholson is at some of his peaks.) Trey Wilson (he was the father of the quints in "Raising Arizona") is the crusty team manager, and Robert Wuhl is the squinty-eyed coach who squirts out floods of tobacco juice. William O'Leary is Jimmy, the virginal locker-room evangelist who holds chapel services each day before batting practice; Jenny Robertson is Millie, the blonde he marries on the mound. And the team is made up of a prime collection of actor-comedians, many of whom spent years in semi-pro and pro baseball; they're like crazed kids. The emblem of their game is Max Patkin, a clown in his late sixties who performs in the stadium, dancing to "Rock Around the Clock," jiggling and flapping like a rooster, and mocking the players. Like all the other clowns here, he's in love with baseball and its myths.

Just about everything here is sunny; the movie warms you. Even the sepia photographs of Willie Mays and Babe Ruth and Fernando Valenzuela that you see under the titles are both rowdy and reverent, and that's the film's tone. Oh, there are small infelicities: Crash's big speech about what he believes in comes out as rehearsed, off-key posturing; and there are little foot-dragging letdowns in the timing. But the music is nifty: it ranges from "Baseball Boogie" and "I Idolize You" to Annie's choice of erotic background music —Piaf's "La Vie en Rose" and "Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien." And Sarandon's Annie is a wonder. She lopes along in her primped-up neo-fifties outfits, and she looks miffed when she has no one to sleep with. She's both a small-town cartoon of sexual magic and the real thing. Sarandon was a gawky beauty when she first appeared onscreen, in 1970, as Peter Boyle's daughter in "Joe," and she went through years of synthetic, speeded-up line readings before her quick delivery turned into a comedy style, in pictures such as "Atlantic City," "Tempest," "Compromising Positions," and "The Witches of Eastwick." Like Lesley Ann Warren, whom she resembles, she has become a glamorous, ripening presence. When Annie talks about having prayed to "Buddha, Allah, Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva, trees, mushrooms, and Isadora Duncan" before she found her faith in baseball, her huge dark eyes suggest that she has been burning incense for thousands of years.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD boy wishes he were big and is magically given the body of a man in his thirties. "Big," which stars Tom Hanks, is a formula fantasy movie that has been directed very tactfully, very gently, by Penny Marshall; she sleepwalks you through from start to finish. Hanks gets by with his little-boy act; he doesn't hit any wrong notes, and he doesn't make you want to hide your face. You feel his essential boyishness all the time. Of course, you feel the kid in just about all of Hanks's roles, though generally it's a wiseguy adolescent. I prefer him that way. As a child, he's too predictably "spontaneous." Everything in the movie—it was written by Gary Ross and Anne Spielberg —has a tepid inevitability. The child finds a job with a toy company and is a whopping success, because he understands what kids want. He meets a workaholic executive (Elizabeth Perkins), and this little-boy-in-a-man's-body awakens the child in her. Softened, her neurosis dissolving, she falls in love with him—with his playful, unaggressive niceness. And she initiates him sexually on his thirteenth birthday (not knowing that it's his initiation or that he's thirteen).

Hanks has a neat, flaky moment when the high-powered cutie asks him if he likes her and he rolls his naughty eyes to heaven. He also has a fresh comic scene in a bank when he and his thirteen-year-old perfect pal (Jared Rushton), the only one who knows his secret, confer about how he wants his first paycheck cashed—what denomination bills. The skillful Rushton gives Hanks someone to bounce off in other likable moments. (Alone, Hanks is bland.) Elizabeth Perkins is a slyly sexy comedienne: she lets you read the glints in her eyes and the tiniest tightening of her mouth. (Her double takes are miniatures.) And, as the head of the toy company and a perfect boss, Robert Loggia gives Hanks solid support in a scene at F. A. O. Schwarz where they play a duet ("Heart and Soul") by dancing on a giant piano keyboard, and then get sillier and do chopsticks. But even as you smile you may be groaning inwardly, because "Big" is dedicated to awakening the child in all of us.



Of course, the Hanks character isn't ready to function as an adult; he wants to go back. The movie wants to go back, too. It's nostalgic for childhood, for suburbia, for innocent fun. And it makes people in the audience feel that they're really kids who have got lost in the dirty big world. (It isn't about kids wanting to be big; it's about grownups feeling little.) In its wholesome way, "Big" is selling the slick wonders of immaturity. It turns prepubescence into a dream state.

IN 1938, when I was a student at Berkeley, I laughed so hard at Harry Ritz playing a hillbilly in "Kentucky Moonshine" that I fell off the theatre seat. (My date said he would take me to anything else but never to another movie. He became a judge.) I think I might have fallen off my seat again at "Big Business" when Bette Midler appeared as a hillbilly girl in a frilly short skirt and petticoats, milking a cow and yodelling, if the damn-fool moviemakers hadn't cut away in the middle of her song. Later in the movie, after Midler has come to New York City, she encounters a steel-drum band near Fifth Avenue and, ecstatic, begins to yodel again. Once more, the moviemakers cut to some stupid story point. Midler is far more free and inspired here than she was in "Outrageous Fortune" or "Ruthless People." Every time she enters, she blows everything else away. But she has to do it in quick takes.

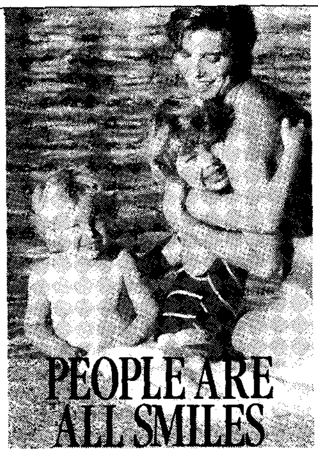
The movie is an elaboration of the intricate old farce about two sets of identical twins accidentally mismatched at birth; it comes to us from Plautus via "The Comedy of Errors" and from there to the thirties musical "The Boys from Syracuse" and on to the 1970 spoof of swashbucklers, "Start the Revolution Without Me," with Gene Wilder and Donald Sutherland as mismatched pairs of peasants and aristocrats in eighteenth-century France. This time, it's Midler and Lily Tomlin as Sadie and Rose Ratliff, who live in a backwoods Southern town with one factory, which is about to be shut down by the heartless conglomerate Moramax. The Ratliffs go up north to New York City to protest to Moramax's stockholders and are mistaken for Sadie and Rose Shelton, who control the outfit. The four women and their various courtiers, flunkies, and love objects wind up spending the weekend at the Plaza Hotel. (Actually, it's a more spacious, vacuously glamorized Plaza—most of the interiors were constructed at the Disney Studios, in Burbank.)

The writers (Dori Pierson and Marc Rubel are credited) had a plan: Midler's hick Sadie Ratliff and Tomlin's rich Rose Shelton, who were raised by the wrong parents, feel out of place and fantasize about the life they feel they belong in. Hick Sadie longs to buy expensive clothes and throw money around; rich Rose, a bleeding-heart do-gooder, takes in stray animals and yearns for country living. And the costumer had a smart notion: Midler's two Sadies are drawn to the same styles in clothing, and Tomlin's two Roses are partial to pink. All sorts of good ideas float around in this movie, but the director, Jim Abrahams (he was a member of the trio that directed "Airplane!," "Top Secret!," and "Ruthless People"), doesn't have the knack of making the details click into place. Tomlin doesn't thrive. She keeps trying out things that don't add up to much; the effect is a bit dithering. And Abrahams shows no affection for the rural life that Rose Ratliff is trying to protect, or for Tomlin's acting style, which has its roots in that life. You're aware of an awful lot of mistaken-identity plot and aware of how imprecise most of it is. (The big stockholders' meeting is a complete muck-up.) Yet the picture moves along, spattering the air with throwaway gags, and a minute after something misfires you're laughing out loud.

Fred Ward, who plays hick Rose's down-home suitor (and comes on to rich Rose), manages to be both the essence of rube and a forthright, attractive fellow. Serenely unself-conscious, he takes over as the film's hero. And Midler breezes through, kicking one gong after another. Tomlin's two Roses have virtuous impulses, while Midler—as both Sadies—is pure appetite. Sadie Ratliff is the most recognizably human of comic creations—a supplicant abasing herself before the world's goodies. She watches "Dynasty" over and over, and dreams of being Alexis; her eyes dance when she looks in Cartier's windows. Midler, who wrote a children's book about a little girl whose first word is "More!," makes Sadie Ratliff's hankering for luxuries palpable—it's her soul's need. Midler plays this scruffy Sadie as a warmhearted chickabiddy, and she plays rich Sadie as a lusty shrew who has developed a taste for power. (Maybe it's only in a twins story that a performer gets the chance to be both sweetly money-hungry and monstrously money-hungry.)

Midler rescues scenes by using her clothes as props: when Sadie the mogul of Moramax flips up her collar, the gesture bespeaks perfect self-satisfaction. (Chaplin did this sort of thing, and he didn't do it better.) And her snooty asides are terrific: this gorgon keeps her best lines to herself. The film often looks third class, and the plot keeps conking out, but its climax—when the two sets of twins finally confront each other—is a visual brain-twister. (It's derived from "Duck Soup" and goes back to Max Linder, but it has its own kick.) And Midler is a classic figure—a grinning urchin out of "Volpone." Her appetite is the audience's appetite. It's as if she and we were passing a flask of euphoria back and forth. More! —PAULINE KAEL

EDITORS' NOTE: Miss Kael is going on vacation. While she's away, Terrence Rafferty will be filling in for her.



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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

A LEAN CUISINE

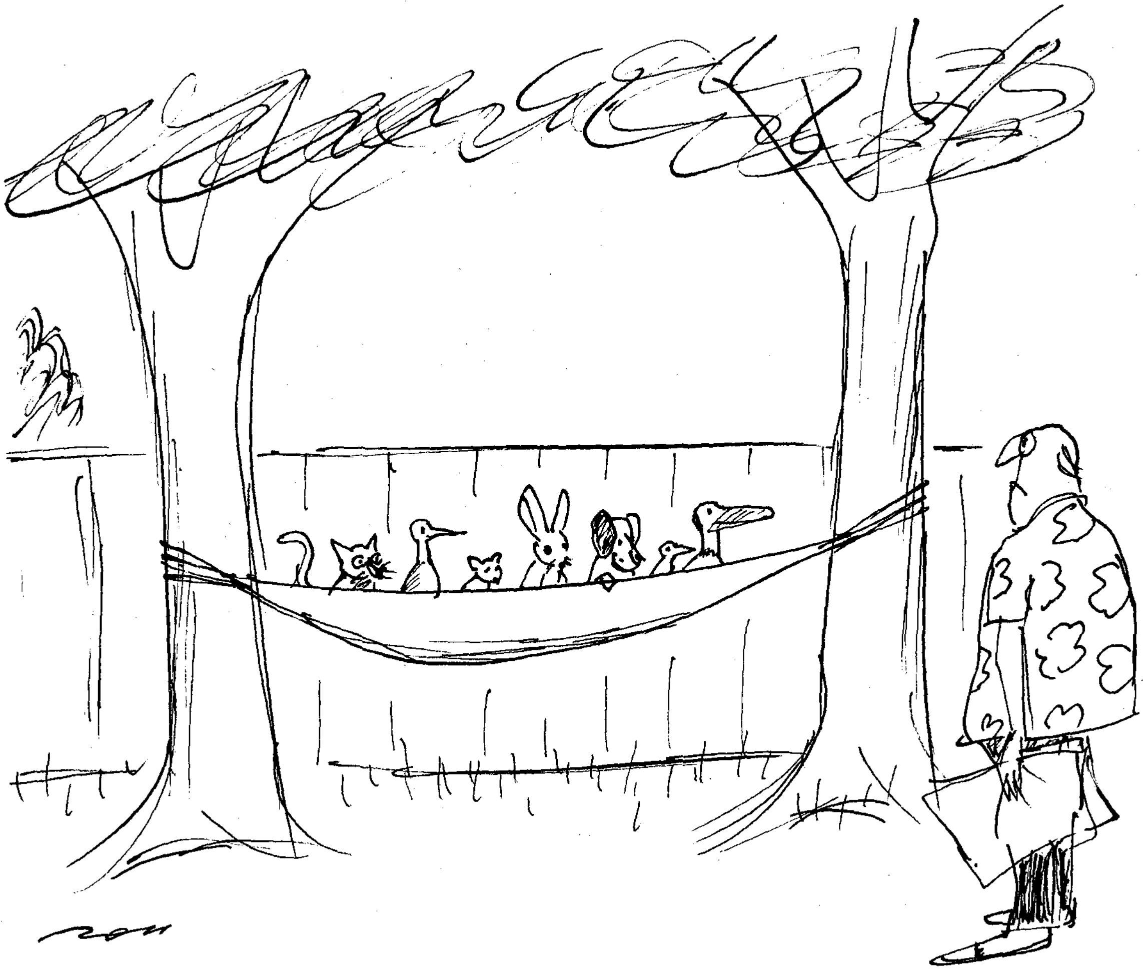
ONE cold March morning in 1985, Dr. J. Michael McMillin, professor of medicine and head of the Division of Endocrinology at the University of South Dakota School of Medicine and associate chief of staff for research and development at the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Sioux Falls, was walking along a corridor in Sioux Valley Hospital there when he was hailed and stopped by a colleague named James Felker. Dr. Felker was a Sioux Falls internist with a practice that extended throughout the surrounding countryside, and Dr. McMillin knew him to be something of a diagnostic perfectionist.

"Mike," Dr. Felker said. "I've got a little diagnostic problem. What do you know about thyroiditis?"

"What do you want to know?" Dr. McMillin said.

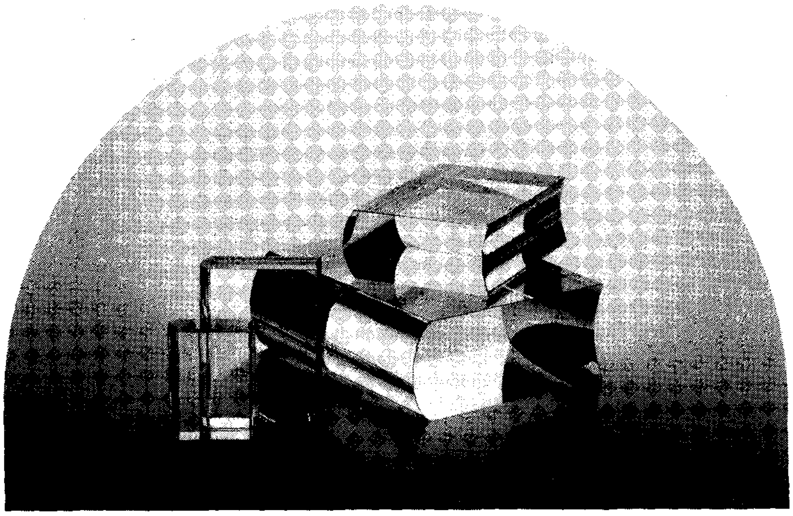
That was a reasonable response. Thyroiditis, as its name suggests, is an inflammation of the thyroid gland. The thyroid, which is common to all mammals, shares membership with the parathyroid, the pituitary, the adrenals, the pancreas, and the gonads in the masterly hormonal manufactory known as the endocrine system, and is situated astride the throat, just below the Adam's apple. Thyroid disease, in general, reflects either an inadequate production of the thyroid hormones (two amino acids that contain iodine) or an excessive supply of them. The former condition is called hypothyroidism. The latter is called hyperthyroidism or, more descriptively, thyrotoxicosis. The usual cause of thyrotoxicosis is a derangement of the body's immune system, producing antibodies that stimulate the thyroid to an excessive hormonal output. This is the condition more familiarly known—in commemoration of the Irish clinician Robert James Graves (1796-1853), who drew a full-length portrait of it—as Graves' disease. There are, however, other avenues by which the body can be oversupplied with the thyroid hormones. One of these is by direct ingestion. Many health stores, for example, offer their credulous clientele a thyroid preparation as a bracing dietary supplement. Another, and more common, cause of thyrotoxicosis is an inflammation of the thyroid gland, which forces a leaking into the bloodstream of a quantity of hormone normally held in storage. Thyrotoxicosis, whatever its origin, is marked by a panoply of discordant signs and symptoms that include restlessness, irritability, weight loss, increased appetite, rapid heartbeat, a pronounced sensitivity to heat, shortness of breath, and, occasionally, pain or tenderness in the area of the thyroid gland.

Dr. Felker's response to Dr. McMillin's question was also reasonable enough. He said he had a patient over in Valley Springs who clearly was suffering from thyrotoxicosis. Valley Springs is a farming hamlet (pop. 801) ten miles east of Sioux Falls and less than a mile from the Minnesota border. As a matter of fact, the patient was the Valley Springs postmaster, Richard Jacobson. The diagnosis of thyrotoxicosis derived from the presence in his blood of high levels of thyroid hormone. But it was a thyrotoxicosis that confounded Dr. Felker's understanding of the disease. For one thing, the standard evaluation of thyroid function (a test involving a small dose of radioactive iodine and surveillance by Geiger counter) showed that Jacobson's thyroid wasn't overexerting itself—it was, in fact, underactive. The other thing that puzzled him was that Jacobson insisted that he had no pain in the area of his thyroid. It wasn't even tender.



"I could understand Jim's confusion," Dr. McMillin told me during a talk we had not long ago in his big, cluttered, librarylike office at the Center. He is a tall man, sandy-haired and nearing fifty, with a narrow, searing blue-eyed gaze, a quick and easy smile, and a way of accompanying every remark with an illustrative gesture or grimace. He ducked his head now in an expression of concern. "The thyroid is a very complex organ. But I'm an endocrinologist and I know some of its secrets. The thyroiditis that Jim seemed to have in mind is called subacute. The inflammation is thought to be the result of a viral infection, and the disturbance to the gland is temporary. As the infection clears, the preformed hormone is gradually excreted in the urine, and the condition reverses itself. Then there is an insufficiency of hormone in the blood. This alerts the pituitary, which governs thyroid activity, and the production of hormone is resumed on a normal basis. It was my feeling that Jacobson's lack of pain or tenderness didn't mean a whole lot. Some people have a high threshold of pain. And many men tend to be stoic. They won't admit to pain. But, as I told Jim, there is another type of thyroiditis that we are only beginning to recognize, called silent thyroiditis, in which there really is no pain. And it, too, is self-limiting. I advised Jim to treat Jacobson with an anti-inflammatory, like aspirin, and perhaps a beta blocker to quiet his heart, and let time and nature do the rest. Then I went about my business. Jacobson dropped out of my mind.

"A couple of months went by. Then, in late May, I happened to run into Jim Felker again. He said something like 'Remember that guy with thyroiditis I told you about? Well, he isn't any better. In fact, he's worse.' He went on to say that he was admitting him to McKennan Hospital, another hospital in our system, and would I go over and see him? Which I did. I went over the next day, May 30th. Jacobson looked sick, all right. His face was flushed, he had a very rapid heartbeat and very rapid reflexes, and he had a fine tremor. He said he had lost some weight, and he was diarrheic and just generally felt weak. I felt his thyroid. It wasn't enlarged—if anything, it was rather small—and he still insisted that it wasn't tender. He told me that he had been more or less sick ever since Febru-



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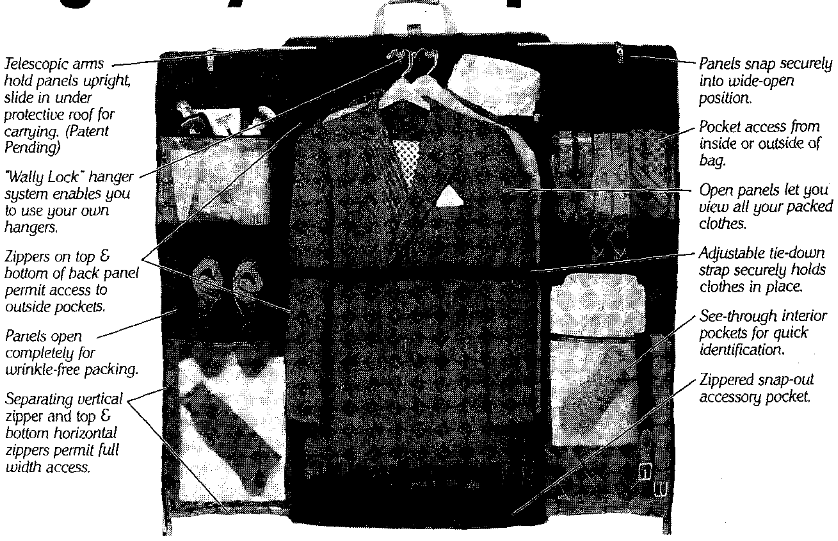
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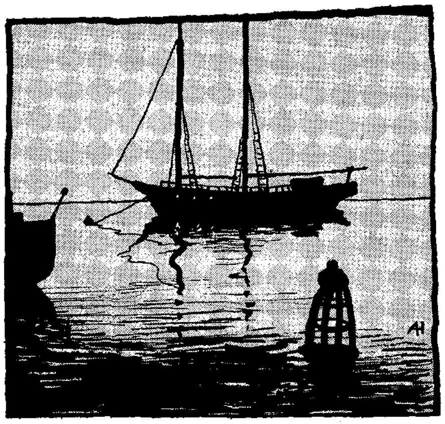
ary. His symptoms seemed to come and go. I began to share Jim's puzzlement. I began to think this was one of those health-food cases. But he didn't really seem to be that sort of psychoneurotic type. I couldn't see him eating kelp or any other iodine-rich substance. And he denied that he had—although that meant nothing. I made arrangements for some further laboratory tests, and suggested to Jim that he discharge him pending the test results. We might know better then."

DR. MCMILLIN is an active member of the American Diabetes Association, and a few days after his visit with Jacobson he travelled to Baltimore for the Association's annual meeting. It was a ten-day conference, but he cut his stay short to cover for one of his fellow-endocrinologists, who wanted to attend the second half of the meeting. He returned home at the end of the first week in June. In the accumulation of messages awaiting him in his office was one from Richard Jacobson, in Valley Springs. Dr. McMillin returned his call. Jacobson thanked him, and reported that he wasn't feeling much better or much worse, but the reason for his call was something else. He had a question. He said, "Doc, can you tell me why there are four other people in this little town who have the same trouble I have?"

"That was interesting," Dr. McMillin told me, "but I wasn't too impressed. People are always calling to tell about a cluster of some disease or other. It usually turns out that there is a confusion of diagnoses. Besides, I told Jacobson, thyrotoxicosis isn't a disease that occurs in epidemic form. It isn't a communicable disease, like measles or influenza. The only outbreak of thyrotoxicosis on record in this country that might be called an epidemic occurred back in the twenties, when iodinated salt was first introduced. It brought on a lot of Graves' disease in susceptible people. Jacobson said something like 'Well, maybe so. But one of those four people is my own mother.' I still wasn't much impressed. And then, that night, something strange happened. I had brought back from Baltimore a number of abstracts of papers to be given later in the meeting, and I was leafing through them at home. I had a grand rounds to present the next day, and I thought I might pick up something new and interesting to add to my presentation. And lo and behold! My eye caught a title—'Painless Thyroiditis: A Community Outbreak in Nebraska.' The outbreak occurred between January and March of 1984 in a seven-county area of southeastern Nebraska, and it numbered fifty-four cases, most of them in the county of York. There was no thyroid enlargement or tenderness. There were no deaths, but six patients were hospitalized. The ages ranged from six to eighty-two. The outbreak ended as mysteriously as it had begun, and the cause was never determined. Well, I could hardly believe it. Now I really was impressed. If it could happen in Nebraska, it could happen here. The minute I finished my grand rounds the next morning, I went over to the Nuclear Medicine Department at McKennan Hospital and looked through the logbook of procedures. Sure enough, there had been a recent increase in thyroid studies, with results pointing to thyroiditis. Some of them were even my own patients. They came from various places: Valley Springs, of course, and several towns or villages just across the line in Minnesota—Beaver Creek, Hills, and Luverne, a town of around five thousand. I checked with Sioux Valley Hospital, and the logbook there showed much the same picture. Oddly, none of the cases were here in Sioux Falls, and Sioux Falls is the largest city by far in a rather large surrounding area in South Dakota, Minnesota, and Iowa. I arranged for a list of all the names and addresses, and drove back to my office and got out that Nebraska abstract. It gave a list of the participating investigators. Most of them were from the Centers for Disease Control, in Atlanta. I called them, one by one, and they were all out of the office. I left my name and telephone number, and waited. I had to think that I was really onto something.



"You know how it is when you're waiting for a particular call. The phone keeps ringing, but it's never the call you're waiting for. Then—at last. It was a young doctor named Daniel B. Fishbein. He had been at C.D.C. for a number of years, and his major work there was in rabies, but, yes, he had been to York and was still very much interested in that unresolved outbreak. I told him what seemed to be happening here. He said the feeling of the team at York was that the cause was probably a viral illness. A good many of the thyroiditis patients reported an earlier upper-respiratory infection. I told him that that was what I had in mind in our problem here. I asked him if he would be interested in giving me a hand. He was—very much so. But C.D.C. is a federal agency, and there is a very strict protocol governing its investigations. It can come into a state only upon invitation from the state. Fishbein said he would sound out C.D.C. and the South Dakota Health Department. We arranged for the invitation, and Fishbein—or Dan, as I came to know him—got permission from his people. I gave him everything I had—names, addresses, and study results. We set a date: June 15th.

"Meanwhile, I got a call from Jim Felker, asking me for a consultation on Jacobson's mother. She was hospitalized at McKennan. I went to see her. She was very definitely thyrotoxic. She had all the symptoms, and very high blood levels of circulating thyroid hormones. But she also confused things. Her thyroid gland was enlarged. That was atypical of this outbreak. And she had a previous history of thyroid disease—she had a goiter and had been on thyroid-hormone therapy for some years. Her thyroid gland should have been anything but enlarged. That enlargement suggested that something was stimulating it. I began to wonder if I was dealing with a genetic problem—a genetic susceptibility. Mrs. Jacobson had her own house. She didn't live with her son. But they both had what looked like the same illness. On the other hand, that hardly explained the other cases.

"Well, Dan Fishbein arrived. He had with him an enthusiastic assistant—a young woman medical student named Janet Farhie. She was working at C.D.C. as an interne. Dan was originally from California—from Hollywood, no less! She was from upstate New York. Dan and Jan—as they came to be—had with them another helper: a copy of 'The Thyroid,' by Drs. Sidney Ingbar and Lewis Braverman, the standard text in the field. They had been giving themselves a crash course in endocrinology. But they had something valuable that I didn't have. Dan was trained in epidemiology, with years of experience, and she was learning. They moved into the Holiday Inn here, and we got down to work. We agreed, at least for the moment, that what we seemed to be seeing here was the same as the York outbreak. The fact that the York County outbreak ended so abruptly and inconclusively gave us a sense of urgency. We didn't want to be left dangling here. And our outbreak was growing pretty fast. By the time Dan and Jan arrived, the reports I was getting indicated that we had at least a dozen cases. The first step in an investigation of this sort is to set up what is called the case definition. We had to establish the criteria. We set two grounds for inclusion. Cases were defined as patients with two or more symptoms of thyrotoxicosis and with concentrations of thyroid hormone in the blood at least twenty-five per cent greater than the upper limit of normal established at the testing laboratory. Patients with a previous history of thyroid disease, of course, were excluded. Then, because of the cases that were appearing across the line in Minnesota, there was another matter of protocol. That, too, was arranged, and as it soon became clear that most of the new cases were occurring in Minnesota, the administrative leadership of the investigation was taken over by the Minnesota Department of Health, in Minneapolis. Craig W. Hedberg and Michael T. Osterholm were the department people in charge, and some others came in later. But at this stage, at least, much of the real work, the legwork, devolved on Dan and Jan.

"At about that time, I had to leave town again. I'm on the national board of directors of the American Cancer Society, and there was a meeting scheduled for the third week of June, out in California, in Beverly Hills, and I was committed to attend. I was sorry about that, but Dan and Jan were well set up to manage on their own. Everything was falling into place. We had our case definition. The next step was to visit the identified cases and interview them about the nature and onset of symptoms and take blood and other samples. Dan and Jan were both, in their jargon, experienced vampires. The samples were to be divided—half to be frozen for highly sophisticated viral studies, if necessary, at the C.D.C. laboratories. The lab work on the other half was to be done here in Sioux Falls by Dr. Mary Jo Jaqua, a microbiologist at the medical school and the V.A. Medical Center. Our feeling was that we were dealing with a viral outbreak, and Dr. Jaqua was to culture the specimens for that. Another aspect of the epidemiological study was, of course, to establish the geography of the outbreak.

"I was gone a full week. But half of my mind never left Sioux Falls. Thyrotoxicosis is only rarely fatal, and there had been no deaths in York, but even so . . . I kept in touch with Dan by phone, and he was always reassuring. There were no ugly surprises. As soon as I got back home, I called Dan, and he and Jan and I sat down together in my office. They'd had a busy week. The case total was now twenty-three. Jan reported on the demographic data. The ages of the confirmed patients were much like those in the York outbreak, ranging from the pediatric to the geriatric. There seemed to be an equal number of men and women involved. I found that strange. Endocrine diseases tend to afflict women four times as often as men. We were definitely dealing with something unusual. As might be expected in an agricultural area like this, about half the patients were farm people. The geography was also interesting. There were still no cases in Sioux Falls, and Sioux Falls is the major trade and population center. The outbreak was confined between Valley Springs, on the west, and Worthington, Minnesota, on the east. The major case center seemed to be Luverne. About a third of the patients reported symptoms that included muscle aches and pains. That certainly sounded like a viral illness. Unlike a viral illness, however, there was no evidence of person-to-person transmission. There was no evidence of disease among people who worked together, or among friends who saw a lot of each other. The earliest onsets

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recorded by Dan and Jan were back in January. So this had been going on for quite a while. That was about where the investigation stood at the moment. Except that, because of the concentration of cases in and around Luverne, Dan and Jan had moved out of their rooms at the Sioux Falls Holiday Inn and were at rest in Luverne—at the Cozy Rest Motel."

THE somewhat puzzling geographical picture of the outbreak drawn by Janet Farhie served as an accurate likeness through the last week of June and into the first week of July. Then it was abruptly blurred. On the afternoon of July 3rd, Dr. McMillin received a telephone call from a woman who identified herself as Rhonda Peskey. She and her husband and their young son lived in Sioux Falls. She had heard that there was an epidemic of thyroid disease going around, and she thought she and her family might have it. She hadn't seen a doctor. She had heard about the epidemic from her parents, who lived in Valley Springs. Dr. McMillin probably knew them. They were Larry and Margaret Long, and they owned the L & M Clover Farm Store there. But what she was really calling about was this: she was working as a waitress here in Sioux Falls, and she wanted to know if her illness was contagious. Should she quit her job, or what?

"I wasn't exactly alarmed," Dr. McMillin told me, with a shrug and a tight little smile. "But it was a disturbing piece of news. If the outbreak was spreading into Sioux Falls, we could be in for big trouble. Our investigation so far showed that in the area Jan had mapped the disease was occurring at a rate of at least one in every hundred persons. If it spread to Sioux Falls at that rate, we could be seeing patients in the thousands. So I had some serious questions for Mrs. Peskey. I asked if she and her family spent much time in Valley Springs. No—not really. Did they ever eat or drink the water there? Or stay overnight? Well, they never stayed overnight. They hardly ever ate anything there. Her parents had a little coffee shop attached to the main store, and she and her husband sometimes had a cup of coffee. She thought she knew most of the Valley Springs patients, but not as friends, and hardly ever saw them. She did sometimes bring some groceries home from the family store. I advised her to see her doctor—her and her husband and the little boy—and have the standard thyroid studies done, and to ask the doctor to report the results to me as soon as possible. I said I thought she could stay on her job. But I thought she should be very careful in handling food, and be careful about washing her hands. I hung up and did some thinking. The Longs, as far as I knew, were not among our Valley Springs cases. We knew there was little, if any, evidence of person-to-person transmission of this disease. Dan and Jan and I had talked that over and over. It was beginning to look less and less likely that we were dealing with an ordinary viral disease. Or any kind of viral disease. In that case, the possibility of some common source of infection was strongly indicated. There were several possible vectors. But the most likely—the most common—would be some food or drink that was shared by all."

"WE'RE now well into July. We had made a point of keeping as quiet as possible about the outbreak. We didn't want a lot of community excitement until we knew a lot more than we did. That could only muddy the waters. But the news leaked out, as it always does, to the media. And nothing much happened. It was only a one-day story. We had been in touch with the Minnesota Health Department all along, of course, but now all hands decided it was time to meet. We set up a conference for July 8th in Worthington, which is between here and Minneapolis. Hedberg and Osterholm were there, along with various other health workers in the community. Hedberg presided. We brought each other up to date. We heard reports that a lot of the patients were worried that the water supply might somehow be to blame. Or insecticides. There was even a group that thought the trouble might have been brought on by some recent tornadoes. We discussed the question of genetic susceptibility. As it turned out, many people in the outbreak area had evidence of thyroid hormone in their blood but were not clinically ill. Even fairly high levels of hormone can be tolerated by some young people and adults in good health. We decided to send a letter to physicians in a wide area of the two states soliciting information about cases of painless hyperthyroidism. The South Dakota letter went out over the signatures of Kenneth A. Senger, director of the Division of Public Health, and myself. The results, I might as well say now, were positive in a negative sense. The response left the geography of the outbreak much as it had been earlier defined. The number of cases rose from week to week, but there were none really outside the area.

"I received a phone call from Rhonda Peskey's doctor. He had confirmed that she and her son were both thyrotoxic. I decided it was time to treat myself to a little shoe-leather epidemiology. The next morning, I drove over to Valley Springs. The Clover Farm store wasn't hard to find. It's practically the only store in town. With Sioux Falls only ten miles away, a convenience store is about all a little place like Valley Springs can support. I went in and introduced myself to Larry Long. We had a cup of coffee together and talked about where he bought his stock. We talked about bread and eggs and meat and milk and soft drinks and staples. Practically everything came from distributors in Sioux Falls or one of several other large distributors in the region. There was nothing surprising in that. And, of course, the same distributors supplied the various stores in Sioux Falls. Practically all the Clover Farm meats came from Sioux Falls. Some came from a plant in Luverne. That was a special kind of beef that Larry Long ground himself, for customers who liked their hamburger lean. He called it his lean cuisine. It was extra lean, almost no fat at all. We talked for about an hour, and Margaret Long joined us for another cup of coffee. We talked about the outbreak. Some of their customers were sick. Some weren't. They themselves were well. I drove back to Sioux Falls, Don't drink and drive.

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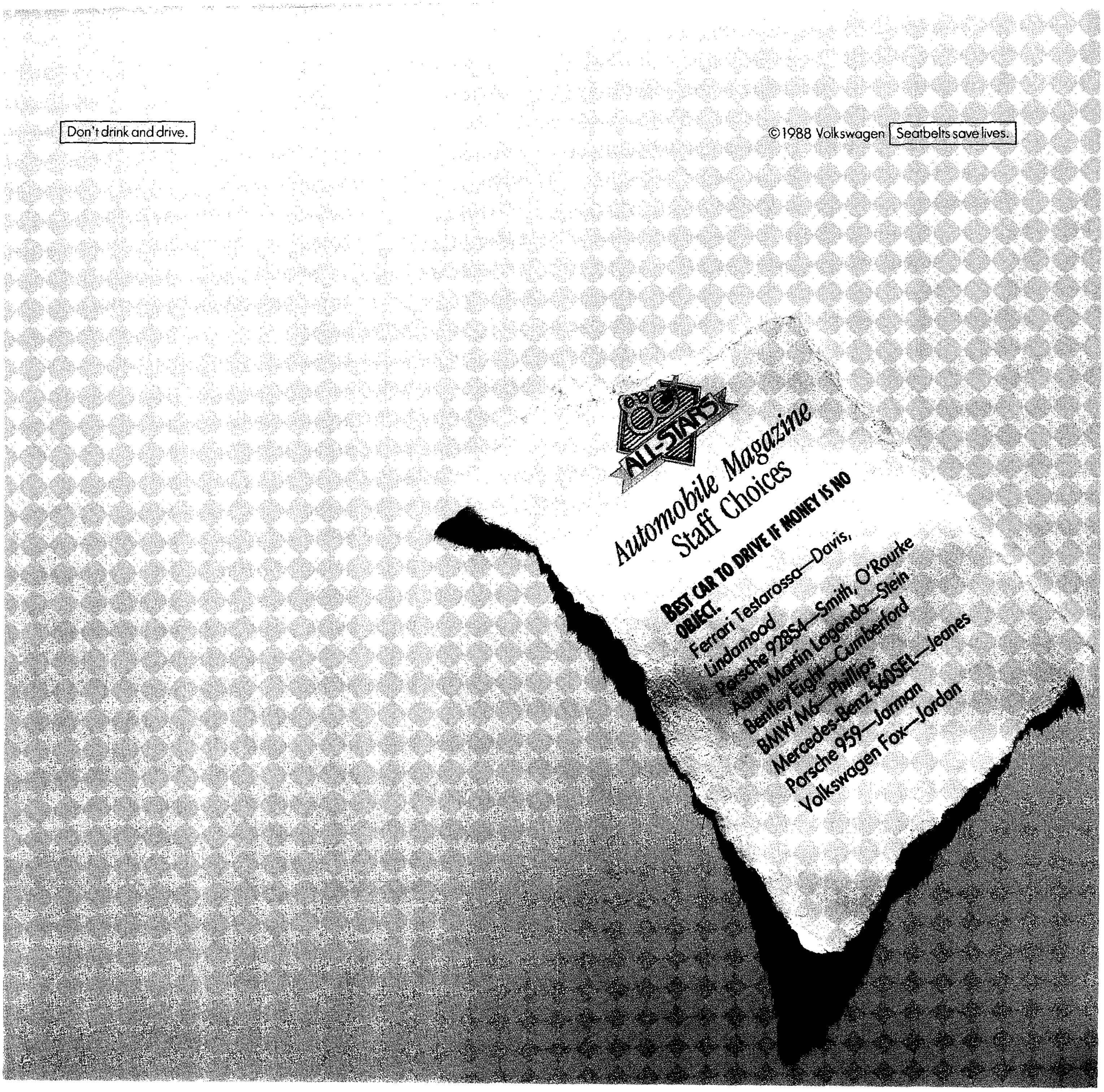

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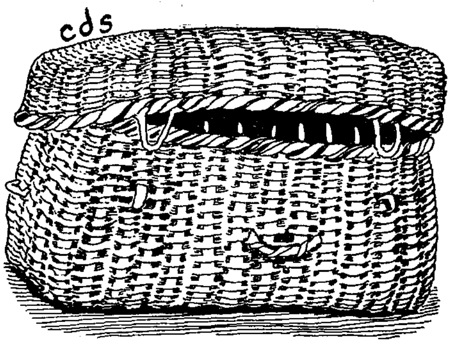
thinking about what I had learned. There was only one thing that stood out. That was that extra-lean hamburger. Was that a clue? But how? When I got back to my office, I found a message from Dan. The number of confirmed cases was climbing. There were more than fifty now in Luverne alone.

“We were all more or less convinced that we were dealing with a food-borne agent centering on Luverne. What was needed now was a case-and-control study and a review of food sources. As it turned out, we did two such studies. Fifty confirmed cases were matched with fifty well individuals for age, sex, neighborhood, and so on. The first study narrowed the suspected food sources to commercially processed chicken and lean ground beef. The second eliminated the chicken and identified the ground beef as coming from the plant in Luverne that Larry Long had told me about. The store in Valley Springs and similar stores in Beaver Creek, Hills, and Luverne all sold that lean-cuisine beef. We had these findings by the end of July or early August. Our case total by then included two families in Sioux Falls. One of these was the Peskey family, and that presented no epidemiological problem. We knew where Mrs. Peskey got her ground lean beef. The other family could have been alarming—or, at least, confusing. Dan went to see them. He asked if they ate ground beef. They said yes. And where did they buy it? They said there was a little store over in Valley Springs that carried the best hamburger meat they’d ever had. It was *so* lean. We laid another worry to rest. At about the same time, we got an even more interesting report on a family living some little distance east of Luverne, outside the charted outbreak area. It was an extended family—three generations, numbering about fifteen people. All ages. There was no question about their illness. They were all confirmed cases of thyrotoxicosis—all but one, a boy of twelve. They got their ground beef from the plant in Luverne. One of the family worked there, and he brought the meat home. What about the boy? Oh, he was a vegetarian. Well, that was the ‘My God—that’s got to be it!’

“We had the vehicle, we were sure of it. There was no doubt in my mind or in the minds of Dan and Jan that the source of the outbreak was something in that extra-lean beef from the Luverne plant. Some of the others thought otherwise. Very well. But just what was that something? We didn’t see how it could be a viral or bacterial contamination. The control studies showed us that practically all the cases liked their hamburgers well done. This isn’t steak-tartare country. And, of course, cooking would have destroyed any microorganisms. That left the possibility of some chemical agent. But that couldn’t be. I mean, there was no chemical agent known to us that could cause thyrotoxicosis. We came to a halt. The next move would be an investigation at the plant. The public-health officials in Minnesota were quietly making the necessary arrangements. That sort of thing is a delicate business. If the plant was deliberately doing something wrong, an impetuous move could alert it. But once the Luverne lean beef was clearly indicated I decided to take a look at the meat myself. I made another visit to the Clover Farm store in Valley Springs. Larry Long showed me into the walk-in cooler and pointed out the extra-lean beef. It was in chunks—dark-red meat. There was nothing visibly wrong with it. It’s been a long time since I studied anatomy, but I could remember enough to recognize that what I was looking at was neck muscle. Well, the thyroid gland and the neck-strap muscle are very close neighbors. I had to think there was a good possibility that some of that meat was thyroid. In fact, there were traces of white tissue along the edges of some of the chunks. I bought a pound of that. Then, as I was leaving, I asked Larry Long something I probably should have asked long before. He and his wife were not on our list of cases, and he said they had never been sick. I asked him if he often ate that extra-lean beef. Often? He gave a little laugh. He said he and his wife owned the store. They didn’t have to eat hamburger. They ate sirloin.



“I took my hamburger over to Jerry Simmons. Dr. Simmons is the pathologist at the medical school and the Laboratory of Clinical Medicine in Sioux Falls. I showed him my meat and told him what I had in mind. I pointed out those areas of white. Jerry gave me a look. He said, ‘I could put this under the microscope, but it would be a waste of time. That white isn’t thyroid. Thyroid gland is red—very dark red. That white is salivary gland.’ I suggested we go back to Valley Springs together, and he would pick out some better samples. So we did, and he got some likely chunks, and we went back to the lab, and he prepared some samples for freezing. When the meat was frozen, he would slice off some razor-thin sections and stain them and put them under the microscope. He’d let me know the result. Which he did, about an hour later. He said, ‘Mike, I think I can help you with your problem.’ ”

A Public-Health inspection of the Luverne plant was undertaken in the third week of August, under the general direction of Dr. Robert B. Janssen, from the Centers for Disease Control. A few days earlier, the plant had agreed to halt production of neck trim and to recall all known supplies from the stores. The findings of the investigating team were definitive. The plant was not a packinghouse. It was primarily a slaughterhouse. Dressed carcasses were shipped to another plant for processing. Only the heads were retained at Luverne. Neck muscle was trimmed from these heads and distributed to local retailers for sale as ninety-per-cent-lean beef. As was usual in the trade, every effort was made to recover as much trim as possible. The strap muscles were trimmed from their attachment to the trachea. It was apparent to the investigators that thyroid tissue was often inadvertently included in the beef trim. The plant produced an average of nine hundred pounds of trim each day. Certain changes had recently occurred at the plant. Until April of 1983, the plant had selectively removed the thyroid glands and sold the tissue to manufacturers of thyroid extract. That market vanished with the development of a synthetic thyroid extract. It was also learned that the plant had operated for many years as a kosher killing plant. That ended in November of 1984. Kosher killing made the thyroid gland readily recognizable. The neck meat remained red after the blood was drained off, but the thyroid turned pale. It was presumed that the end of this practice made it difficult for the trimmer to avoid including thyroid-gland tissue in the trim. Samples of trim were taken for extensive examination by three investigators in Massachusetts—Drs. Sidney Ingbar and Lewis Braverman (of "The Thyroid" fame) and Dr. Bruce Meyers. Their findings confirmed that the suspected beef trim produced and sold by the plant contained high concentrations of thyroid hormones. This confirmation was further confirmed by a test involving human volunteers. That test was performed, with the approval of the Human Subjects Institutional Review Committee, at the University of Massachusetts Medical School. Four volunteers ate samples of the implicated beef trim that had been ground and cooked into hamburgers. The samples had previously been cultured to exclude such disease organisms as salmonella, shigella, and campylobacter. Blood samples for thyroid-related hormone analyses were obtained before and after eating. All the volunteers remained asymptomatic, but the serum tests showed the presence of thyroid hormone. The recall of the meat from the Minnesota and South Dakota stores brought an end to the outbreak. The known cases of thyrotoxicosis totalled a hundred and twenty-one, but it is probable that there were many cases in the affected area that were unknown to the investigators. There were no deaths, but a number of sufferers, mostly elderly people, were hospitalized. The investigation also led to the resolution of the uncertainties of the York County, Nebraska, outbreak of the year before. A significant majority of its victims were found to have eaten ground lean beef purchased from a single supermarket.

The 1985 thyrotoxicosis outbreak and its successful investigation had consequences of more than local interest. One of these was that on August 29th the United States Department of Agriculture issued an advisory to all U.S.D.A.-inspected plants which temporarily prohibited trimming near the gullet in beef (and pork) used for human consumption. That prohibition was later made permanent.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

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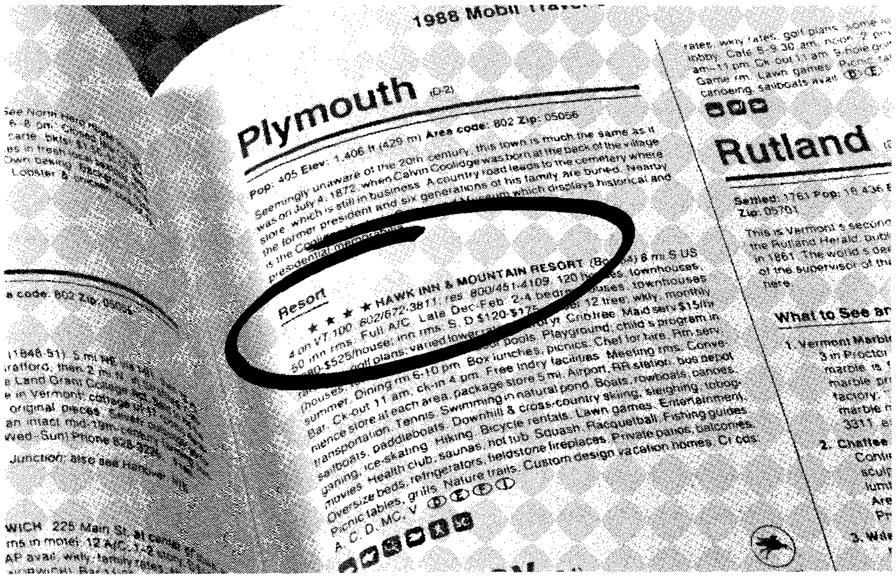

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Born on a Monday

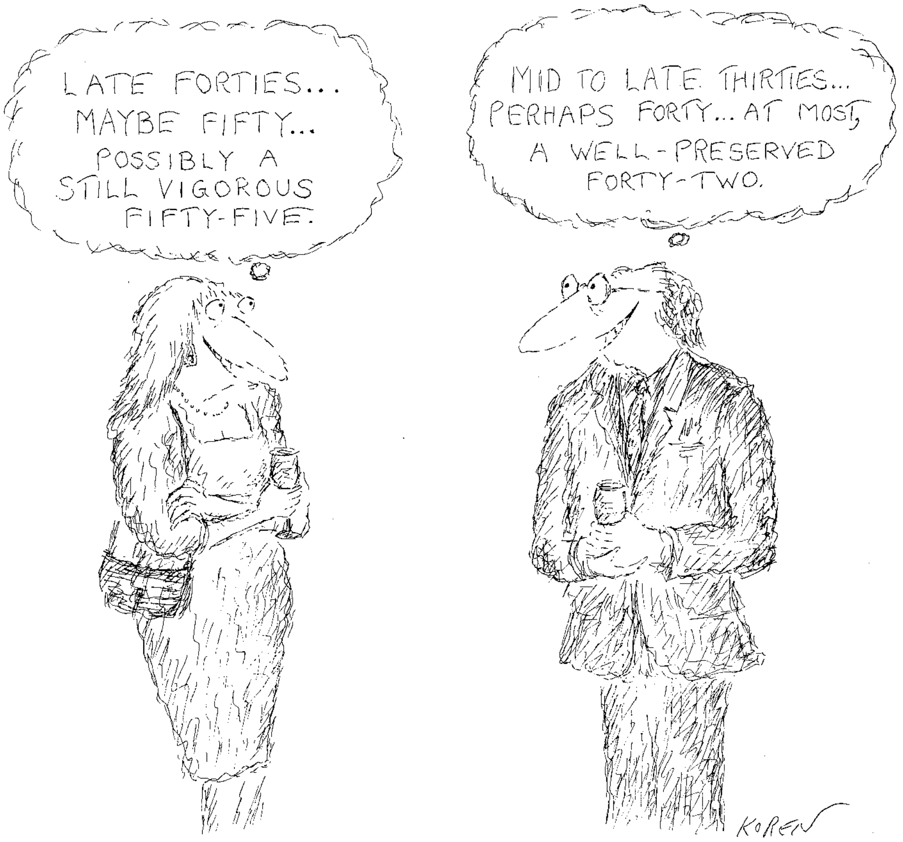
ON the balcony of a Kyoto temple, ten years ago, Karlheinz Stockhausen conceived and composed a "formula" destined to give birth to a seven-day cycle of operas, "Light." "Thursday from 'Light'" appeared at La Scala in 1981. "Saturday" was mounted by La Scala in Milan's Palazzo dello Sport in 1984. "Thursday" was done by Covent Garden in 1985, in a different production (reviewed in these pages), and it has been recorded, by Deutsche Grammophon. Last month, La Scala presented "Monday," giving seven performances of it in seven days; the première was carried through the country by radio and television. The year 2003, when Stockhausen will be seventy-five, has been suggested for the completion of the cycle.

The initial formula is just three staves, marked Michael, Eve, and Lucifer—the three characters of the drama. Michael's line has thirteen notes (a D begins and ends his row), Eve's has twelve, and Lucifer's has eleven (lacking a D). Bar lines divide the system into the seven days; Michael and Lucifer are silent on Wednesday, Michael on Friday. From this basic formula, specific "superformulas" for each opera are derived. They suggest tonalities, melodies, durations, proportions. The way it all works is lucid and sensible. (Anyone curious about the process might start with Peter Britton's article, mainly about "Thursday," in the September, 1985, *Musical Times*, and Jerome Kohl's conversations with Stockhausen, mainly about "Monday," in the Spring-Summer, 1985, *Perspectives of New Music*.) Only a confident, experienced composer would dare to base a seven-day work—perhaps thirty hours of music—on a seven-bar, three-part inspiration. Stockhausen is a composer confident, experienced, and inspired. The derived daily formulas allow room for new, unforeseen notions and discoveries to find places where they fit the whole. Preconceptions are enhanced by practicalities. The specific abilities of the performers who enter Stockhausen's life—notably those of his progeny the trumpeter Markus, the pianist Majella, and the all-round musician Simon and those of his companions the clarinettist Suzanne Stephens and the flutist and singer Kathinka Pasveer—have played important parts in the creation of "Light."

The operas are built block by block. Each of the three has included a Klavierstück (Nos. XII, XIII, and XIV), an instrumental concerto with the soloist also an actor, and sustained choral scenes. They are performed, largely, by artists who have worked long and closely with the composer: those just named, the soprano Annette Meriweather (chief singing Eve), the bass Nicholas Isherwood, the trombonist Michael Svoboda, and the actor Alain Louafi (triple incarnations of Lucifer). The première of "Thursday" was maimed by a chorus strike. (Stockhausen wrote his annoyance thereat into an episode of "Saturday.") Since then, preliminary concert performances of individual sections from each work have helped increasingly to insure an adept, fully rehearsed musical presentation of the whole. A scene of "Saturday" had its first performance in Ann Arbor, and then the University of Michigan Symphony Band went to Milan to take part in the full première.

Scenes from "Monday" were first performed at the Berlin and Metz festivals in 1986, and the same choruses and soloists then came to La Scala. In fact, the only large Italian musical contribution to "Monday" was an animated women's chorus in Acts I and II. The Children's Choir of Radio Budapest, the Zaans Cantata Choir, from Holland, and (on tape) the West German Radio Choir, Cologne, supplied the rest. The orchestra is just three synthesizers, along with the onstage solo instrumentalists. The composer sits mid-theatre, at a large panel, controlling volume, balance, positioning, and movement of the sounds.

Mya Tannenbaum's "Conversations with Stockhausen," just published in English translation, by Oxford (at the high price of $24.95 for a hundred pages), tells of the composer's confidence, his mysticism, his faith in his music's concordance with natural laws of the universe. ("We know that music, mathematics, and astronomy have the same roots; they constitute a veritable triumvirate.") To a simple modern agnostic his astrological concerns may prove repellent. He was born on August 22, 1928, between "the generous sign of Leo and the sign of order, Virgo." From dreams, he says, he learned "that not only did I come from Sirius itself, but that, in fact, I completed


LATE FORTIES... MAYBE FIFTY... POSSIBLY A STILL VIGOROUS FIFTY-FIVE.
MID TO LATE THIRTIES... PERHAPS FORTY... AT MOST, A WELL-PRESERVED FORTY-TWO.
KOREN

my musical education there"—Sirius being "the sun at the centre of our universe." (He calls them "crazy" but also "revelatory" dreams, which brought "vitally important information.") There is a good deal of stuff mixed into the mythology of "Light." But the irrational romance of astrology—the beauty and mystery of those glinting constellations when one escapes city lights and, in some country retreat, gazes upward on a calm, cloudless night—is potent. Contemplation of the stars moves man's mind to large, long thoughts. And, on an allegorical level, stellar combinations can provide analogues for patterns of human character and behavior. "Light," Stockhausen has said, is "the proof of the existence of Michael, of Lucifer, and of Eve, the triple manifestation of the spirit materialized in the interpreters." In his vision, traditional attributes of those three, personal reinterpretation, and elements of autobiography are strangely mingled.

"Thursday" was Michael's day: the hero becomes incarnate as a mortal musician, gives his music to the world, and then returns to his heavenly home. "Saturday" was Lucifer's day—his Dream, Requiem, Dance, and Farewell. "Monday" is Eve's day. On a moonlit terrace beside the sea, women tend—wash, wipe, anoint—what is eventually revealed as an immense female figure. Three solo sopranos stationed high in the figure, the chorus of women, an invisible chorus on tape, and the synthesizers fill the theatre with magical sound. Nine months, indicated by moon projections, pass. Odors of herbs and perfumes fill the air. The figure gives birth to a lion, twin swallows (they reappear in "Thursday"), a pony, a parrot, a parakeet, and a puppy, and then to seven dwarfs: Sack, Sock, Mick, Mock, Dock, Frick, and Dick. The newborn are put into prams, and the women embark on a "baby-buggy boogie"—a perambulator quadrille that seems interminable, even though it is punctuated by moments when the women pop bananas and, later, large red carrots into the children's mouths, and when Mock starts yelling and is set down to "make pipi." Then "something very strange happens (which has to be seen, not written about in a program note)." Lucifer arrives and, in a virtuoso aria, derides Eve's progeny. The women conceal the children under their skirts. There the dwarfs get up to unpleasant tricks. At Lucifer's command, the unsatisfactory children scuttle back into Eve's womb.

That's Act I. Act II, the Second Birth, opens in sunlight, playing upon ice, but suddenly the stage goes dark. Stagehands yell "Lights! Switchboard!" and within the auditorium there arises the sound of a girls' choir. Dressed as lilies, the girls move in procession down the three aisles toward the stage. Mounting it, they gather round a piano, where, by candlelight, the parakeet plays Klavierstück XIV and they hum in accompaniment. Infant cries are heard, and the Eve statue gives birth to seven comely children, one for each day of the week. From Eve's rosy breast a crystal ladder descends, and down it steps Cœur de Basset: Miss Stephens, an incarnation of Eve that we know from "Thursday," a basset horn at her lips. She plays a long solo; she duets with each child in turn; and then she is "replicated," joined by two more basset hornists and by a third (Miss Pasveer), who bears the instrument but sings—Busi, Busa, and Muschi. Beside the parturient Eve statue, another giant Eve appears, gradually bestowing her body on the children. In a movement called "Initiation," green grass springs up. The children and the four basset-Eves retire, and "erotic sounds, stirrings, calls, and clear cries are heard."

Act III begins with Cœur de Basset as the cynosure of an admiring male chorus. Then a rival figure appears: an alto-flute player (Miss Pasveer). There is an extended duo that seems partly competitive, partly loving; eventually, the basset horn retires before the flute. The Pied Piper, piping now on a piccolo, captivates the children and leads them away "to the clouds." The Eve statue ages into a mountain with "bushes, shrubs, beasts, flowers, and streams" while the children's voices wheel overhead like a flock of birds.

I describe "Monday" from the scenario-libretto in the Scala program book. The actual staging—directed by Michael Bogdanov, designed by Chris Dyer, and costumed (not well) by Mark Thompson—was less romantic, less picturesque. Basically, there was just a giant Eve statue on an almost bare, black-winged stage. There was none of the theatrical magic with which, by all accounts, Luca Ronconi and Gae Aulenti invested the Scala "Thursday" and "Saturday," nor lavish, enchanted spectacle such as Maria Björnson, with high technical bravura, devised for Covent Garden's "Thursday." This "Monday" had a slightly done-on-the-cheap look. Some episodes unaccompanied by elaborate visual adventures that the composer had—quite legitimately—prescribed grew tedious. The transformations were shirked.

"Monday" is laid out on a large scale. Act I lasts about an hour and a half; Acts II and III last about an hour each. There is also a half-hour prelude, "Monday Greeting," for multiple basset horn and synthesizers, and a half-hour postlude, "Monday Farewell," for piccolo, voices, and synthesizers; these, tape-recorded, are played into the foyers before and after the show proper. I attended two performances. I grew impatient with the long baby-buggy boogie and with the long lily-girls chorus but felt I might not have done so had the staging been more inventive. I loved the sound of the opening scene; responded warmly to all the music played by Miss Stephens and Miss Pasveer; admired the vocal skills of the young Budapest soloists—little Adrienne Csengerys to a girl or a boy. (One reacts to "Monday"—a huge work, and part of one huger still—on many different levels.) Some of the "jokes"—such as the potty-training incident—are awful. Some are coy. There are passing personal allusions that have not been made generally communicative. (Trains evidently mean much to Stockhausen: trains appear in the sky; train noises shoot through the score. So do various an-

imal cries.) The final impression is of a vast, coherent stretch of inspired, lyrical, loving, and beautiful music. One forgives some weak ideas—evidently too easily accepted—because so much of the work is carefully and exquisitely fashioned. It's a big adventure. I hope I live long enough to discover all of "Light."

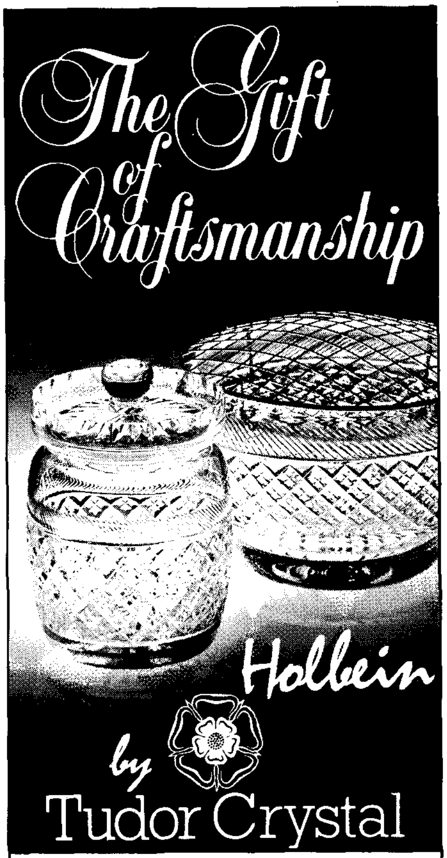
ARNE MELLNÄS's "Gardens," commissioned by the New York New Music Ensemble, had its first performance at the ensemble's Symphony Space concert last month. The gardens are Lewis Carroll's Garden of Live Flowers, Bosch's Garden of Earthly Delights, and Borges's Garden of Forking Paths. The cello of Looking-Glass Land plays above the violin, and the clarinet above the flute. (The scoring of the piece is for the "Pierrot" quintet plus percussion.) The middle movement is a stretch of sensuously beautiful, occasionally disturbing music; flute, clarinet, violin, and cello form two pairs, changing partners often. In the last movement, unison lines divide, and divide again, until each instrument is following a different path. Mellnäs, born in Stockholm in 1933, once fooled with fashion (there were bursting balloons in his "Aura," at the 1967 ISCM Festival) and now seems, on the strength of "Gardens," to have become a gently pleasing, proficient, if not especially striking Scandinavian composer.

The program comprised four works from four different countries, each by a composer in the (contemporary-music) news. The players were some of the city's best. The event should have attracted a good house. It didn't: a posse of music publishers turned up, three of the composers, no other critic, so far as I could see, and otherwise just a handful of people curious about music that European audiences have found rewarding. Symphony Space comes to life when it is crowded: near-deserted, it can take on a shabby and depressing aspect; the stench from the drain on the corner of Ninety-fifth Street and Broadway then seems stronger. The concert began with a British work: Jonathan Harvey's "Nataraja" (1983), for flute (and piccolo) and piano—a work that depicts the god Shiva in his role as creator and destroyer. When Judith Pearce and Elizabeth DiFelice played it in Merkin Hall two years ago, it blazed. In Symphony Space, played by Jayn Rosenfeld and, again, Miss DiFelice, it was less fiery. Dim hall lighting and stage curtaining lit navy blue—the most deadening of colors—helped to take the edge off the sound. The vitality of the musical invention was still apparent, but sparks did not fly.

After England, Ireland. Gerald Barry was born in County Clare in 1952. His career began in Germany; he now lives in Dublin, as Ireland's leading composer. The BBC has commissioned an orchestra piece, "Chevaux-de-Frise," for this year's Proms, to mark the quatercentenary of the defeat of Philip II's Armada. The ensemble gave the New York première of Barry's "Things That Gain by Being Painted" (1977), a music-theatre piece for singer (who, however, speaks all but a few notes of her role), speaker, cello, and piano. The "singer" declaims a selection from Sei Shōnagon's "Pillow Book," with an occasional pitched note. The speaker suggests topics and, toward the end, adds Lady Murasaki's stern judgment on her contemporary's prattle. The cello and the piano provide lean comments, gathered up at last by the piano into a brief solo. The work is deftly composed, cleverly timed. It is not really my sort of music. What it offers in the way of deconstructive criticism could be gleaned long ago from similar music-theatre pieces by Mauricio Kagel. But, like Kagel's pieces, it is not dull—just thin, and a shade juvenile. Carmen Pelton, in the principal role, was a pleasure to ear and eye. She is a vivid performer. Allen Kennedy, speaker, Chris Finckel, cello, and Cameron Grant, piano, lent strong support.

Then the Mellnäs. Then Gérard Grisey's "Talea, or The Machine and the Wild Weeds" (1985-86), another New York première. A program note described Grisey, born in 1946, as "probably the best-known French composer of his generation." (Tristan Murail, born in 1947, might dispute that.) He taught at Berkeley for five years. "Talea," scored, again, for the "Pierrot" quintet, is an elegant, admirable construction, without a wasted note. The evening—a good evening, of stimulating contrasts; an open-minded traversal of the wide contemporary world beyond this island—ended with something lucid, astringent, and imaginative.

—ANDREW PORTER



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THE THEATRE

Across the River

"West Memphis Mojo," being presented by the Negro Ensemble Company at Theatre Four, is a production of the Crossroads Theatre of New Brunswick, whose dynamic "Colored Museum" was a hit at the Public last year. This year's entry, written with skill and wit by Martin Jones, is set in a barbershop in West Memphis, Arkansas, in November, 1955, when rock and roll was starting to take off—when, that is, white record companies and other entrepreneurs were making forays into rhythm and blues, and Elvis Presley was becoming a star, along with Chuck Berry and other pioneers.

Teddy, the barber, a big, comfortable man, and young, volatile Elroi are a songwriting team; a third partner, a guitarist named Frank, has suddenly disappeared. Most of the first act is given over to recordings of the day, to the conversation of Teddy and Elroi about music and about a show of Presley's in Memphis, and to their barely spoken hope that he will hear and sing their song "Can't Get Your Lovin' off My Mind." Meanwhile, where is Frank? In the second act, Frank shows up, beaming and triumphant. He tells his partners that he has recorded their songs for a white company in Memphis—his pockets bulge with money, which he divides with them. He has sold the songs outright for cash, it seems—no names, no credits. When Elroi, appalled, asks about royalties, Frank tells him that "royalties is for kings," and not for "three coloreds from across the river."

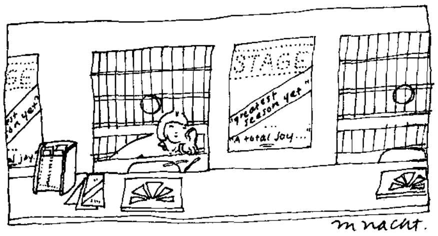
The story is a simple one, though none the less powerful for that, but what matters is the details, the bits of action tucked into the plot—Elroi and Frank's groping for a lyric, Elroi's flash and very funny impersonation of Chuck Berry—and the marvellous music throughout. What matters most of all, of course, is the absolute authenticity of character and emotion. Mr. Jones is a very good writer, and his actors, under Rick Khan's direction, are worthy of the play in every instance. Tico Wells is especially effective as the hair-trigger Elroi, and Richard Gant, as Teddy, and Tucker Smallwood, as Frank, are fine, too. Kate Redway does well as a trollopy white woman. The admirable set, lighting, and costumes are by Charles McClennahan, Shirley Prendergast, and Judy Dearing, respectively. A mojo, by the way, is a kind of magic charm; Elroi wears one around his neck, for all the good it does him.

—Edith Oliver

Hamlet

"Die, you creep!" called a woman toward the back of the theatre on the night I went to see Ingmar Bergman's "Hamlet" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—presumably an outraged feminist, angered by Hamlet's treatment of Ophelia. The cry came during Hamlet's dying speech, and it was loud enough for the actors to hear. (You watched it register on the faces of the actors playing Hamlet and Horatio.) More startling than the moment itself, though, was the realization that nothing quite so shocking had happened in the theatre all evening. The stage had been filled with breaches of decorum—carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts visited by Claudius upon Gertrude and the Player Queen, and by Hamlet upon Ophelia. (One could sympathize with the outraged feminist, even if one could not applaud her manners.) Claudius had mounted Gertrude from behind before the entire Danish court, and had performed the confession scene while alternately manhandling and fondling the Player Queen. Hamlet had forced himself on Ophelia after spitting in her face, and had hacked Polonius to death after stabbing him in the eye through the arras.

That none of these images had the power to jolt us out of our seats as that disembodied voice did says something, I think, about where we have arrived in our dealings with this play. Owing partly to Tom Stoppard and partly to the high premium that New York, as a culture, places on the idea of innovative Shakespeare, we have reached a point where nothing one could possibly think of doing to or with "Hamlet" could reasonably hope to surprise us. As a collective audience, we have no preconceptions left—beyond the preconception that someone will do something unconventional. Thus, even if one has not actually seen a production in which the Ambassador from England carries a ghetto blaster, and Fortinbras, got up like a Cuban revolutionary, has Horatio hauled offstage and murdered, one *feels* that one has.


STAGE
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m nacht.

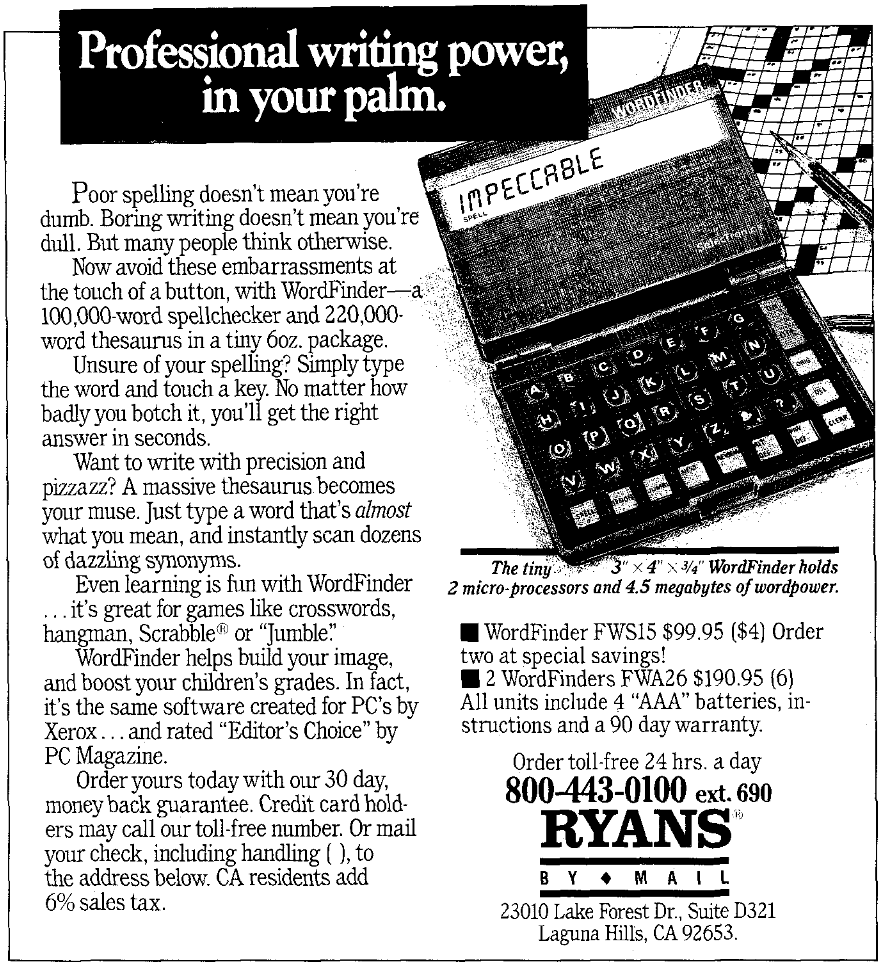
"I can't die without having made 'Hamlet,'" Bergman recently told a reporter from the *Times*. In a sense, though, Bergman had already given us his version of "Hamlet"—in "Fanny and Alexander," the movie about the little boy who keeps seeing his father's ghost. "Don't act Hamlet, my son," the Widow Ekdahl says to the ten-year-old who is sulking over her second marriage. "I am not Gertrude and the Bishop is not Claudius. This is not Elsinore Castle, even if it does look gloomy." But the Bishop turns out to be a lot worse than Claudius, from a child's point of view, and Mrs. Ekdahl has to have Fanny and Alexander spirited away before they, and she, can return to the bosom of their father's warm theatrical family. "Fanny and Alexander" is like a child's rewriting of the Hamlet story in which Gertrude deserts Claudius, taking Hamlet and Ophelia with her.

In "Fanny and Alexander," in order to make us care more viscerally about the Hamlet-Gertrude-Claudius relationship, Bergman shows us, as it were, life at Elsinore before the old king dies. "Look here upon this picture, and on this," he says to the audience. But the values have been reversed: a satyr to Hyperion. It is the bawdy, permissive Ekdahl household, full of farting and fornication, that we're meant to approve of and set against the austere palace of the Bishop. In Bergman's "Hamlet," there was no such reversal. Up until the last moment, when Fortinbras did indeed seem to burst on the scene in the person of Che Guevara, nothing in the production seemed to tamper with the values of the play. On the contrary, the images of violence and carnality seemed calculated to heighten or reaffirm the conventional moral reading. The "scene of sexual violation between King Claudius and Queen Gertrude that takes place before the entire court" (I quote from the press release issued by BAM) was not, like the fun-loving bed-hopping in "Fanny and Alexander," meant to amuse us. Despite what the press release implied, it wasn't even to be taken literally. It was simply a stark, theatrical image of the Danish court's willingness to sanction Gertrude and Claudius's behavior.

Throughout the production, characters roamed about the stage or lingered in the background—much like the ghost of Oscar Ekdahl in "Fanny and Alexander." During the brutal murder of Polonius, Ophelia was right there onstage, not—as the press release maintained—as an actual witness but as a spiritual presence. The ghost was forever popping up where he shouldn't be, and, in a brilliant touch, he took hold of Claudius and held him still, forcing Hamlet to administer the death blow. But, though much in the production was haunting or thought-provoking, nothing seemed wildly unconventional: not the music-hall turn that Ulf Johanson did as the gravedigger, not Pernilla Östergren's gutsy, earthy Ophelia, not the suggestion of homosexual love between Hamlet (Peter Stormare) and Horatio (Jan Waldekranz), not the progressively more contemporary costumes, not the liberties taken with the text, not even a Hamlet who at first is not in control but gains dignity and stature. (I resist this reading, but it is familiar.)

The audience for Bergman's "Hamlet" seems to have been heir to a series of fortunate ironies. To begin with, BAM had thought to import this foreign-language production—a good idea not in itself but in view of how well we know this particular play. Then, having come up with a felicitous idea, BAM—being BAM—had tried to hype the event with intimations of avant-gardism. In the end, owing to Bergman's particular genius (the last five minutes notwithstanding), what the production amounted to was a chance to see Shakespeare straightforwardly performed by a first-rate company of European classical actors. Can we have reached a point in our jadedness about "Hamlet" where the only thing that might seem innovative is inspired traditionalism of this kind?

—Mimi Kramer



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A CRITIC AT LARGE

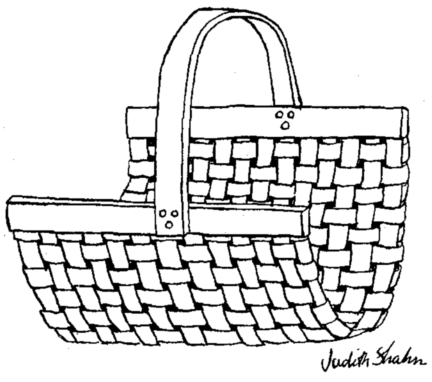
IN THE SHADOW OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAINS

IN the nineteen-thirties, writers were particularly susceptible to social shock, but it would be difficult to imagine a writer more trammelled by those times than the novelist Henry Roth. Roth's first novel—and until now his only book—was "Call It Sleep," surely the most lyrically authentic novel in American literature about a young boy's coming to consciousness, and arguably the most distinguished work of fiction ever written about immigrant life. It was published in 1934.

The book's peculiar history is by now a fairly well-known literary saga. After a flurry of mixed reviews and, for that period, a respectable commercial showing (it sold four thousand copies and went into two printings), it began to sink toward oblivion. Roth's publisher, Robert O. Ballou, like more than sixty other houses in that era, was forced to close its doors; and Roth himself, after publishing a few short pieces (two of them in this magazine), dropped out of sight. In the mid-fifties, Roth's star glimmered briefly when *The American Scholar* asked a group of critics to name the most "undeservedly neglected" book of the past twenty-five years and both Leslie Fiedler and Alfred Kazin cited "Call It Sleep," and it flickered again in 1960, when Fiedler, in his "Love and Death in the American Novel," called the book "astonishing." Nevertheless, until the mid-sixties both book and author seemed destined to be forgotten by all but a handful of admirers. Then, in 1964, Avon reprinted the book in paperback. This time, it received rave notices from all quarters (including the front page of the *Times Book Review*), and became an instant best-seller. In the last decades, it has continued to be widely read both here and abroad (last year, "Call It Sleep" found its way onto the Italian best-seller list, and Roth received the Nonino International Prize, an award given annually in Italy to a foreign author whose work has recently been translated into Italian), and has gone into more than thirty printings.

But, despite the book's belated success, the years came and went without so much as a wave of the hand from Roth. Not a few people thought he had died. In a sense, he had. A journalist asked by the *Times Book Review* in 1964 to talk with him for a sidebar interview found him living with his wife, Muriel—a pianist and composer—on a three-acre farm near Augusta, Maine, where he had for years earned his living by raising waterfowl. When the reporter asked about his former literary life, Roth replied, "The man who wrote that book at the age of twenty-seven is dead. I am a totally different man." He admitted that he was still writing a bit, but added, somewhat mysteriously, that the work would "not [be] for publication . . . except in another language." He refused to elaborate. "You know, I have peculiar quirks and a sense of alienation," he said.

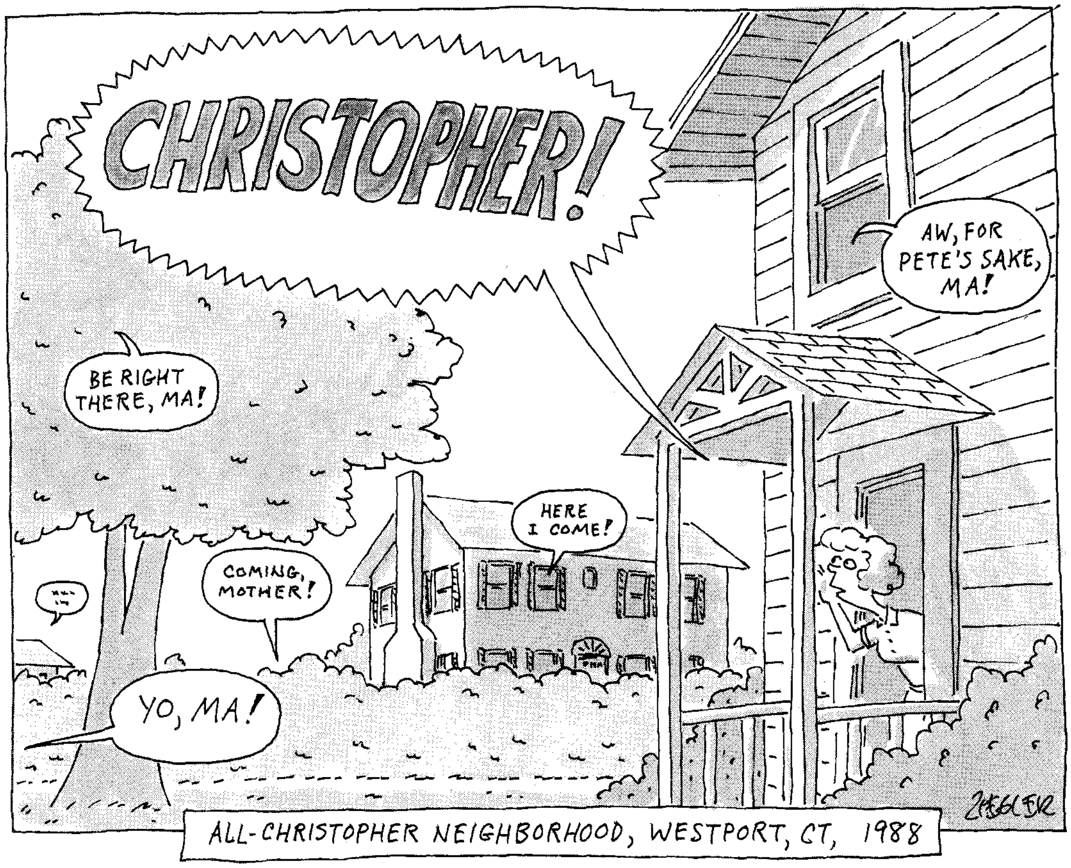
A collection of stories, essays, journal entries, and letters of Roth's, entitled "Shifting Landscape" and spanning the past sixty years, has recently been published by the Jewish Publication Society ($19.95). It offers moving reasons for that alienation, and sheds light on the troubled years of what Roth now, writing steadily again, refers to as his "creative desuetude." The book was edited and assembled by Mario Materassi, Roth's Italian translator, friend, Boswell, and sometime literary nanny. In its pages we learn that Materassi has been an encouraging force in Roth's life for several decades, and that publishing the collection was his idea. Both editor and author argue, persuasively, that Roth's long night of creative decline was merely an extreme example of a problem afflicting an entire generation of writers, who, as Roth puts it in a foreword, "lost certainty, lost faith, lost bearings."



"CALL IT SLEEP" explores the emerging consciousness of a sensitive, inquisitive Jewish immigrant boy, David Schearl, and the terrors and joys of his life between the ages of six and eight (corresponding roughly to the years 1911-13) in the slums of Brownsville and the Lower East Side. Roth was deeply influenced by Joyce when he wrote the book, and though he now rejects Joycean "detachment" in favor of a more culturally engaged aesthetic, he acknowledges his indebtedness to Joyce for much of his novel's linguistic richness. Here is David on his rooftop, enviously watching a rough-and-tumble young Polish-American boy, whom he perceives as a kind of goyish godling of confident American know-how:

> On the high lean-to that covered the stairway of the next roof but one, stood a boy, kite-string in hand, spindle rattling at his feet, and in the air a short distance from him, a rag-tailed, crimson kite ducked and soared. His blonde hair, only a shade less fair than his brow, hung over his brow like a gold claw. He was snub-nosed; his cheeks had a faint flush and his eyes were blue. Teeth over lip, head lifted into light, he watched his kite intently, now paying out string, now jogging it to newer heights. It swayed slowly, tacking into upper air; there it steadied and drew away with a sagging glint of string.
>
> Watching him, David felt a bond of kinship growing up between them. They were both alone on the roof, both inhabitants of the same realm. . . . But David could tell by looking at him, that the other had come up to the roof out of assurance—this was only another phase of his life. David himself had come up tentatively, timidly, because there was no other place to go. He suddenly began wishing he could know this carefree, confident stranger. . . . He wished that he had something to offer him—the cookies he had thrown away yesterday or a bit of string. Longingly, he watched him.

The world so powerfully evoked in "Call It Sleep" is a poetically transfigured version of the impoverished ghetto of Roth's early childhood—a clamorous world of, on the one hand, cramped insularity, dark terrors, and utter isolation from mainstream American life and, on the other, nourishing

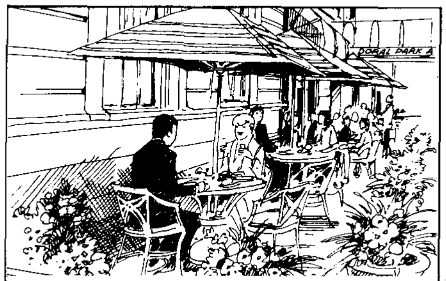

CHRISTOPHER!
AW, FOR PETE'S SAKE, MA!
BE RIGHT THERE, MA!
HERE I COME!
COMING, MOTHER!
YO, MA!
ZIEGLER

ALL-CHRISTOPHER NEIGHBORHOOD, WESTPORT, CT, 1988

cultural unity. Roth attributes his persistent writer's block, which began to plague him shortly after his novel was published, in part to his loss of that world (when he was eight his family moved to Harlem), in part to private demons, in part to the political milieu of his formative years.

Roth came of age as a writer during the Depression, when it was the rare young artist who could, as he puts it in a short reflective essay in "Shifting Landscape," "snugly, or smugly, separate himself, the creative, the expressive personality, from the rest of suffering humanity." In his late twenties, he joined the Communist Party. Malcolm Cowley, looking back at the same period in his worldlier, less inward memoir, "The Dream of the Golden Mountains," describes the heady hopes and the sense of social obligation that writers of his generation shared: "Great changes would surely take place; they *must* take place, and many of us felt—most of us felt at one time or another—that it was our duty as writers to take part in them, at least by coming forward to bear witness." Writers became almost "possessed," Cowley says, by their sense of mission: "All were affected in some fashion by a daydream of revolutionary brotherhood. American society, and business society over the world, and the trade of writing had all been stumbling downhill since the Wall Street crash, and might soon be plunged into the abyss. But there was hope as well, the apocalyptic hope that a City of Man would rise on the other side of disaster. By surrendering their middle-class identities, by joining the workers in an idealized army, writers might help to overthrow 'the system' and might go marching with comrades, shoulder to shoulder, out of injustice and illogic into the golden mountains. That was the dream in an exalted form."

Most intellectuals of the left, like Cowley, accepted Party policy but would not accept its discipline. Leery of becoming political hacks, they did not formally join the Party, though they revolved around its orbit. But others, Roth among them, considered it significant that the Soviets had successfully completed their first five-year plan at the same time that the West had suffered economic collapse; they saw the Communist Party as the only political force doing anything about hunger, unemployment, and social injustice. American Communists took the lead in organizing hunger marches, supporting strikes, and agitating on behalf of "class-war prisoners," such as the Scottsboro Nine and Tom Mooney. Ideologically, Roth sided with the fifty-two intellectuals (the list included Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, Edmund Wilson, and Lincoln Steffens) who at the height of the 1932 Presidential campaign issued a pamphlet urging the "brain workers"—that is, writers, painters, teachers, and other professionals—to align themselves with their brother "muscle workers" and vote Communist in November. But the ardent social idealist who believed that many of the ills that followed the stock-market crash—factory closings, breadlines, foreclosed mortgages—could be redressed by Marxist principles had not yet attempted to integrate these beliefs into his writing when he published "Call It Sleep," and for this his political confreres severally admonished him. To make matters worse, his book's individualistic spirit and dazzling language—particularly its pure, elegant translations of his characters' Yiddish speech—violated all the rules of good propaganda. The Proletcult critics, as they were known in that era, were urging writers to serve up plain-as-pie narratives embellished with folk songs and rousing slogans. Roth's writing—not unlike Colette's, where politics has been rendered irrelevant by an almost transcendent physicality—is rebellious, wayward, and sensually attuned to the tumultuous depths of a child's world. Nor was Roth properly sentimental about his characters' butchered English. His faithful phonetic rendering of their guttural, wild, near cave-talk is touching and hilarious—as in a scene in which the lame older sister of a friend lures the bewil-



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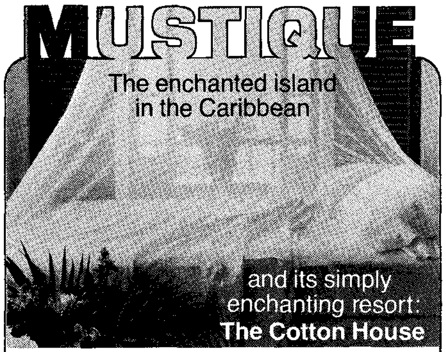
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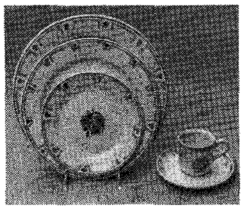

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dered David into a closet to seduce him:

"In hea," she whispered.

What was she going to do? His heart began to race.

She drew him in, shut the door. Darkness, immense and stale, the reek of moth balls threading it. . . .

"Sh!" she warned. "Take me aroun'." She groped for his hands.

He put his arms about her.

"Now let's kiss."

His lips touched hers, a muddy spot in vast darkness.

"How d'*you* play bad?" she asked.

"Bad? I don' know," he quavered.

"Yuh wan' me to show how I?"

He was silent, terrified.

"Yuh must ask me," she said. "G'wan ask me."

"Wot?"

"Yuh must say, Yuh wanna play bad? Say it!"

He trembled, "Yuh wanna play bad?"

"Now, *you* said it," she whispered. "Don' forget, you said it."

By the emphasis of her words, David knew he had crossed some awful threshold.

"Will yuh tell?"

"No," he answered weakly. The guilt was his.

"Yuh swear?"

"I swear."

"Yuh know w'ea babies comm from?"

"N-no."

"From de knish."

Knish?

"Between de legs. Who puts id in is de poppa. De poppa's god de petzel. Yaw de poppa." She giggled stealthily and took his hand. He could feel her guiding it under her dress, then through a pocket-like flap. Her skin under his palm. Revolted, he drew back.

"Yuh must!" she insisted, tugging his hand. "Yuh ast me!"

"No!"

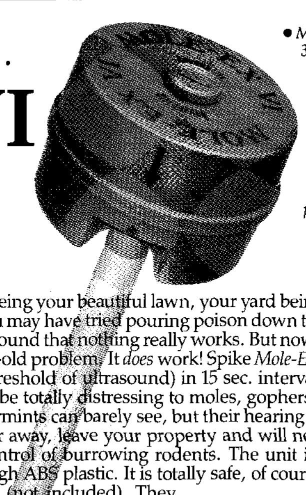
All faltering attempts at English on the part of Roth's characters have a similar "Me Tevye, you Yetta" quality, whereas their common tongue, Yiddish, is rendered in prose that pays full tribute to that language's richness and subtlety.

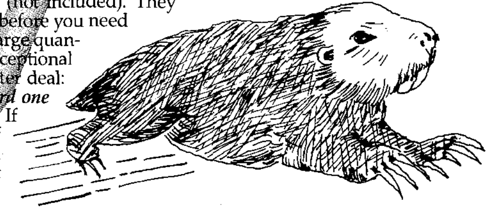
The anonymous critic of *The New Masses*—a highly influential journal of the radical left, and the one most closely allied with and scrutinized by the Party—expressed revulsion for the book's style ("impressionism on a rampage") and concluded that it was "a pity that so many young writers drawn from the proletariat can make no better use of their working-class experience than as material for introspective and febrile novels." In the next week's issue, a reader defended the book's political credentials, on the ground that it was "about the working-class bottom," and the following week another reader pointed out that the book was in any case about a small boy, and should be exempted from revolutionary considerations because a child is "pre-political." But the criticism had found its mark. To appease his critics and his conscience, a guilt-stricken Roth proceeded to work diligently on a more ideologically "correct" book, which he had begun some months before "Call It Sleep" was published—a novel about a pugnacious Midwestern Gentile man of the people. The character was loosely based on a Party friend of Roth's named Bill Clay, who peddled the *Daily Worker.* Maxwell Perkins saw an opening section and apparently liked it, but Roth's heart was never really in the project, and he abandoned it. Years later, he destroyed the manuscript, though a small (and, in truth, remarkably stiff and flat) excerpt that originally appeared in a little magazine called *Signatures: Works in Progress* is reprinted in the present volume.

IN its day, "Call It Sleep" was referred to as a "proletarian" novel—a name given to the radical novels of the nineteen-thirties by their authors, and a genre about whose proper definition there was much heated debate. Many of those who wrote most passionately on this subject were convinced that they had invented the genre, though American radical novels about the working class which advocated a fundamental change in government had a history reaching far back into the nineteenth century. The predecessors of the proletarian novels of the thirties included Rebecca Harding Davis's "Life in the Iron-Mills," a novella about the oppressive lives of the Virginia iron-mill workers, which was published in 1861 in *The Atlantic Monthly;* Ignatius Donnelly's "Caesar's Column" (1891), a futuristic romance about a worldwide proletarian revolt against a repressive oligarchy; I. K. Friedman's "By Bread Alone" (1901), a sympathetic depiction of a Chicago steel-mill strike; and Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" (1906), a fiery and popular book about the sordid lives of Chicago packinghouse workers, which was characterized by Jack London, in the socialist weekly *The Appeal to Reason,* as "the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of wage-slavery."

These early works of social protest are remarkably similar in their realistic depictions of the wretchedness of the poor and their proposals for idealized coöperative commonwealths of the future; most are peopled by characters who are scarcely more than mannequins animated by high social principle. For all their turgid piety, however, they share a kind of innocent optimism, which to a reader of the nineteen-eighties is almost breathtaking. Dénouements in which a new socialist day has dawned and the prospect of a classless society shines on the horizon are commonplace. The central characters, like the great majority of the authors, are middle-class men or women who suddenly become aware of the miseries of the poor and the decadence of the rich, and undergo a socialist "conversion." Equally typical are long passages graphically delineating the aesthetic and environmental bleakness of workers' lives. In Davis's novella, for instance, the narrator describes the stifling effect of "the air . . . thick, clammy with the breath of crowded human beings," and the smoke from the iron foundries which "settles down in black, slimy pools on the muddy streets" and clings "in a coating of greasy soot to the house-front." Early radical novelists were in a sense writing as much about the ugliness and squalor of industry as about capitalist exploitation: their utopian commonwealths are smokeless wonders that subtly turn the clock back to an age when industry had not begun to change the face of American cities. The narrator of "Life in the Iron-Mills" becomes most bathetic in describing the desolate chirping of "a dirty canary . . . in a cage beside me," whose "dream of green fields and sunshine is a very old dream—almost worn out, I think."

These early radical writers were relatively free from the coercive pressures experienced by their Depression-era counterparts; they were motivated chiefly by their own consciences. They evidently suffered no crisis of conscience, however, about the fact that the milieu they moved in was artistic rather than working class. Indeed, many artistic socialists wore the costumes of bohemian dandies. Scrutinizing the pages of *The Comrade*, a socialist magazine that began in 1901 and eventually merged with *The International Socialist Review*, the literary scholar Walter Rideout was struck by the fact that the socialist intellectual of the day "often affected the flowing tie of the painter; indeed a tendency toward 'artiness' in the magazine is best





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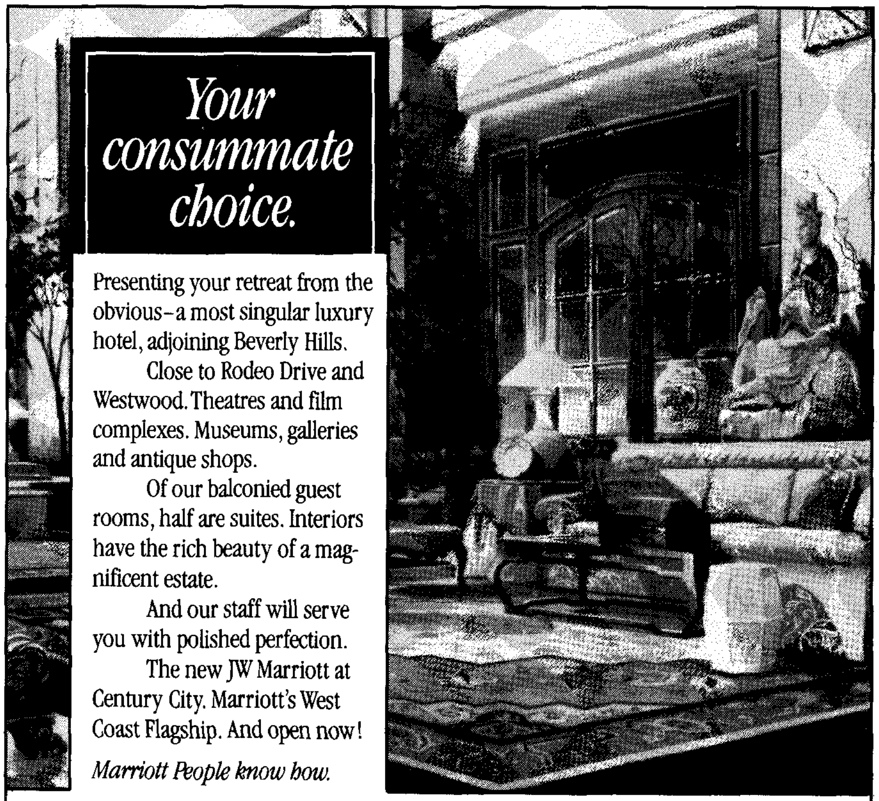

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indicated by the fact that for number after number it serialized William Morris' 'News from Nowhere,' complete with Pre-Raphaelite illustrations, and that the final issue consisted chiefly of a reprinting of Oscar Wilde's 'The Soul of Man Under Socialism.' " This is a far cry from the tone of the literary journals of the thirties, in which even the advertisements for Chinese restaurants carried assurances of the establishments' solidarity with The Workers.

In the literary circles of the nineteen-twenties, socialism-with-a-foulard was becoming less acceptable. The term "proletarian," when applied to works of fiction, was usually understood to mean class-conscious radicalism, and the realistic novel had begun to replace the sentimental revolutionary romance. By October, 1929 (the same month as the crash), when a group of artists and writers gathered in the offices of *The New Masses* to form an organization "to clarify the principles and purposes of revolutionary art and literature, to propagate them, to practice them" (what emerged was the John Reed Club), radical writers were being encouraged to believe that their chief professional mission was to speak for and to their Party brethren. How this was to be accomplished, in view of the fact that of the estimated ten thousand to twenty thousand Communist Party members in the country at the time probably fewer than three thousand spoke English, was not, one gathers, the sort of point that would have been raised that day. Cowley writes that the John Reed clubroom, "full of smoke and voices . . . hot yellow light, noise, excitement, and clutter," reminded him of nothing so much as the Café du Dôme in 1923.

Altogether, some seventy proletarian novels were published in the nineteen-thirties, most of them in the first half of the decade, and the dispute over the proper definition of the term, unresolved, continued to inspire fresh combatants. (There were always more critics quarrelling about what novels ought to be like than there were novelists to carry out their wishes.) Michael Gold, one of the main editors at *The New Masses*, enjoined writers in one of the journal's 1930 issues to embrace a new form, "proletarian realism," which, he said, should emphasize the technical side of labor, express a strong social theme, and eschew gloom in favor of what he called "revolutionary élan." (This proclamation was actually Gold's second along these lines. An earlier and far more mystical one, published in 1921, was probably the first explicit attempt to define the term "proletarian literature" and to call for writers to strongly identify with workers. "In blood," it began, "in tears, in chaos and wild, thunderous clouds of fear the old economic order is dying.") Ironically, Gold's sole fictional contribution to the genre, "Jews Without Money"—a sentimental collection of vignettes about Lower East Side tenement life published in 1930—obeyed virtually none of his own dicta, a fact that other left-wing critics did not fail to note. The reviewer for *The New Republic* accused him of duping his readers. Gold's characters, he said, were not really proletarians at all but "merely poor people." In 1932, V. F. Calverton, the editor of *The Modern Quarterly*—a radical magazine that tended to offend Communist hard-liners by mixing too much psychoanalytic thinking and criticism of Stalin in with its Marxism—wrote in his book "The Liberation of American Literature" that the crucial distinction between bourgeois writers and proletarian ones was the dedication of the latter to "the revolutionary point of view." "Proletarian writers," he said, "are more interested in social revolt than literary revolt." Another contemporary critic insisted that any radical writer worth his salt had to consciously support "the revolutionary destruction of Capitalism," and ventured the opinion that the proletarian novel was inferior as a literary form to what he called the "revolutionary novel," because the former merely reflected "the life of any typical cross section of the proletariat and need not be more revolutionary than the proletariat itself is at the time the novel is written."

If the early socialist novels concentrated on their protagonists' conversions and for the most part rejected violence (violence in these novels was the province of the capitalists), the radical books of the thirties—such as Mary Heaton Vorse's "Strike!," Sherwood Anderson's "Beyond Desire," Fielding Burke's "Call Home the Heart," and William Rollins' "The Shadow Before"—focussed more on the nitty-gritty of class war, and accepted violent clashes between the oppressed and the oppressors as inevitable. These books, like their predecessors, tended to sound the same, and, as historians have noted, they were often based on the same events. Within three years, a Communist-led cotton-mill strike in Gastonia, North Carolina, in 1929, had become the subject of five novels, among them the Vorse and Burke books, as well as "To Make My Bread," by Grace Lumpkin, and "Gathering Storm," by Myra Page. Similar strikes at lumbermills in Aberdeen, Washington, inspired "Lumber," by Louis Colman, "The Land of Plenty," by Robert Cantwell, and "Marching! Marching!," by Clara Weatherwax—a 1935 novel that was the recipient of a prize offered jointly by *The New Masses* and the John Day Company for the best novel "on an American proletarian theme," even though its exaggerated superrealism ("She could see the wen on the side of his nose, like a wad of gum stuck blackened there") and sloganeering ("Hold the fort for we are coming; Workingmen be strong!") make it a virtual parody of the genre. For some reason, only a handful of the proletarian novels—among them Elias Tobenkin's "Witte Arrives," Anzia Yezierska's "Bread Givers," and Agnes Smedley's unabashedly bitter "Daughter of Earth"—dealt with the Americanization of immigrants, and only a few of them were written by authors who themselves came from working-class backgrounds. "Call It Sleep" is easily the best of the lot. In all the others, economic and social ills are the foreground. In Roth's book, the characters are profoundly affected by grinding work, social isolation, and lack of money, but *they* are the foreground—and for this the radical critics could not forgive him.

OF course, other writers have been attacked from within their own ranks (Cowley among them) and have gone on writing, and Roth might well have, too (one surmises, from several brief but moving letters to friends), had he not already been acutely traumatized

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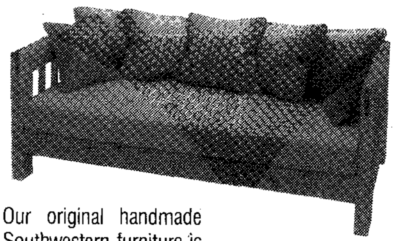

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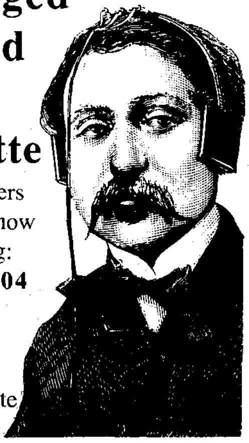

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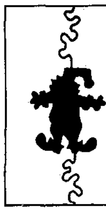

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by the loss of his childhood world. Speaking of himself in the third person, as he frequently does, Roth describes the lasting effect this rupture had on him: "That which informed him, connective tissue of his people, inculcated by *heder*, countenanced by the street, sanctioned by God, all that dissolved when his parents moved from the East Side to Mick Harlem. The struts went and the staves . . . the personality became amorphous, ambiguous, at once mystical and soiled, at once unbridled, inquisitive, shrinking. No longer at home."

Like many immigrants, Roth found that his "Americanization" was not easy to reconcile with ethnic separateness. At the end of "Call It Sleep," a high-pitched, melodramatic confrontation takes place between David's bitter, tyrannical father and gentle, long-suffering mother—a scene that would not be out of place on the boards of a Yiddish theatre. Fleeing the quarrel, the boy nearly kills himself by jamming a milk ladle into the third rail between the streetcar tracks (in his confused imaginings, he has come to link the electric current with the fiery coal that the angel touched to Isaiah's lips so that he might speak in the presence of God). Knocked unconscious by the shock, he has an apocalyptic vision in which he is spiritually reborn and imagines all the disparate ethnic voices of his neighborhood united in a kind of Joycean high chorale.

Roth's yearning for the will-o'-the-wisp American ideal of separate strong cultures coexisting in rich harmony, and for communal wholeness in general, seems inevitably to have led him both to Marxism and to an equally passionate and troubled immersion in the literary high culture of Greenwich Village in the days when he lived there with the poet and professor Eda Lou Walton (to whom "Call It Sleep" is dedicated). He describes the contradictory impulses in his life at that time in a beautiful piece called "Kaddish," published in 1977:

> The hungry, the impoverished, the dispossessed were not cynical. They were in deadly earnest. They began a milling within themselves, as if readying for an attack, for a charge. And now he was aware in a single blur of a vast soberness descending upon him, flooding him, extinguishing irony. . . . But where now would he fit? The kind of writer he was, whose inveteracy a novel had but now reinforced? Retiring, detached, ambivalent, who made no distinction between condi-

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tions, to whom the sense data of the world came untagged and wayward, the nostalgic wreaths and fruit printed on the sheet metal under a tenement eave as valuable as the rich verdigris on the copper gable of a Fifth Avenue mansion. Phrase was his criterion, artistic integrity his obligation. Castigated by the Communist press, lauded by the Capitalist, where the hell did he fit? Nowhere.

Roth believes that this feeling of intellectual and spiritual homelessness afflicted many other writers of the period who eventually became known as one-book (or one-trilogy) writers—among them Daniel Fuchs, James Farrell, Hart Crane, and Léonie Adams. He even suggests that the difference in spirit between "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake" is attributable to Joyce's losing touch with the Irish world from which he had exiled himself.

More than thirty years elapsed before Roth's "dybbuk," as he calls it, relented. During that time, he suffered "an approximate nervous breakdown," married (his marriage seems to have been the one lasting felicity of his life), wielded a pick and shovel in Queens for the W.P.A., toiled as a machinist and as an orderly in a mental hospital, sold maple syrup, raked blueberries, tutored math, and raised two sons. After the novel became a best-seller, *Life* sent a photographer up to Maine. The writing was still going badly. Recalling the visit in a recent interview with an Italian journalist, he said, "I'm still a waterfowl farmer, and now suddenly I have a best seller. . . . They wanted to take pictures of me killing some poor beautiful little goose or duck. I said, 'Nothing doing.' . . . They were doing it to make me a freak—and I'm freakish enough without that."

The great turnaround of Roth's life occurred in 1967, during Israel's Six-Day War. Somehow, his sympathy for the Israelis and his concern for their survival ended a lifelong feeling of ambivalence about Jewish preoccupations as well as a halfhearted, conventional Marxist anti-Zionism. Feeling once again culturally and communally plugged in, Roth began to write more easily, and his demons departed. A piece called "Nature's First Green" eloquently conveys the writer's joy and gratitude for his returning powers, and even—though he is still an unregenerate atheist—a sense of God's grace. Salvaged pieces from Roth's fallow years are included in "Shifting Landscape" for their historical interest, and

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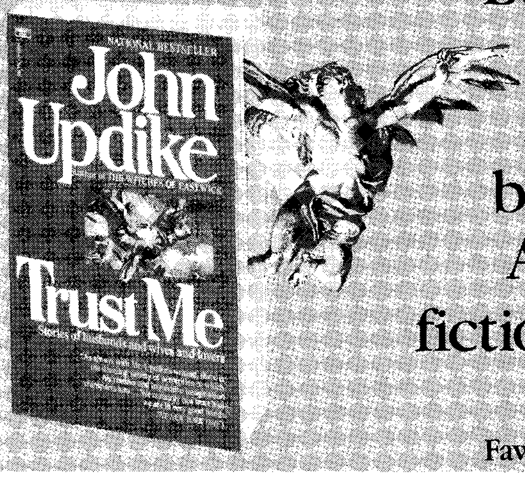

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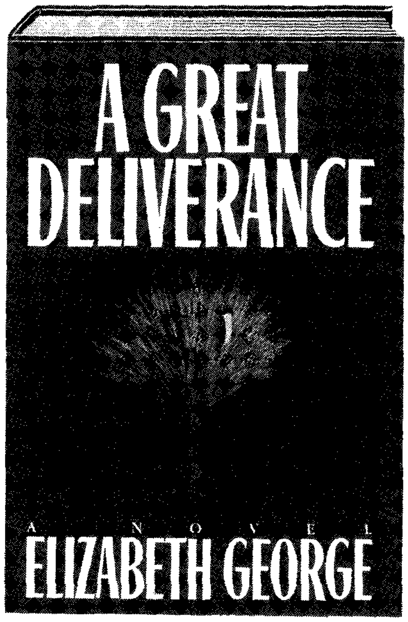

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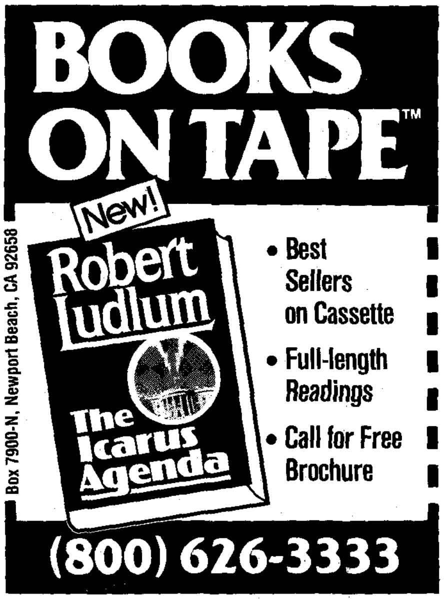

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are accompanied by the author's own remarkably detached, touchingly accurate assessments of their flaws. Oddly, Roth says little in a direct way about specific people or pivotal events of his political life. There are none of the anecdotes about writers, editors, or Party organizers that are the meat and potatoes of the Cowley memoir. In a way, the two books complement each other: Cowley gives us the thirties as Turgenev might have described them; Roth's version is more Dostoyevskian. Occasionally, one feels somewhat chagrined that so few particulars of his political experiences emerge, considering the degree to which politics affected his life. And some of what *is* said seems almost willfully parochial. In a 1965 letter, for example, he expresses irritation with the civil-rights movement on the ground that it distracts people from the evils perpetrated by the "Imperialists" abroad; he is shocked by the 1968 Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, as if the invasion of Hungary, not to mention the trials and purges of the Stalinist era, had never occurred; and, in a piece called "Assassins and Soldiers," originally published, in Italy, in 1987 but written during the Vietnam War (this seems to be what he was working on when the reporter from the *Times* interviewed him), he asks without apparent irony how one of his sons, balking at having to leave for a drill at a National Guard Armory, could "be so resentful of . . . military service."

On the other hand, Roth's recollections are untainted by rancor or self-justifying preachiness. His sole critical barb is reserved for Saul Bellow, who epitomizes, he believes, the conservative Jewish postwar writers who accepted too easily the values of acquisitive mainstream American culture; and he cites Bellow's 1976 address to the Anti-Defamation League, "I Took Myself As I Was," as a kind of ne plus ultra of assimilationist complacency. Feeling isolated and rejected by the left, Roth also had trouble from the opposite quarter during the McCarthy era. It was during that period that he finally burned his social-protest novel, along with some valuable journals—a gesture he now regrets. He is surprisingly reticent about this period, too—although he did admit to an interviewer from the Washington *Post* last October that it was a "tough time, especially for a guy living in the country alone, more or less, in Maine." It was also hard on his wife, who was a schoolteacher in those days: "Muriel . . . would look in the rear-view mirror and see a couple of guys in snap-brim hats following her."

Today, Roth and his wife live in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in a trailer near some cottonwood trees, a transmission shop, and a car wash. He is eighty-two. Hampered by arthritis but aided by a word processor he bought with his prize money from the Italians, he is nearing completion of a four-part memoir-novel tentatively entitled "Mercy of a Rude Stream." An enticing excerpt, in which a thinly disguised Margaret Mead makes an Athena-like cameo appearance, is included in the present volume. According to Mr. Materassi, the author does not intend to release the novel in its complete form during his lifetime. That being the case, there are compelling reasons to include here an attempt at an imaginary review, to which, as they say, he seems entitled:

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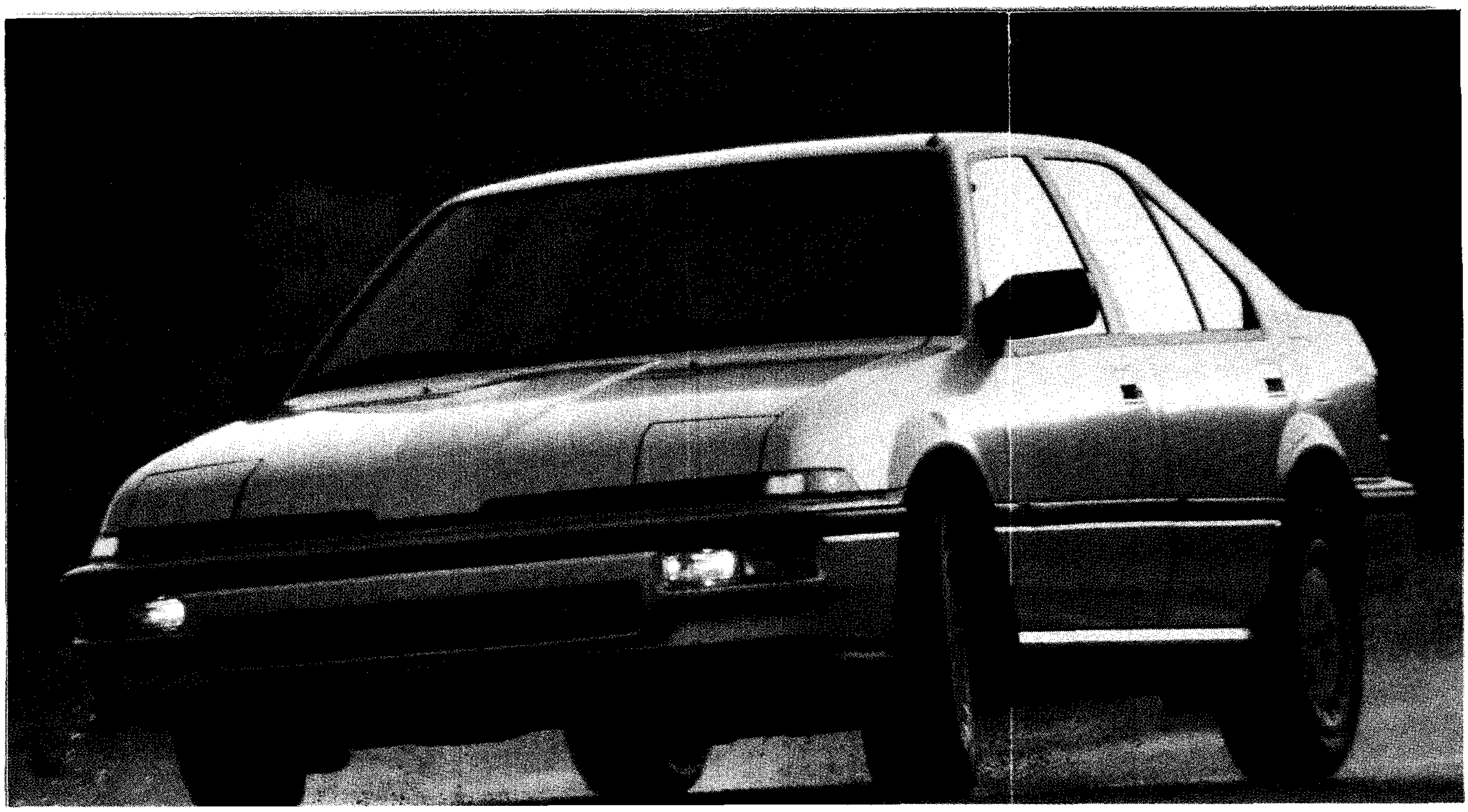

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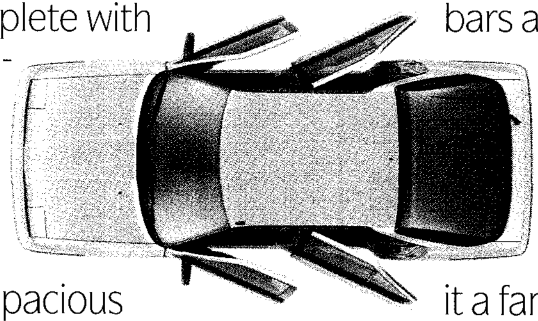

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